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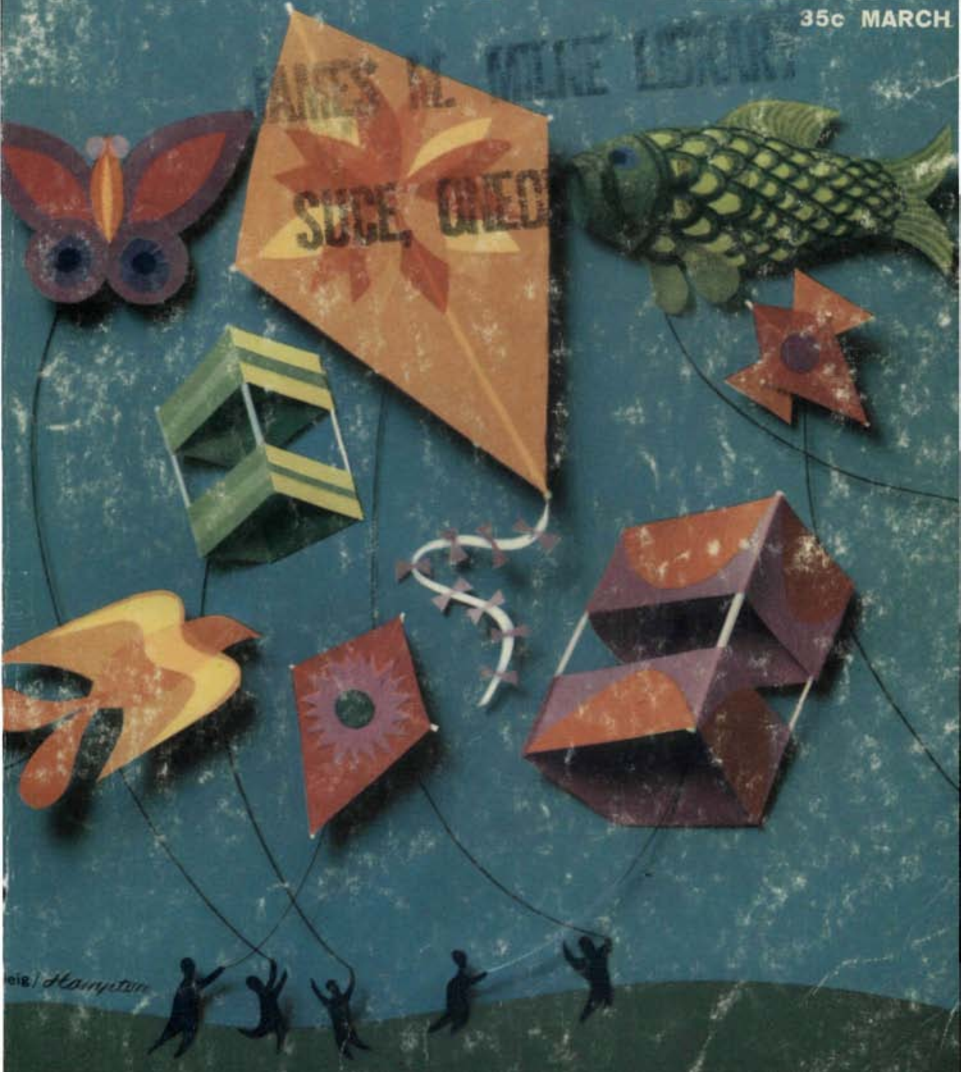

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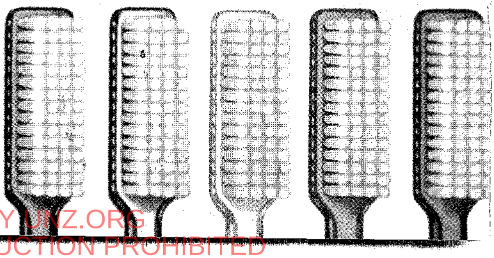

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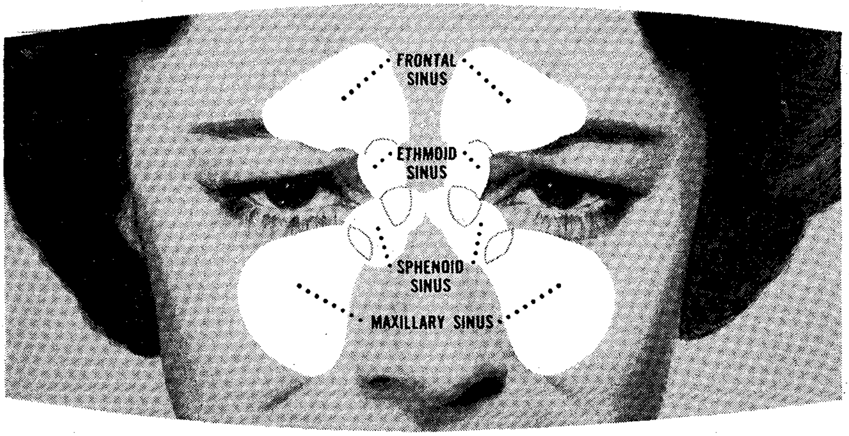
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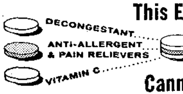
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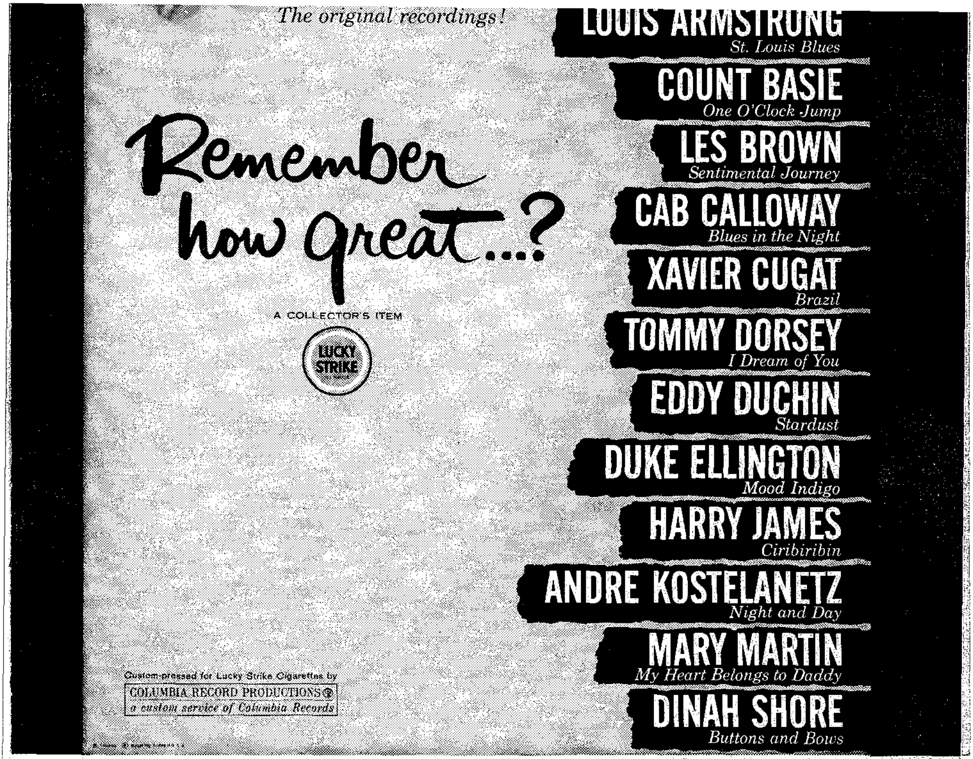

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C.Y. Lee: Hunan to Broadway.

HUNAN PROVINCE is famous in China for soldiers, hot pepper and lovely women. Since the 1958 success of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Flower Drum Song,* it can also claim Broadway's first Chinese author—C.Y. Lee, who wrote the book, and the heartwarming reminiscence of a Hunan boyhood beginning on p. 33. Had it not been for the Japanese and, later, the Communists, Lee might have become a landowner, like his father, or a schoolteacher, as he once dreamed. The Japanese invasion of 1939 forced him to continue studies as a refugee at Southwest Associated University in Kunming. Their advance into Burma in the '40s drove him from a pleasant job (duties included playing badminton) as secretary to the Sawbwa, ruler of a princely state on the China-Burma border. Coming to the U.S., Lee studied literature at Columbia University and took his M.A. in Fine Arts on a scholarship at Yale in 1947. Funds from his family in China—and any news of them—stopped in 1949 after the Communist take-over, so Lee went to work in San Francisco as city editor of a Chinese newspaper and later as an instructor at the Army Language School in Monterey, California. The success of his novel about an old-country bride in San Francisco's Chinatown, *Flower Drum Song,* enabled him to devote full time to writing after 1958. The product includes magazine articles and four published novels. A fifth, dealing satirically with the Peking regime's difficulties in making Communists out of the Chinese, will appear this summer. Lee writes for three hours each morning in his San Francisco apartment overlooking the Bay, using Sinclair Lewis' formula: "Apply the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair." He is 43, a U. S. citizen and a bachelor, but does "not intend to remain one."

The Editors

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

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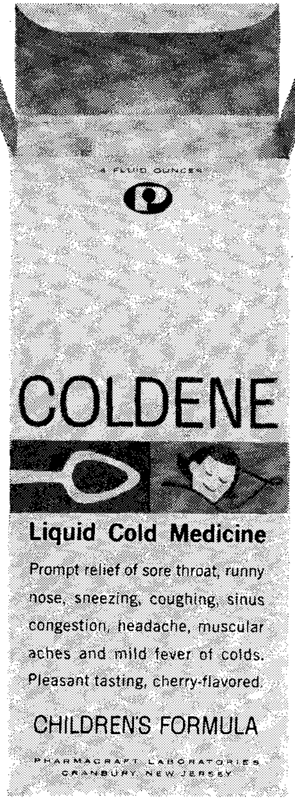
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CORONET

Contents for March, 1961

Vol. 49, No. 5, Whole No. 292

Articles

The Wisdom of “Cripple Chao”..............C. Y. LEE 33
“My Wife Is English—Thank Heaven”. JAMES BRADBURY 40
The Moral Dilemma of Wire Tapping...SAMUEL DASH 45
He Roams the Gem Trail............NORMAN ARCHER 54
Scientific “Eat More, Weigh Less” Diet
MICHAEL WALSH, SC.D. 58
The Legendary Lady Marine...........JAMES POLING 64
The Medical Miracles That Are Coming
LESTER AND IRENE DAVID 93
America's Stuck on Gum..............LYMAN M. NASH 98
Exploring the West's Pioneer Trails..NORMAN CARLISLE 102
The Tragic Status of Test Tube Children
JOSEPH N. BELL 110
Dodos, Move Over!..................PARKE CUMMINGS 115
Big Noise in the Sky.............WILLIAM O'HALLERAN 117
Babe Ruth of the Frontón...............BILL KOFOED 120
“My Six Months of Silence”. JUDGE MICHAEL MUSMANNO 125
Pasadena: Where They Light up the Stars. DON MURRAY 140
“Hustle While You Wait”.........PATIENCE ZAWEDSKY 146
Convicts Also Have Hearts............MIKE KELLETT 173
The Great Copper Boulder...............HAL HIGDON 180
This Way Out........................WILL BERNARD 204

Pictorial Features

The Golden Girl Grows Up...........MARK NICHOLS 69
The Good Old Days.................................. 129

Service Features

Products on Parade 22
Coronet Family Shopper............................. 185
Coronet Shopping Guide............................. 197
Coronet School and College Directory............. 201

Departments

Dear Reader.. 5
All About You...................................... 10
I.O.U. To Success.................ENTERTAINMENT 14
Wagner: philosopher-musician................MUSIC 18
Human Comedy...............................HUMOR 39
How Words Work...............DR. BERGEN EVANS 52
Coast To Coast.............................HUMOR 63
Grin and Share It..........................HUMOR 182

Special Editors Project:

How To Raise a Teenager.......................... 149

Cover ..DESIGNED BY MARTIN ROSENZWEIG AND BLAKE HAMPTON

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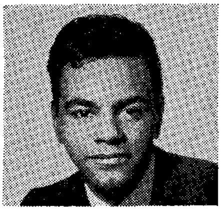

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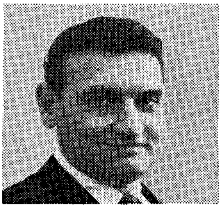

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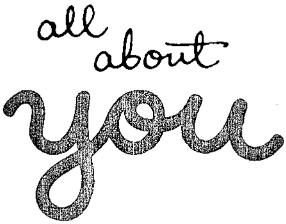
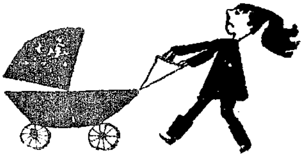
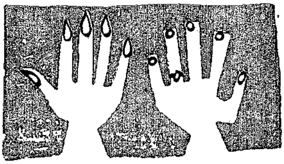


About nails; unprepared for parenthood; beyond dieting; poles apart.





TOMORROW'S PARENTS

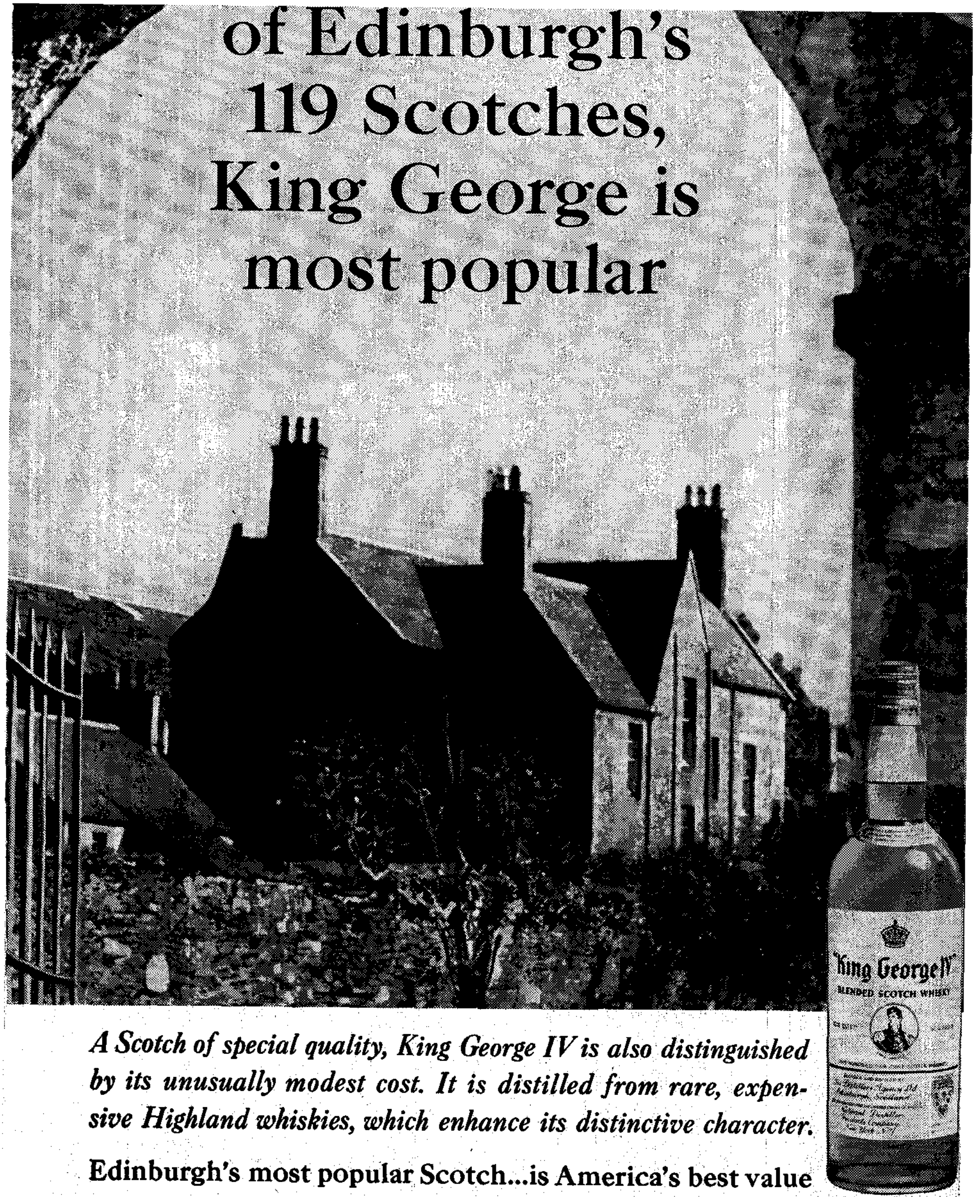
Two current studies cast doubt on the qualifications of today's teenagers to be competent parents. A group of 17,000 high school and college students polled by the Purdue Opinion Panel averaged 40 percent "wrong" answering questions on child-rearing. For example, it is well established that babies need loving care; yet 74 percent of the teenage group said that "attention spoils babies." Three-fourths stated that parents should not talk about sex with their children, contrary to the opinion of authorities. In another survey, Dr. H. Frederick Kilander of New York University found that about half of U. S. college students believe such old wives' tales as the whisky cure for a fever. About one-third believe that a pregnant mother who listens to good music will have a musical child. A sizable percentage believes fish is "brain food." Either there isn't enough training for parenthood in school curriculums, or what there is, isn't sinking in, the Purdue researchers concluded.

FINGERNAIL FACTS

When we're healthy, our fingernails grow, on the average, one-and-a-half inches a year, Dr. Maarten Sibinga writes in *Modern Medicine*. Contrary to popular belief, nails grow at a fairly constant rate all through life, do not grow faster in summer, nor continue to grow after death. Changes in diet, except for malnutrition, do not appreciably affect growth, but measles, mumps and colds can slow it, while pregnancy and habitual nail biting can speed it. Some women get transverse ridges in their nails at intervals corresponding to menstrual periods. In some Chinese communities, in Sicily and other parts of the world, men still grow one or more nails to great length as a mark of caste, indicating that they do not work with their hands.

CHEERFUL CURSES

When things are rosy, language can get blue. This association of well-being and blasphemy is claimed by a British psychologist who recorded the swearing habits of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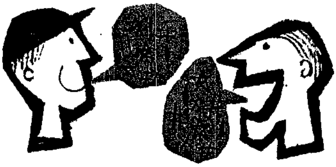
eight zoologists on a bird-watching expedition in Arctic Norway. Psychologist Helen Ross trailed after the men as they stalked their quarry under good and bad conditions. She joined them in their moments of relaxation. And every time an oath blazed forth she registered it on a pocket counter. "The amount of swearing increased noticeably when people were relaxed and happy, and though it also increased under slight stress, it decreased when they were really annoyed or tired," she reported. It subsided entirely into "antisocial silence" under extreme conditions. Swearing may even help ease tension, Miss Ross suggested. It's a sign that a bad situation is not intolerable.



PEACEFUL POLE

Some men will go to the ends of the earth to get away from women and have a little peace, a Navy report discloses. Captain E. E. Hedblom, former medical adviser to the Antarctic Naval Support Force, found that half the men who volunteered for Antarctic duty were seeking escape from females. Twenty percent admitted as much, and the others had similar motives buried in the subconscious. But in fleeing "too much of this much-touted togetherness," Captain Hedblom found, the men paid a price: their rate of neuro-psychiatric disorders while isolated from their wives and girl friends is seven times greater than for other Navy men. Whether the men were disturbed before they headed south, or cracked under the polar solitude, Captain Hedblom does not say.

ICEBOX ANXIETY

There are three kinds of fat people who can't be helped by diets alone. They need psychiatric help, or at least relief from emotional stress. Psychiatrist Albert Stunkard, head of a group of University of Pennsylvania scientists investigating obesity, calls these three problems the "night eating syndrome, binge eating and eating-without-satiation." Night eaters raid the icebox during times of stress; binge eaters can pack away enormous quantities of food in a short time (even to the point of causing severe illness and death); and the never-satisfied-eaters have lost the ability to know when they are full. The last group suffers from brain damage, but the other two are relieved by removal of the cause of their mental tensions. Fat men and women also are far less physically active, and hence less able to burn up calories, the study found. Obese women also were less inclined to fight off mental depression, and often ate too much in compensation for the blues.

Why are three out of four arthritics women?

It's a fact that the most severe form of arthritis—rheumatoid arthritis—strikes three women for every man.

Why? Although the reasons are clothed in mystery, doctors think the natural changes of the female body in some way increase a woman's chances of coming down with the crippler. Arthritis may strike during the menstrual period—or during or after menopause. Sometimes, the disease vanishes during pregnancy.

Whatever the causes, there's no doubt that arthritis can be intensely painful. If you have severe or persistent pain or swelling around the joints, see your physician right away.

To ease arthritis pain, physicians recommend Bufferin® by name more often than any other leading brand of pain reliever. Bufferin's great advantage for so many arthritics is that it can be taken as often as needed without fear of stomach upset. That's because Bufferin combines its aspirin with exclusive anti-acids called Di-Alminate* to protect against the acid irritation of aspirin alone.

And this special ingredient makes Bufferin work faster — rushing its pain reliever right to the bloodstream. For millions of people, *Bufferin works twice as fast as aspirin.*

Chances are, you'll never suffer from arthritis, but you'll probably need relief from the pain of headache, colds and flu miseries or neuralgia.

So remember, get *the* pain remedy that can do so many jobs, so fast, and so safely—Bufferin.

*Bristol-Myers registered trademark for aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

I.O.U. to success

A STRANGER SAW Carol Burnett perform at a California party in 1954 and offered to loan her $1,000 to break into show business. The man, a San Diego contractor, imposed four conditions: she must go to New York; repay the money in five years; help others whenever possible; and never tell his name. Carol has met them all.

The strawberry blonde who sparks C.B.S.-TV's *Garry Moore Show* with her comedy antics thanks her mettlesome temper for boosting her over the next hurdle—getting a job.

"Getting mad twice helped me get started. Agents griped me when I first made the rounds. They were always saying, 'We've never seen you in anything.' I steamed up the kids at the Rehearsal Club, where I was living, into putting on a revue as a showcase. It got some of us jobs.

"Later, I was playing the lead in *Once Upon a Mattress* off-Broadway. We had to find another theater, or the show would close. I got mad again and organized a picket line after every performance. It got us publicity—and a theater *on* Broadway!"

Working in summer resorts, says Carol, taught her "how to hold an audience that just wanted to go off and neck." As a guest on *The Jack Paar Show* in 1957, she sang a specialty song, *I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles*—and woke up famous.

"Physically, I'm gangly; I have a big mouth and a long neck," 27-year-old Carol admits. "But people claim they like me because I'm loud and clear on the Moore show."

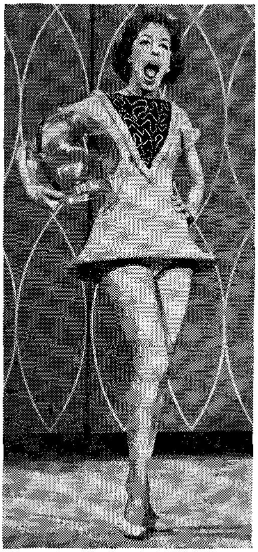
Carol's childhood was grim: "My father managed a movie theater in San Antonio, Texas. We were poor and on WPA. I remember getting hand-me-down clothes in boxes. My parents split up after moving to California. Since they both died I've raised my 16-year-old sister."

In 1955 the 5′ 7″, 118-pound actress married a fellow UCLA student, Don Saroyan—also aided by Carol's benefactor—but they are now separated. She owns two Yorkshire terriers, Bruce ("I promised to name my first dog after a friend, and it turned out to be a girl") and Fang ("three pounds of solid fury").

Garry Moore praises Carol's versatility—"She can do anything." Carol, however, has no ambitions to play drama. "It would worry me, not hearing the laughs," she admits. "I'm a musical comedy actress. Ed Wynn once told me, 'A comic says funny things, but a comedian says things *funny*.' That's me."

—MARK NICHOLS

Moore's mimic: Carol Burnett.



"MORE LIFE INS[illegible] kidding!"

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Veteran (Daly) comforts newlywed (Barbara Baxley).

Period of Adjustment reveals a new side of Playwright Tennessee Williams' talents—comedy. "When a marriage goes on the rocks, the rocks are *there*," the mother says in his drama, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, pointing to the bed. This is also the theme of *Adjustment*, an amused look at the crisis period in the marriages of two Korean War veterans. One (Robert Webber) has a case of nervous shakes, a one-day bride (Barbara Baxley) and honeymoon tensions. The other (James Daly) has quarreled with the homely woman (Rosemary Murphy) he married for money six years before. Brought together on Christmas Eve, they face each other's truths.

Williams subscribes to the Freudian attitude that sex is at the root of all behavior—and misbehavior. His characters, as always, are hard-drinking, obsessed with sex and full of fears—of impotence, emasculation, insecurity. But *Adjustment* ends happily, with everyone in the right bed, and sex, the source of the troubles, becoming also the solution.

Advise and Consent, adapted by Loring Mandel from Allen Drury's best seller, is a morality play set against the background of Washington politics "in the near future."

Its conflict pits a cynical, pragmatic President of the U.S. (Judson Laire) against a Southern Senator (Henry Jones), who hates the President's nominee for Secretary of State and vows to destroy him.

Sucked into the battle between this wilful duo are the nominee (Staats Cotsworth), an ex-Communist sympathizer; an impartial young Senator (Richard Kiley) haunted by a wartime homosexual incident; a rabble-rouser (Kevin McCarthy) who seeks status by blackmail; an elder Senator (Ed Begley) who won't trade integrity for political ambitions; and a Majority Leader (Chester Morris) rattled by a conflict of conscience.

Its forces of good versus evil are not always clearly defined, but its high-powered melodrama makes *Advise and Consent* the Broadway season's first dramatic hit. —M.N.

Caught in Capitol Hill crisis: Kiley and Jones.

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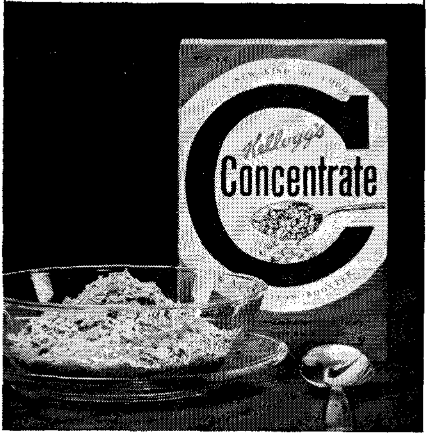

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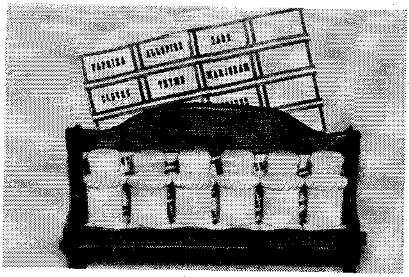
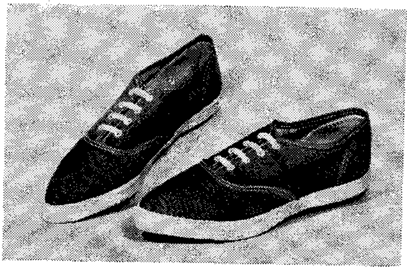
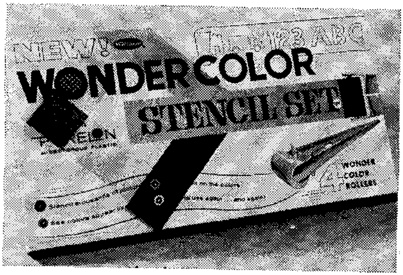
edited by Florence Semon



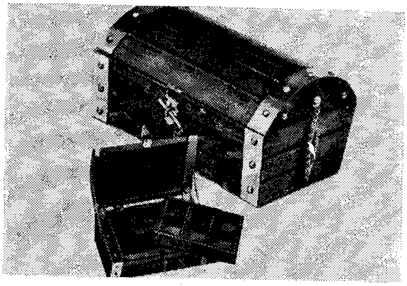
Add spice to your kitchen wall with this Pine Spice Rack finished in mellow honey tone. Complete with 6 milk-glass apothecary jars and sheet of 18 spice labels. Rack measures 12½″ wide, 6″ high and 2½″ deep. $3.95 pp. Medford Products, CO, Box 39, Bethpage, N. Y.



You'll step lightly and brightly in these sneakers that come in a rainbow of colors. Made of Cone Washcord Corduroy in beige, sky blue, yellow, pink, red, black, violet or gold. Sizes 4 to 10, narrow and medium widths. $4.50 pr. pp. Kays-Newport, C, Newport, R. I.



It's easy for children to make stencils and free-hand designs with Porelon plastic rollers with built-in color. Color rolls on and dries quickly; washes off skin and fabric easily. Set consists of stencils, paper and 4 rollers. $2.23 pp. Whitman Publishing, M, Racine, Wis.



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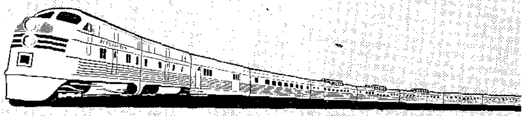

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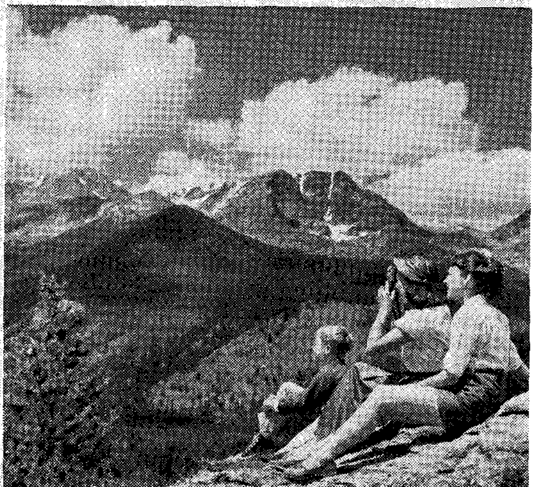

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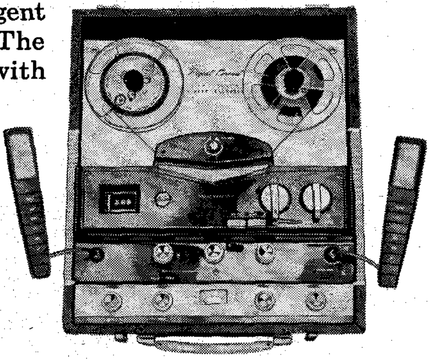

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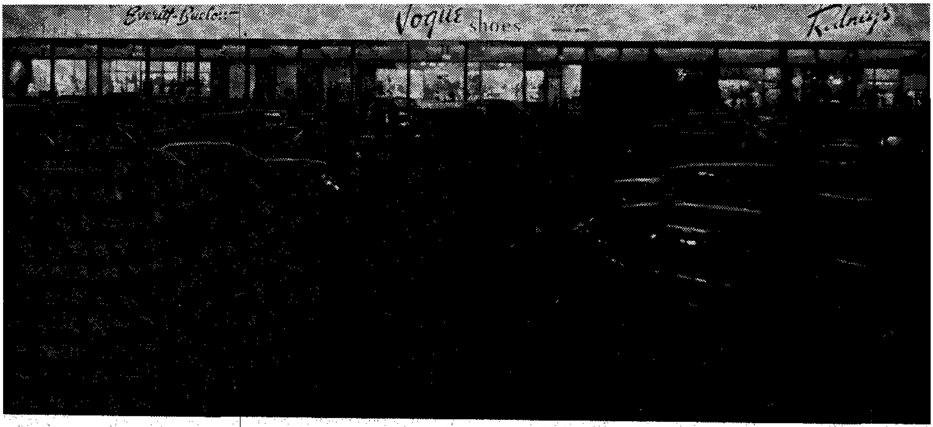
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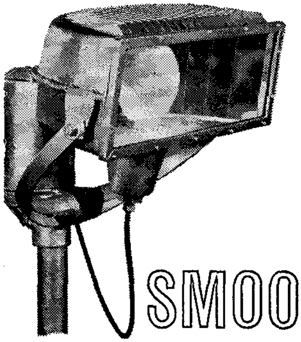

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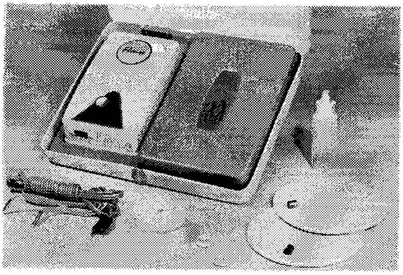

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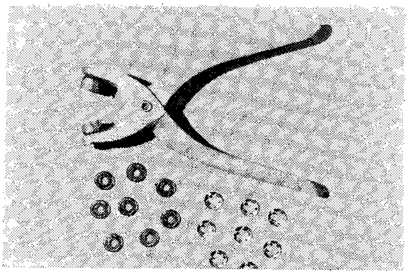

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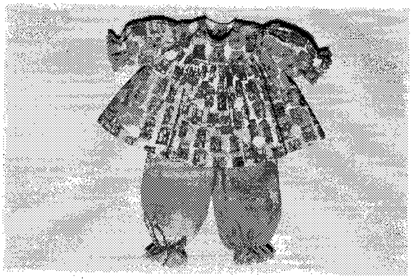

A little miss can play or lounge in this Gondolier outfit of drip-dry cotton. Gold, orange and red print top has lace-trimmed sleeves. Gold ¾ length trousers also edged in lace. By Little Craft, Sizes 2 to 3X. $5.55 pp. Juvenile Shop, L-C, 308 Main St., La Fayette, Ind.

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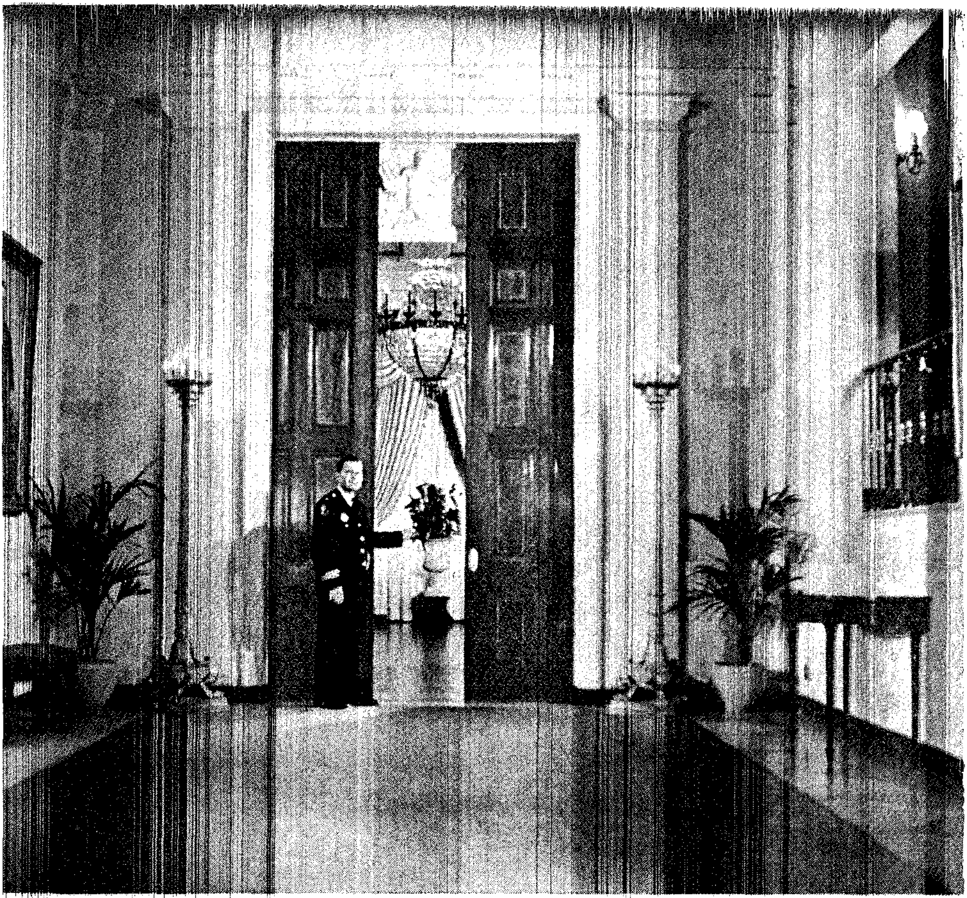

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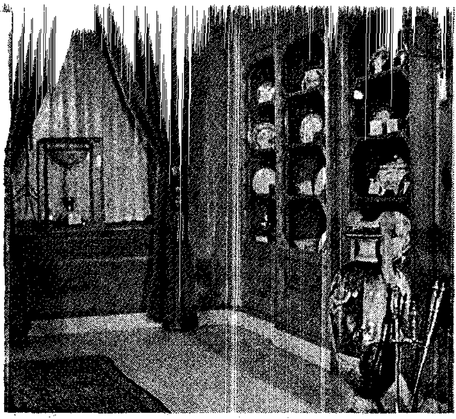
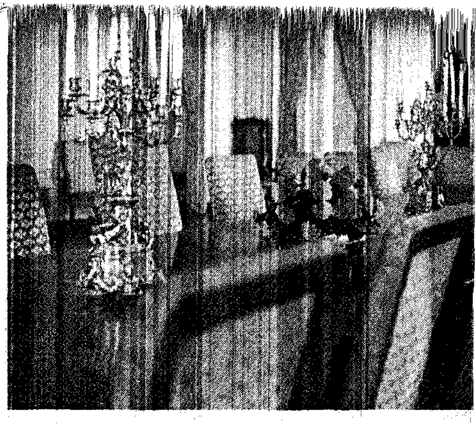
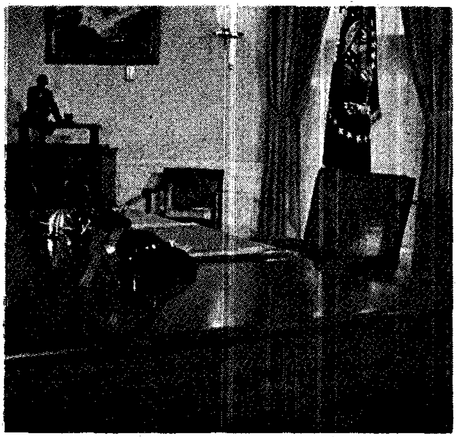
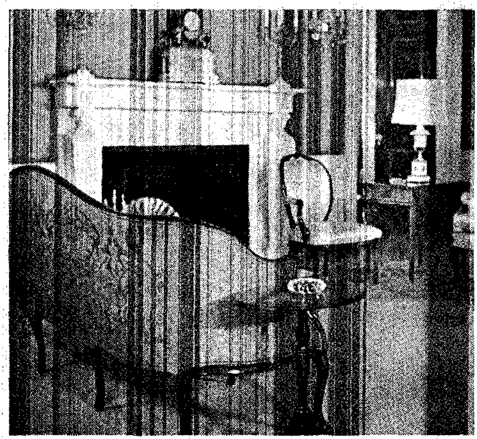
The stately doors of the most historic, most cherished public building in our nation—The White House—open wide in this new 16mm sound motion picture produced by Coronet Films. All may freely enter and leisurely visit many rooms not usually open to the public, including the Office of the President and the Diplomatic Reception Room.

Schools, clubs, patriotic organizations, and churches will find this 13 minute film excellent for introducing the Executive Mansion to those who cannot or have not paid it a visit. Organizations or individuals who choose to sponsor *The White House* in local schools will find their gift enormously appreciated by children, teachers, and school officials.









The film contains more than views of the White House rooms and grounds. It takes us back through history, showing first plans and early construction, how the White House was almost burned down, where its name came from, and what it looked like, both inside and out, at different times in its history.

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Legless and homeless,
his gentle courage,
happy spirit and keen wit
made him the richest beggar
in South China

THE WISDOM OF "CRIPPLE CHAO"

BY C. Y. LEE

author of "The Flower Drum Song"

THE HAPPIEST MAN in our district in southern China was a small, legless beggar with a smiling, weather-beaten, round face. He spent his life in a king-sized wooden bed with a patched canopy, and was carried from village to village to the home of the well-to-do families in Hsiangtan District. At each house he would stay for about ten days as a guest or a beggar, depending on how you look at it. At our house he was always most welcome, at least to us children. If I spotted his boatlike bed beside the front gate of our farmhouse, I would cry excitedly, "Cripple Chao is here!" Then I would start to run, and my five nieces and nephews, six to ten, would run after me, with the youngest nephew tumbling and crying and often falling into the muddy rice field.

Although a house guest, Cripple Chao had never been inside our house. His bed, fastened with two long bamboo poles like a sedan chair, was so big that it could not be carried through any door in our village. He was always left beside our gate, under the eaves of the pagodalike roof. We fed him twice a day and after ten days we would hire two coolies to carry him to the next village. He would make the rounds twice a year.

Chao was the only man in our district who could pat a dog, and that, in the eyes of us children, was a great feat. For all dogs in southern China would bite any hand attempting to pat them. When I asked him why the dogs didn't bite him, he would pull at the single long hair on a mole on his left cheek and say, "Why? Because these beasts know that my hand is put out to comfort, not to harm."

We children also liked him for these reasons: (1) he looked like the Smiling Buddha; (2) he could make a toy out of anything; (3) he told the most exciting stories; (4) it was always a delight to watch him eat. He could eat a bowl of plain cold rice with a bit of salt or a dried red-hot pepper with a lot of appetizing noise, groaning, inhaling and smacking his lips, as though he were enjoying the most delicious delicacies.

No one knew how old Cripple Chao was. According to my mother, when she was a bride being carried into my father's house in a bridal sedan chair over 30 years ago, she had caught a glimpse of Cripple Chao; he was sitting in his bed beside the front gate, looking the same as today. If he had been 50 then, he must have passed 80 by now. Whenever I asked Cripple Chao his age, he always pulled at the long single hair and said, "I am as old as an old turtle, Young Master. Does anybody know how old an old turtle is?"

"A hundred!" Little Pao, my six-year-old nephew, shouted excitedly.

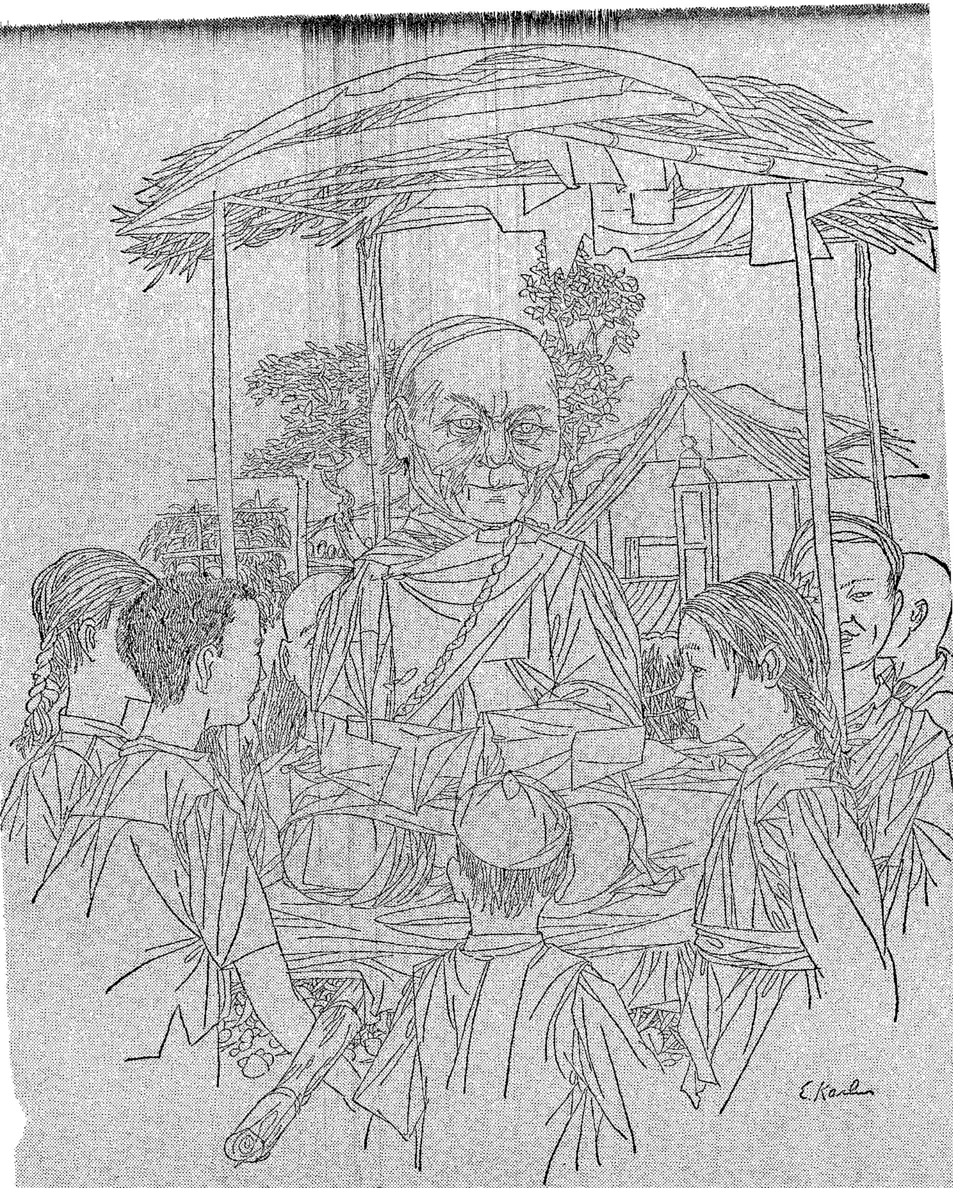
"That is a young turtle," Cripple Chao said, smiling.

"How did you lose your legs?" I asked him one day.

"How?" he said, glancing at the sky. "Heaven has eyes; Heaven cut them off to save my life. That is how. If I had my legs, the Boxers would have drafted me to fight the foreigners during the Boxer Rebellion, and I would have been killed by the foreign devils. Everything has a reason, Young Master, some known and some unknown."

When pressed for more information on his legs, he would start telling us stories about ancient kings and emperors and heroic generals. When I asked him why he never wanted to talk about his legs, he quoted the old Chinese saying, "Sickness always goes in through mouth; disaster always comes out of it." Then he would tell a few more stories to illustrate how gluttony often caused death and how talking too much often induced disaster.

Cripple Chao was also a good



Sitting on his canopied bed, Chao held court like a smiling Buddha.

tranquilizer. Whenever my sisters-in-law quarreled, my mother used to chide, "Why are you quarreling over such trifling things, while you have the best to eat and the best to wear under this roof? Look at Cripple Chao, he is the happiest if he can get half a salted egg or a piece of pork fat to go with his plain rice. The great secret of life, my daughters-in-law, is to cultivate the ability to appreciate the good things you have, not to compare them."

These words, often spoken aloud in front of other relatives, always calmed down the quarreling women.

ONCE Cripple Chao launched a big job—making a dragon for us that could wriggle. With his ancient pocketknife and a small saw, he cut a bamboo into small sections. He was to hinge them together, carve scales on them and polish them, and finally to install an elaborately carved, wooden dragon head on the wriggling body. The job would take at least 15 days.

Because Cripple Chao had the habit of pulling at his long hair while talking, we children began to leave him alone so that he could keep both his hands on the job. But we would hide behind the front gate and peep, watching his progress with mounting excitement.

One day, when the work was only one-third completed, a rich young farmer in the next village was getting married. His father, Farmer Wu, wanted many beggars to crowd their front door on the wedding day to serve as a sign of great prosperity and charity, so he sent for Cripple Chao. There would be plenty of food and lucky money to be tossed at them.

When two coolies arrived to carry Chao away, Little Pao, my six-year-old nephew, grabbed one of the bamboo poles fastened to Chao's bed, cried and refused to let him go. When my eldest brother, Little Pao's father, tried to pry him and the bamboo apart, we 12 children all did the same, crying and kicking anyone who came close to the bed. We knew that we would not see Cripple Chao again for another six months; and he hadn't finished our dragon. During this hullabaloo, Cripple Chao raised a hand and announced, "I will not go to the wedding. I am going to stay!"

My eldest brother, probably wanting him to stay too, stopped pulling us. But the two coolies from Farmer Wu didn't want to go back empty-handed. They cursed Cripple Chao, calling him an ungrateful, stupid pig. For the first time I saw Cripple Chao return insults, and to my greater delight, our two scabby yellow dogs suddenly leaped at the coolies. That ended the argument. The coolies fled, with the two dogs chasing them and barking furiously.

That night my second older brother, who loved to eat and had attended Farmer Wu's wedding banquet, became violently ill. Then we learned that Farmer Wu and family, including the bride and the groom, were all sick—poisoned by wild mushrooms used in the banquet. So were the guests and beggars who had eaten the mushrooms. Cripple Chao, upon hearing the calamity, pulled at his long hair and sighed, "Sickness always goes in through mouth; disaster always comes out of it."

Cripple Chao had never been sick. But one year he came down with a fever. The family in the next village that was supposed to take him in for ten days refused to accept him. It was late autumn, a month after harvest. My mother decided to keep Cripple Chao until he was well. The village herb doctor said there was nothing seriously wrong with him, except that his system had gathered some inharmonious fire and wind. He prescribed some herbs that would drive the conflicting elements out of his body. Our maid brewed the herbs and Cripple Chao drank several bowls of the brew.

Two days later he was worse. For the first time in his life he couldn't eat. My nieces and nephews and I all thought he was going to die, and secretly kowtowed to our ancestral tablets in the middle hall of our house, praying for his recovery.

The next night I was suddenly awakened by a terrific noise; someone was frantically rapping my window with a stick and shouting, "Fire, fire!" I leaped out of my bed and threw the window open. The first thing that caught my eyes was some fiery flames dancing against the dark sky. I dashed to the next rooms and yelled "Fire!" and woke up my parents.

A few minutes later the whole family was roused from sleep. Together with the servants we rushed with buckets to fight the fire with water taken from our huge fish pond. The eastern wing of our house had caught fire, apparently from the kerosene lamp which my eldest brother had left burning during the night. The wind was whipping the flames, but fortunately the whole village was roused and rushed to our help. When we brought the fire under control, the eastern section of the house, across the yard from my room, was completely destroyed.

When it was all over I suddenly remembered Cripple Chao. It was already dawn. I went to his bed beside the front gate but he wasn't there. Then I remembered that someone had rapped my window, and yelled "Fire." It must have been he. I ran to my window and there he was, lying below the window. His face and hands were all cut; he was a bloody mess. I cried for help and some of my brothers rushed over and carried him back to his bed.

When we were dressing up his wounds, I told my brothers how he had saved our lives. My eldest brother fussed over him. I had always suspected that Cripple Chao had some enemies because he was reluctant to talk about his legs. I thought he had been cut up by his enemy during the confusion, and suggested that we send for some soldiers to protect him.

"Protect me?" Cripple Chao mumbled through his bandages. "What for?"

I told him what I thought and he said, "I never have enemy, Young Master. I cut myself."

"Aiyoo, my brother," my eldest brother said irritably, "you have read too many revenge novels. Can't you see that Cripple Chao rolled over the yard to wake you up?"

Then it dawned on me. In order to wake me up Cripple Chao had to fall out of his bed, roll down some steps to the huge, untidy yard, where he had rolled over four thorny flower beds, a lot of broken glasses, tiles, stones, pieces of dried wood and discarded tin cans. And he had rolled over the yard, probably frantically, in pitch darkness and in his weakened sick condition.

But he never boasted of what he had done to save our lives. However, the next day his fever was gone and he could eat again. "The bleeding must have cured me," he said. Then he automatically reached for the long hair without realizing it was wrapped up in the bandage. He laughed and we all laughed. Hair or no hair, he philosophized anyway, "This time Heaven has shot two vultures with one arrow. Everything has a reason, Young Masters, some known and some unknown."

That night I lay in bed wondering if everything really *had* a reason. If the family in the next village had taken Cripple Chao in, we might have been burned to death; and his fever might not have been cured quite so easily. ♛

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human comedy

A GREAT RECREATION in rural Kentucky is the daily gathering at the crossroads store of men from the surrounding area.

Some years back a long drought had damaged the tobacco crop. This day a group of growers was seated in the shade outside the store. One had brought along a jug of corn liquor, which he passed around.

The more the jug was passed, the more optimistic the talk became.

"My wife is a fine woman to stick with me through this dry spell," one man was saying. "When I sell my tobacco, I'm gonna buy her a piano."

"That's a good idea," another agreed. "I'm gonna buy my wife a new washing machine, new clothes and lots of things."

"Pass me the jug again," a third loafer said. "I ain't even out of debt yet!" —JOE CREASON *(Louisville Courier-Journal)*

THE CLUB'S WORST golfer was addressing his golf ball. He waggled his driver several times, missed three swings, and finally drove the ball about 20 feet. Looking up in exasperation he saw a squirrel hunter with a gun across his shoulder, who had stopped to watch him. "Look here!" shouted the member angrily. "Only golfers are allowed on this course!"

The stranger nodded. "I know it, mister," he replied. "But I won't say anything if you won't, either!"

—MRS. GEORGE THOMAS

THE AUTOIST HIT a rooster while driving along a country road. Anxious to do the right thing, he located the farmer who owned it and said apologetically, "I just ran over your rooster and I'm willing to replace him."

"Fine," said the farmer. "Let's hear you crow." —*MRS. EDWARD SHELTON*

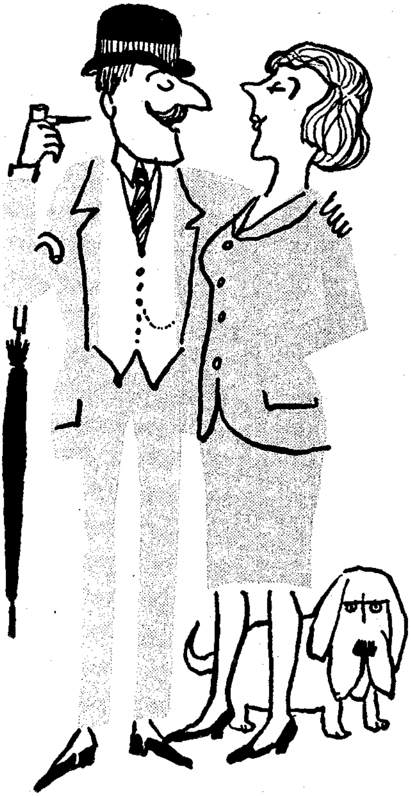
A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN had a valet violently opposed to the capitalistic system, who devoted most of his spare time attending meetings where he could listen while communistic theories were expounded. Then one day the master noticed the valet had stopped going to the meetings, so he asked the reason.

"At the last meeting I attended," the valet explained, "it was proved that if all the wealth in the country were divided equally among all, the share of each person would be 2,000 francs."

"So what?" asked the master.

"Well, sir," retorted the good man, "I happen to have 5,000 francs." —JOSEPH FISCHER

“My wife is English—thank heaven”



BY MALCOLM BRADBURY

LIKE ANY MAN who has been wed for only a few months, I find myself uniquely able to set up as an authority on marriage. And being a transplanted Englishman who knows American customs so well he went back to Britain to find a wife, I'm equally expert in comparative connubiality—or English marriages vs. American ones.

I think, weighing it all up, that I can recommend marriage—English marriage, that is. There was, I must admit, a time or two when I quite seriously considered marrying an American girl. Perhaps it's as well I didn't; I might be dead by now. As it is, my weight has gone up 20 pounds and I don't know any more about drying dishes than I did in my pristine bachelorhood. That's *real* marriage, friends.

Once it was fashionable among the English aristocracy to marry an American heiress (*The Times* of London, before World War I, once remarked rather severely that most of the peers in the House of Lords seemed to have American mothers). But it must take an awful lot of nobility and blue-blooded stamina to handle a wife who talks before breakfast—and expects her husband to get up first. Yet that was the way American women looked to me, and regretfully I had to decide that our cultures may be too far apart to reconcile that kind of thing.

Mind you, in certain of its aspects English and American marriages are alike. For instance, there is always the painful discovery that two cannot live as cheaply as one. Come to think of it, two can't live as cheaply as two—two single persons. What two can live as cheaply as, is four.

I think the biggest shock of my married life occurred two or three weeks after the ceremony when I realized how much my wife was costing me to run. I admit my father had warned me. He took me aside (I thought he was going to tell me about the facts of life, but he still hasn't gotten around to that) and told me solemnly: "Remember, women are like horses. They cost as much in deadstock as in livestock."

The livestock actually only cost me seven and sixpence, which is just over a dollar; that was the cost of the marriage certificate. It was only afterward that I realized I hadn't bought the goods, but had just put down the first down payment on an eternal mortgage.

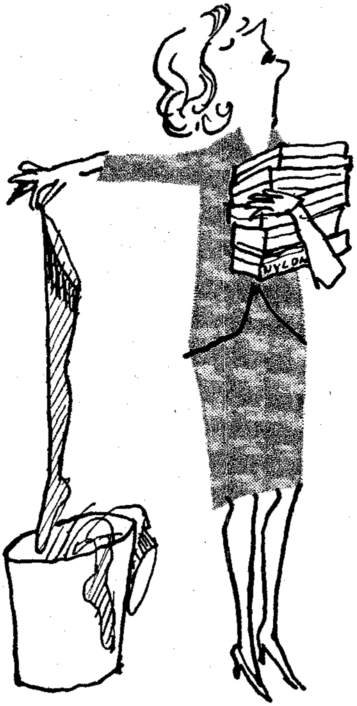
For instance, I shall never forget the day when there penetrated into my consciousness the most extraordinary discovery—nylon stockings do not last as long as men's socks. It was my observation that our wastebaskets were always full of tattered nylons that put me on the track. *My wife's nylons lasted only one day.* We got over this crisis somehow. As I always say, if a marriage can whether a crisis like that, it can endure anything. My wife tells me that men look at her legs just as often since she started wearing lisle.

On this level, marriage is international. Every husband in the Western Hemisphere knows what it is to discover that his wife is spending his entire income on nylons, or to learn that she opens food packets by slashing them to pieces with scissors, or doesn't like any of the clothes you had before you were married (or, for that matter, any of the clothes she had before she was married). But there are national characteristics in marriage. An American marriage is not like an English marriage, and since I brought my English wife to the States I've been trying to figure out just what this difference is.

"She has
odd objections
to my doing dishes
and such,
but I don't mind."

I once read in an American family magazine an article which claimed to offer 50 ways to an ideal marriage. It was packed with advice that was almost embarrassing in its riches. *Kiss your wife on the back of the neck every day, it said; go for walks together in the pouring rain; if you've crashed the car, make your husband an especially good dinner.*

Now I don't know whether this sort of stuff works in an American marriage; it certainly doesn't in an English one. Once, in one of those strange accesses of passion which can come even to an Englishman, I kissed my wife on her nape and suggested we go for a walk in the rain. She was not slow to respond to my



Nylons don't last as long as socks I found, but after the wastebaskets filled with stockings, I convinced her to use lisle.

amorousness. "Have you gone mad?" she said. "If you think you're going out there in the rain and then have three weeks in bed with pneumonia with *me* bringing you hot toddies," she snapped in characteristic English argot, "you've got another think coming." Also, if my wife so much as scratched our car, she would dress up in boy's clothes and be half way to Bangkok, if she knew what was good for her.

But what is especially un-English about articles of this sort (and American magazines are always reflecting, morbidly, about marriage and how to do it) is that they always imply that there is such a thing as an ideal marriage. Now, as any Englishman will tell you, there is no such thing as an ideal marriage. Americans believe in ideal marriages because they believe in happiness. To the Englishman, there is no such thing, and he would distrust it if there were. The English know that you can marry anyone and, with a bit of give-and-take, it will be all right (in England it has to be—divorces are too expensive and too difficult to be worth the trouble. They are an upper-class sport).

Americans, you see, expect their marriages to be exciting. In England we believe that marriage is based on common interest. My wife and I have a lot of common interests. For instance, I eat, and she cooks; I wear socks, and she darns them; I have hair, and she washes it. Most Englishmen marry women who look like, and talk like, their mothers. Americans like wives who are different from anyone they know; the English like wives who are the same, and they get them, for most Englishwomen are the same, anyway.

American women, after all, have something that women of no other nationality have—leisure. There is a saying that Satan will find work for idle hands to do. And so he does. The work he finds for American women is, of course, good work.

American women are full of good will and good causes. Thanks to labor-saving devices, they are left with unique opportunities for disporting themselves. They use these in characteristically American ways—in joining clubs, banning books, looking for ancestors, going to Europe, planning socials and trying plant prayer. There are few Englishwomen who have leisure to this degree (and those who do, spend their time drinking tea, cutting roses and opening garden fetes).

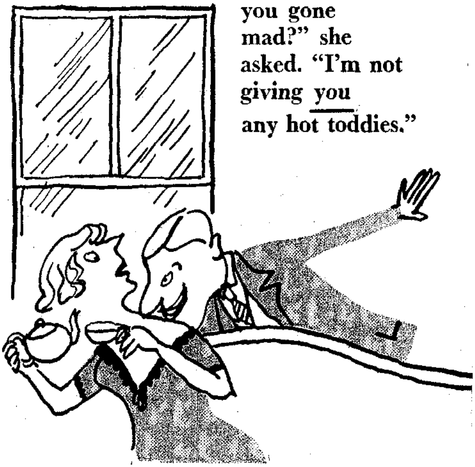
The career woman is still not common in England. Thus Englishwomen do not compete much with men, and they still center their lives about the home. It is more important to cook well than think well. In any case, they are too busy to think, shopping each day, coddling their children, mothering their husbands. They are left with little time to think about, or talk about, their marriages. Moreover, they rarely go out alone. If they did, who would get their husbands' dinners ready?

I remember a friend who did come along to see us one evening, having left her husband's meal ready on the table. Suddenly she jumped up in alarm and said she had to go. "Why?" we asked. "I forgot to leave him a note to tell him to eat it," she explained, and left immediately.

Even if the English did have time to discuss their marriages, they wouldn't. They would as soon talk about their marriage with outsiders as cuff their dogs. The sad truth is, the more you talk about a thing, the more you perceive what is wrong with it. For this reason, the Englishman speaks to his wife only about completely impersonal matters.

There remains, however, one question, and it is a question that others have been asking about the English for a long time now. It is: do the English fall in love? The answer is that in their own strange way they do. Americans think of love as a goal; the English think of it as a bonus. They rarely reflect that they are in love, but quite frequently they remember, afterward, that they have been.

I must confess that there are times when I wish the English were a little more romantic. There was an occasion when a friend of ours was involved in a mild traffic accident. Her face was covered with bruises and she was heavily decked with



I kissed my wife on the nape of the neck, and asked her to walk with me in the rain. "Have you gone mad?" she asked. "I'm not giving you any hot toddies."

sticking plaster. Her husband noticed nothing until the end of the evening, when he looked up from his newspaper, stared at his wife, and then addressed her. "Darling," he said, "you look different."

Something of the passion which English husbands feel for their mates can be observed in the ways they address them. Gone are the days when husbands called their spouses "Mrs. Smith." Today, exotic endearments are in style. "The wife," "the missus," and even "darling" are frequently heard. But such uncontrolled affection does not mean that the man doesn't wear the trousers. Englishwomen do not compete. They agree with their husbands (on principle), even when they are wrong. However, they reserve certain feminine prerogatives; they do not have ideas, but they do have intuitions. This prevents arguments.

My wife, for instance, has just read this through and agrees with everything I say, but she adds that she feels, intuitively, that Englishwomen rule their husbands without their realizing it. I don't believe it, but I'm always willing to listen to what my wife has to say. That's part of the give-and-take of English marriage.

ALL TOO TRUE

IT IS NOT HOW MUCH we have but how much we enjoy that makes happiness. —*Quote*

CERTAINLY YOU CAN'T FOOL all of the people all of the time. Quite a few of them are busy fooling you.

—OREN ARNOLD (*Kiwanis Magazine*)

A WELL-ADJUSTED PERSON is one who makes the same mistake twice without getting nervous. —*American Mercury*

IF YOU CAN'T BE THANKFUL for what you receive, be thankful for what you escape. —*Sunshine Magazine*

IF THE GRASS looks greener on the other side of the fence, you can bet the water bill is higher.

—*Processing Equipment News*

VACATIONS DO ODD THINGS for us. Neighbors whom we seldom see all year travel 500 or 1,000 miles, then write to wish we were with them. —*Presbyterian Life*

A COMMITTEE IS a group of people who singly can do nothing, but together decide that nothing can be done.

—EDNA BAKER

the famous Boston Brink's robbery—biggest cash haul in history—was solved by the police with wire taps; that Mickey Cohen's home was bugged (fitted with a wireless microphone) by Los Angeles police until he figured out an ingenious way to circumvent them.

None of these incidents has ever before been fully told in print.

In December 1953 a lawyer-private eye named John G. Broady set up a wire-tap nest capable of intercepting conversations over 100,000 telephones in the middle of New York City. Although the Broady wire-tap factory was sensational, it was not isolated. Our national investigation, sponsored by the Pennsylvania Bar Association Endowment, covered these areas: New York City, Brooklyn, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia and Las Vegas. As a former district attorney of Philadelphia, I knew that electrical eavesdropping took two major forms, wire tapping and "bugging." Our investigation looked into these, as well as closed-circuit television, directional microphones and automatic cameras.

I also knew that the public investigations of wire tapping and electrical eavesdropping had turned up relatively little of the truth because they depended on "on-the-record" admissions by men who might be incriminating themselves in serious crimes. Our investigation was, therefore, conducted on a personal, confidential basis. I even spent 12 hours with the notorious Mickey Cohen, riding around Los Angeles in his aluminum-roofed Cadillac one night, meeting wire tappers who talked to me at Cohen's request.

Despite constant denials and efforts to hide the practice, we were able to uncover, in every city studied, active electrical eavesdropping by police and district attorneys. Often such practices were illegal. The authorities justified them—legal or illegal—by saying that they had solved many major crimes through wire tapping or bugging.

Brooklyn's notorious Harry Gross gambling syndicate, which had corrupted many detectives, was broken by means of legal wire tapping. So were the waterfront racket and basketball fix cases of a few years ago. Wire tapping helped destroy a narcotics ring in Philadelphia; and in various cities it has provided evidence of extortion and abortion.

One of the biggest wire-tap secrets is the solving of the sensational January 1950 $2,775,395 Brink's robbery. A private wire-tapping specialist from New York was hired by law-enforcement authorities in Boston to place a wire-tap dragnet within a 50-mile radius of Boston. Clues from thousands of tapped telephone

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SAMUEL DASH *is author of "The Eavesdroppers" (Rutgers University Press,) a definitive national study of wire tapping sponsored by the Pennsylvania Bar Association Endowment on a grant from the Fund for the Republic. He is a former district attorney of Philadelphia and President of the National Association of Defense Lawyers in Criminal Cases.*

conversations led to the discovery of the suspects. Routine police techniques closed the case. Never have the police given public credit to wire tapping for solving the Brink's robbery, principally because they wish to conceal its use.

Stacked up against wire tapping as a weapon against crime is its flagrant abuse by law-enforcement authorities. I learned from plainclothes men in New York that for a number of years they used wire tapping to "shake down" bookmakers and prostitutes. By use of the wire tap the police would learn the whereabouts of a bookmaking headquarters. Then they would break in, not to make an arrest, but to get on the "payroll."

In addition, police officers constantly "leaked" information to gangsters that their phones were being tapped. Indeed, in every city investigated, wire tapping rarely was successful against major gambling syndicates, since no sooner was the wire tap installed, than a member of the wire-tapping squad would inform the tapped gangster.

During the 1940s, probably the most bugged and tapped person in the country was Mickey Cohen, then an overlord in the gambling racket in Los Angeles. Constantly, a special squad of Los Angeles police installed wire taps on his telephones and placed microphones in his places of business. Mickey says he was always able to locate the tap or the bug by means of information from a police officer on his payroll.

Once, however, an enterprising police lieutenant actually built a microphone into a house Mickey Cohen was remodeling. The work was done by police dressed as carpenters. Mickey Cohen began receiving transcripts of his conversations picked up by the police microphone. However, so cleverly had the microphone been installed that Mickey couldn't locate it. After a year of living with a "police car" in his den, Mickey told me that he hired the police's crack private wire-tap technician, and was finally able to locate and tear out the microphone.

WIRE-TAPPING ABUSE often involves an unholy alliance between police officers and private detectives. The latter are constantly being asked by clients to tap wires. They often hire an expert police officer for the job. In one large city, for example, a police captain, who received many citations for his work, was found to be an active wire tapper for a private detective in domestic cases.

Private wire tapping is outlawed everywhere, yet our investigation proved that anybody with the price can have anybody else's telephone tapped. You can actually locate a private wire tapper through the yellow pages of the Los Angeles, California, Telephone Directory under "Recording." We had heard that in the mid-1930s even the phones of the Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court had been tapped.

I learned that one member of the Federal Communications Commission raiding squad, who had uncovered the Supreme Court taps, was still alive in Washington. I hunted him down. When I told him what I wanted, he visibly trembled. However, after I assured him I would conceal his identity, he talked.

He told me New York wire tappers had been hired by a large national manufacturer to tap the phones of all of the Supreme Court Justices, to eavesdrop on an important case involving the manufacturer. My informant's squad got a tip about the installation and raided it in a building near the Capitol. The raiders found the wire-tap headquarters intact, complete with recorder and attached wires. On a table a cigarette was lit and a half cup of coffee was still warm. But the tappers had fled.

Wires led to the Supreme Court Justices' telephones. The F.C.C. men dismantled the taps and their chief told them to forget the incident. It appears that the matter was kept hidden from the members of the Supreme Court and the Department of Justice.

Recently industrial firms throughout the country have gone heavily into electrical eavesdropping. Closed-circuit television cameras are in the walls of some factories to watch personnel. Buyers' telephones have been tapped to determine whether they are getting "kickbacks" from sellers. Hidden microphones have been placed in the men's and ladies' rest rooms to overhear employees' conversations.

Electrical eavesdroppers do not sneak up alleys in the dark of the night to make their installations. Because this is the age of appliances, the average household or office is besieged by repairmen and maintenance men. These men usually wear khaki or blue denim and carry tools and lengths of wire.

The electrical eavesdropper dresses in khaki or blue denim, has tools bulging from his pockets, a roll of wire on his shoulder. He may drive a green truck resembling telephone company equipment. Indeed, many wire tappers have purchased secondhand phone company trucks for this purpose.

How many housewives or office personnel ask a "repairman" for his credentials? Almost none. Often the victim of the wire tap will stand by watching, offering cigarettes or coffee, and even, in some cases, the use of tools which the wire tapper forgot to bring.

Wire tapping is not new. When the first telegraph lines were erected in the 1850s the first wire tappers began intercepting messages.

During the Civil War, wire tapping was used to intercept enemy communications. As early as 1899 one California newspaper learned that its rival was using wire tapping to uncover its exclusive stories.

In 1905 California passed the first telephone wire-tap prohibition legislation in the history of the world. Other state laws developed slowly.

State laws vary widely, however. In 1957 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the Federal prohibition against all wire tapping, written into the F.C.C. Act of 1934, was the supreme law of the land and applied to state police action as well as Federal law enforcement. This means that if the local police or district attorney, say under New York State law, wire taps or authorizes wire tapping he is committing a Federal crime. This ruling, of course, has led to consternation among law-enforcement agencies.

Concerted efforts are being made to have Congress exempt the states from the Federal wire-tap prohibition. In the meantime, however, law-enforcement officers in New York and other states continue to wire tap illegally, expecting that the Federal Government will not prosecute them. As of this writing, the evidence so obtained in New York is admissible.

THE PROBLEMS of controlling wire tapping are: 1. to decide whether any wire tapping by police officers should be permitted (Everyone agrees that private wire tapping should be outlawed.); 2. to develop controls to prevent illegal wire tapping.

The National District Attorneys' Association advocates law-enforcement wire tapping, and wishes to use such evidence in court. Police chiefs claim they need wire tapping to combat organized crime.

The American Civil Liberties Union and many state and Federal legislators and officials want total prohibition of wire tapping. The Philadelphia Bar Association, in 1957, helped persuade the Pennsylvania legislature to outlaw all wire tapping. Those who back such an outlaw recognize that wire tapping is helpful to police but not essential. They point out that the F.B.I. uses wire tapping only in espionage and crimes affecting human life. The F.B.I.'s successful record against other crimes demonstrates that lack of wire tapping does not prevent arrests and convictions.

Alan Barth in his book, *The Loyalty of Free Men,* writes: "If wire tapping is an aid to the police in frustrating foreign agents, so is rifling the mails . . . unrestricted search of private homes . . . summary arrest on suspicion. . . . A great deal could be learned about crime by putting recording devices in confessionals and in physicians' consulting rooms, by compelling wives to testify against their husbands, by encouraging children to report the dangerous thoughts uttered by their parents. The trouble with these techniques is that a nation which countenances them ceases to be free."

The late Senator Thomas C. Hennings Jr., who presided over the U.S. Senate hearings on wire tapping, declared: "While we search for solutions, I prefer that history judge our time . . . in terms of our concern for the protection of civil liberties, constitutional rights and individual freedom, rather than in terms of our unrestrained pursuit of transgressors."

Control of *prohibited* wire tapping is another matter. An expertly installed wire tap cannot be detected by the parties using the telephone, and there is no device that can locate it. Only a laborious physical tracing of miles of telephone line connections can uncover it. But this connection may be so disguised, or made at the main frame of the telephone company, that locating it is virtually impossible.

Much wire tapping is made possible through the failure of the telephone companies to set up adequate controls and their laxness in combating wire tapping they know about. They do have policies against wire tapping, and their employees found violating these policies are fired. But the telephone companies have not explored or utilized new apparatus or programs to guard against eavesdroppers, and have not cooperated with police in tracking or prosecuting wire tappers.

Indeed telephone companies often officially deny that wire tapping exists. It is difficult to believe that with the vast experience phone company engineers have developed in electrical communications, they could not discover ways to make wire tapping difficult, if not impossible. Certainly, this would cost money. But I believe the public would be willing to pay the price to achieve the privacy.

A century's experience has established that no wire-tapping ban has worked. Rather, police officers bent on using wire tapping conceal their activities and work closely with private wire tappers. In turn the private technicians go unpunished for their own electrical eavesdropping in business and domestic relations cases.

In 1957 it was learned that the police of London had been quietly using wire tapping since the invention of the telephone and only a few officials ever knew anything about it. According to this system, a separate room is set aside at a police headquarters, entrance to which is permitted only to three or four high ranking police officers. This room is connected directly by cable to the main frame of the telephone office. On the written authorization of the British Home Secretary, any suspect telephone is connected to the police office.

Thus, the only ones who have access to the overheard conversations are the three or four officers of integrity and character. Recorded information that is not incriminating is destroyed, and incriminating information is kept in a tightly controlled file in the wire-tap office.

Such a practice eliminates leaks, alliances between police and racketeers, shakedown and blackmail. It does not eliminate the overhearing of innocent conversations but the Committee of Privy Councilors, who investigated this set-up, asked: "Why should anyone complain that his conversations are being overheard? After all, the only ones who are listening are the police."

The New York Legislative Committee, which studied electrical eavesdropping, recommended that if police in America were to be permitted wire tapping for detection and prevention of crime, they should use this system of "leased lines." There is no doubt that this would be the safest method of all.

Actually we found that the most disturbing eavesdropping device being used today in America is not wire tapping but a small transmitter microphone, like the one used in Mickey Cohen's house, about the size of a small match box which is *completely wireless*. This inconspicuous little object will broadcast all conversation within its range.

In one large city, police officers used this transmitter to obtain evidence against a numbers "bank." A police officer disguised as a water-meter reader left the transmitter resting on the top of a wooden beam in the basement of the numbers headquarters. Parked midway down the street was an old truck whose side panels read "Plumbing and Heating." Inside the truck was a radio receiver and a recording unit which received and recorded the conversations taking place in the house. From this information, police were able to locate suspects, collect evidence and make arrests.

The use of such a device is *not* illegal except in New York and California. In these states, however, police may use such a device under a court order. The size and appearance of the transmitter, and its lack of wiring, make it difficult to detect. But even if the transmitter is discovered, there is no way to locate the receiving unit.

This insidious device, its uses and abuses, needs a great deal of study. Little is known about eavesdropping by microphone except what was picked up in legislative investigations in New York, California, Illinois and by our group. There are only three state laws controlling its use, no Federal legislation at all. Yet this is potentially—if not actually—a much more potent eavesdropper than telephone tapping.

Whatever is learned, whatever laws are passed—our investigation has shown that these will probably be ignored or flouted. There is hardly any place one can hide from the prying ears and eyes of electrical eavesdroppers.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

DURING FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT'S administration, an elaborate dinner was being given and the huge hall was filled to capacity with important people. On the dais a few seats from her illustrious son was Mrs. Sara Roosevelt. At the back of the huge room sat an elderly couple. The man, knowing his wife wanted to meet the President's mother, labored slowly toward the head table to speak to Mrs. Roosevelt. When he asked if he could bring his wife up front for an introduction, Mrs. Roosevelt asked where they were seated. He pointed to their table, barely visible from the dais.

"How old is your wife?" asked Mrs. Roosevelt.

"She's 82," replied the man softly.

Mrs. Roosevelt, then in her 70s, rose from her seat and said, "I'm younger than she is, I'll walk back and meet her."

—DARLENE E. KARDON

How words work

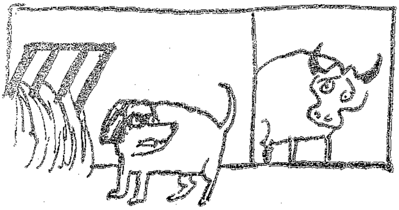
BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Why is a work stoppage called a *strike*?

More than 150 meanings are listed for the word *strike* in the largest dictionaries. Among these is a special nautical meaning of lowering the sails (or yards). This was usually done as a salute, but occasionally as a sign of surrender—and when it was done the ship was said to be "struck." Whatever its purpose, its effect was to render the ship unnavigable. In 1768 a body of discontented sailors, after setting forth their grievances at Sunderland, "went on board the several ships in that harbor, and struck their yards in order to prevent them from proceeding to sea." This seems to be the origin of the word's common contemporary use.

What's a "dog in the manger"?



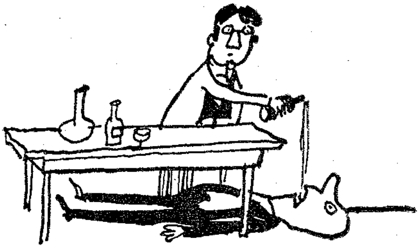
Someone who cannot use a thing himself but out of cussedness won't let someone else have it. The expression is a reference to Aesop's fable of the snarling dog that had made its bed in a manger and while it did not want—and could not use—the hay, would not let the tired ox eat it.

Sub means under; *urbs*, city. Were suburbs once under city rule?

Originally the suburbs were built literally under the city walls—miserable shacks and hovels and lean-tos braced against the wall. But they were not under the jurisdiction of the city; that, indeed, was often the reason for their existence. Outlaws and robbers, apprentices who had broken their indentures, women who had been driven from the town, skulking and desperate men, all hid and huddled in the suburbs. These slums did not, of course, have even the medieval minimum of sanitation or police protection and were in as bad moral odor as physical. It is only recently that suburbs have suggested better living than the city.

How do you drink someone "under the table"?

You keep drinking, in competition with him, until he loses consciousness and slides to the floor under the table. To us a humorous figure of speech, the phrase described an actuality among the upper classes in 18th-century England. It was the custom for ladies to retire from the dining room at the end of the meal, leaving the gentlemen at the table with their port. It was a matter of honor for a man to accept every drink offered him and his capacity was a source of pride. Men were known as "two-bottle" and even "three-bottle" men and it was regarded as far more creditable to lie unconscious under the table than to walk away from it while anyone else remained seated and still drinking.



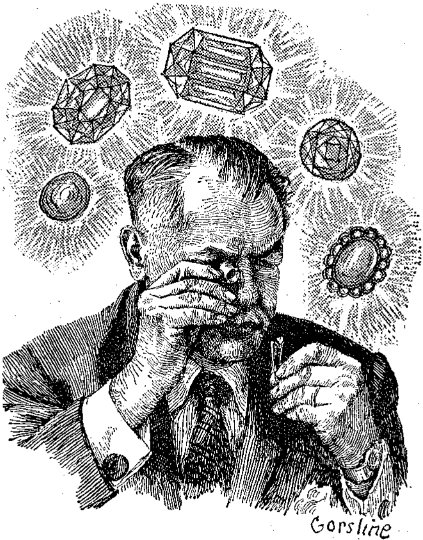
Why is the man in charge of football called *coach*?

The carriage was named after the Hungarian town of Kocs (pronounced "coach") where it was first made in the 16th century. In the 19th century some university wit applied the term to a private tutor who prepared candidates for their examinations. A coach was a very luxurious and stately carriage and the idea, apparently, was that the student was being "carried" by the tutor. (The same idea is found in the slang term *pony,* used in high schools for an interlinear translation of Caesar or Cicero.) About 40 years after *coach* was applied to a tutor, the term was extended to one who trained others for athletic contests.

Why is nonsense sometimes referred to as *rigmarole*?

It's a special kind of nonsense that rambles on through a succession of confused and foolish statements. It is derived from an old term, *ragman roll,* meaning list or catalogue, and this would account for the idea of continuance in the word. *Ragman* was an old name for the Devil; noise, confusion and the babble of strange words were associated with devils. Somehow all these confused things blended confusedly to express confusion in *rigmarole.*

BY NORMAN ARCHER



He roams the gem trail

From Kashmir to the Congo, Martin Ehrmann searches out earth's most precious stones

It sits on a dais in New York City's magnificent Museum of Natural History. There is a bed of velvet beneath it, a spotlight above it, and a sign in front that proclaims it "The Edith Haggin De Long Star Ruby." Almost invariably the average visitor gives it a casual glance, then heads for the nearby diamond display. But in passing by the ruby, the visitor overlooks one of our greatest national treasures, a gem almost priceless in value. Although the vaults of the diamond syndicate are well-stocked with diamonds, there simply aren't many outstanding star rubies left—and the De Long Star is the greatest of them all.

The authority for that statement is Martin Ehrmann, the man who brought the De Long gem to the museum, not as an act of commercial exchange, but as part of his own special dedication. This middle-aged, naturalized citizen has wandered the gem trails of the earth for over 30 years. From India's famed Kashmir, to the Congo's Katanga, to mountain-circled Mogok in Burma, he has devoted himself to the task of bringing out the finest mineral wonders for exhibition in the museums of our country. These are specimens that might otherwise have been broken up for jewelry or siphoned into the dark vaults of those who regard these gleaming natural wonders as hedges against inflation.

Ehrmann knows that the outstanding rubies, sapphires, spinels, tourmalines and other less publicized gem stones are truly among nature's rarest objects. They were created when the earth was very young. The magical mixture of bubbling gases and incandescent minerals out of which they were formed can never again happen on our aging planet. Bringing back museum-quality specimens takes the dedication of an isotope-hunting scientist, the perseverance of a wildcat oil-well driller and the ingenuity of an Oriental rug trader.

Take, for example, a typical Ehrmann safari to Mogok, where the De Long Ruby was found. Starting from Rangoon, he endures a crawling 14 to 18 hour train trip to Mandalay, two suffocating days by boat to Thabeikkyin, and 60 miles by jeep over a cliff-hanger road which is the favorite hunting grounds for bandits and mine-laying rebels.

Mogok itself is in a valley, encircled by mountains. The rubies lie buried under 30 or more feet of debris washed into the valley by ancient rivers that gouged them out of the primeval rock.

The Burmese miners, 8,000 of them, work over a 20-square-mile area, where tigers and great tropical snakes abound.

The alluvial gravels are hoisted either by hand out of the deep holes or by centrifugal pumps and Ehrmann soon discovered that the variety of outstanding gems was equaled only by the reluctance of the diggers to give up what they found. To a Mogok miner immediate cash isn't as important as filling a tin can with gems to be emptied, in old age, for building a personal, gold-leaf-and-gem-encrusted shrine guaranteeing his reincarnation.

"In dealing with a Mogok miner," Ehrmann relates, "one error of approach and you are placed in a social deep-freeze. The miner usually turns over the task of dealing with you to his wife. She is charming and hospitable, but as cold-blooded, when it comes to giving up some of that tin-can treasure, as a python. The first asking price is completely unimportant—it is their way of judging what sort of a buyer you are and how much you know about gems. The ruby may be worth only $50, yet the woman may ask $5,000. If you laugh and do not make a bid, that ends it. You will never be offered another stone by the miner or his lady, no matter how hard you plead. But if, at the appropriate time, you do make an offer—no matter how low—the miner and his wife beam with joy and the long social-business process of arriving at a fair price begins."

One by one the less chipped and clouded specimens are proudly displayed on the bartering table. It is not until a sort of family relationship is established—sometimes including becoming a boarder with the family—that gems of museum quality begin to come out of their hiding place.

Living with the family includes wearing the native sarong known as "longhi" and taking a daily outside shower. Ehrmann reached his greatest rapport with the local population one dawn when he took a quick shower, only to discover a large audience of tittering females.

Ehrmann's dedication to gems dates from his boyhood in Germany where he haunted the local museum curators with endless questions. Coming to America in his 20s, he began working in New York City's competitive gem stone trade.

His apprenticeship ended, Ehrmann began his 30-year trek to the far-off places—Nepal and Mozambique, Hong Kong and the Congo—and shortly before World War II to one of the most amazing mines of all—in a blackened cave of a building in northern London!

A man named Calvert, during the reign of Queen Victoria, had been an avid collector at a time when the fad among the nobility was the purchase and display of outstanding specimens. The illegitimate heir of Lord Baltimore, Calvert had amassed a fortune in the gold mines of Australia. He had returned to London determined to break into society. He was rebuffed. Calvert proceeded to attend auctions and perversely outbid the accepted blue bloods for the magnificent gem and mineral specimens on the market.

Now the collection was to be sold by Calvert's heirs. Ehrmann took the first transportation available to London. There he found that the collection had been stored, for over two generations, in an ancient four-story abandoned tenement house on a Dickensian byway.

Ehrmann convinced the executors that he should be permitted to enter the building before the other potential buyers. Ancient doors were forced open; a few careful steps into the gloom and Ehrmann's foot struck a box. He reached down and lifted a container out of four decades of ankle-deep dust. When he opened the lid, even in the faint light he saw that he held a fabulous axinite crystal specimen, a unique museum piece in quality.

For the rest of that day Ehrmann was the Count of Monte Cristo in a dusty treasure cave full of exotic species of mineral crystallizations. Hours later he returned to the sellers, filthy as a chimney sweep, and purchased the collection.

Eight weeks later, its cost increased by a $30,000 packing and shipping charge, a mountain of cases containing the Calvert Collection arrived in New York City. Ehrmann, ill with a mysterious malady (finally diagnosed as silicosis, caused by his inhalation of that ancient London dust), stored the packages in the huge sub-sub-basement beneath Rockefeller Center's Radio City!

For many weeks after that, Ehrmann, with the volunteer help of distinguished scientists, washed and catalogued thousands of unique and lovely specimens, most of which have become important parts of the permanent collections of our greatest museums.

WITH NEW travel money in hand, Ehrmann prepared for another Far Eastern trek—just as the Japanese bombers snarled over Pearl Harbor. Volunteering for the Army, Ehrmann remained a dedicated mineral collector. During the next few years the top-secret testing of atomic blasts called for a special sort of impact meter, and to the Pentagon came a call for a gem stone called tourmaline, of a size and a quality found only in Madagascar, for use in the instrument.

The Pentagon I.B.M. machines shuffled cards, and to Aberdeen, Maryland, where Lieut. Col. Martin Ehrmann was commanding the bomb disposal school, came the pressing request.

Ehrmann realized that to go to Madagascar and actually mine the wanted tons of tourmaline would eat up precious weeks. He suddenly recalled a Parisian organization with Madagascar tourmaline mining concessions. Flying to a newly liberated Paris with a priority second only to that of a front-line general, Ehrmann began a frantic search. He discovered that the tourmaline stock had been buried, early in the war, in the forest at Cognac, an area still occupied by German forces.

Ehrmann knew that there was no time to wait for military action to clean out the pocket of resistance. The French Underground's aid was enlisted and on a fog-shrouded night he and members of the Resistance, driving huge trucks camouflaged as farm equipment, moved cautiously into the forest. The tension was high, and the area was unfamiliar, but the Ehrmann instinct and luck for finding gem stones was still infallible. His first dig of shovel into the ground uncovered a rotting sack, and soon the green Madagascar gem stones were above ground gleaming like owls' eyes in the light of hooded lamps. A few days later three tons of tourmaline were on board planes headed for the U.S.

Discharged from the Army in 1945, Ehrmann started out again after the gem wonders of the world—to Afghanistan for blue lapis lazuli, precious since the time of the Egyptians—to Ceylon for Alexandrites (named after the Russian Czar who had first enjoyed the rare gem's amazing quality of gleaming green by daylight and red by artificial light) and, finally, back to Mogok, to spar, hour after hour, with the treasure-hoarding wives.

Today his thoughts are with the very first lunar expedition. "There is a possibility that wondrous gem stones lie on the moon's surface," he says. "Since there is no air, there would be no oxidization, no discoloration. There is a possibility spacemen will walk on a carpet of glistening gem stones."

And Martin Ehrmann would like to be with them to make certain that whatever those lunar gems might be—diamonds as large as cabbages, volley-ball-sized rubies or green-eyed emeralds fat as county fair balloons—the finest of them are brought back intact to become part of our national treasure of eternal, elemental beauty.

DIRECT WIRE!

A NEOPHYTE MINISTER was visiting in a Maine hospital one summer. In the course of his visitations he met a Boston dowager, temporarily hospitalized. At the end of the visit he spoke to her and said, "I should like to say a prayer for your recovery before I leave."

The dowager replied, "That will be quite unnecessary, young man. I am being prayed for in Boston." —*Quote*

by Michael J. Walsh, Sc.D

Scientific "Eat More, Weigh Less" Diet

Dieters are often amazed to
see weight gain as calories decrease.
A nutritionist explains why,
shows how to avoid it with foods
that "burn" away pounds,
add vitamins and boost energy

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HEAR the statement, "People are overweight because they eat too much"? Like most oversimplified dictums, this has the ring of truth: If a body takes in more calories than it burns up, the difference remains in excess weight. Count the calories, cut them down, and watch pounds slip away. ■ But the fact is, in many cases this explanation is not only false, it is downright dangerous. Because of the assumption that people are overweight from overeating, a large proportion of the 25,000,000 overweight Americans (over 20 years old) has in recent years engaged in an orgy of calorie counting in the naive belief that by *not eating* surplus weight could be reduced. Inevitably, multiple vitamin, mineral and protein deficiencies have become routine, with a resulting loss of health. ■ After 25 years of practice as a consulting nutritionist, I am convinced that if we did no more than put into effect the accurate, simple slogan, "*Instead of counting calories, make every calorie count,*" it would bring more immediate benefit than any other change we could make in our mode of living. ■ Many years ago I decided to put the overeating theory of obesity to a test. The first step was to analyze what people actually eat and translate this food into quantities of nutrients. This input could then be compared to the known requirements of calories, vitamins, minerals, etc., for an individual's age, weight, body structure and physical activity. I experimented first on myself. ■ I have vivid memories of those six weeks of laborious calculations and research. The foods that I ate were the best that money could buy. They were good foods, rich, refined and delicious foods, but when I completed my figures, I was stunned into the realization that neither I nor most of my patients were the well-fed persons we assumed ourselves to be. Our "normal" diet was deficient in essential nutrients and did not measure up to the standards of even a quarter of a century ago. ■ Since then I have studied the food intake of more than 50,000 men and women. The results provide startling facts about overweight. In one group of 4,500 cases, 83 percent were found to be *overweight while undereating.* Only 17 percent were found to be overweight because they overate! I believe this proportion holds good nationally. ■ My recommendation to those of this huge percentage "reducing" was: eat *more,* and make every calorie count. Strange though it seemed to many of these dieters—and as it may appear to readers of this article—it works. Here's the explanation:

The body is not so much like a scale from which we can add or subtract weights to strike a balance as it is like an engine that can burn fuel (calories of energy) efficiently and cleanly, or inefficiently and with a build-up of residues. In the body, we call this fuel consumption "metabolism." When the body is not fed enough of the right kind of nutrients the metabolism is impaired. The whole organism slows down in order to survive.

One of the first consequences of this reduced metabolic rate is overweight caused by a build-up of water in the tissues, often erroneously regarded as fat. This is more or less what happened to the 83 percent of my overweight patients. They were *undereating*, but gained weight through excess water in the tissues because they were not stimulating their metabolic rate with proper nourishment.

The increased use of labor-saving devices in home, office and factory has reduced the number of calories needed for normal daily activities by most Americans. This in turn calls for a revolutionary change of attitude toward foods and food values. Most of the foods commonly found on U.S. tables today are, so to speak, obsolete.

The obsolete foods are very popular, however, and include sugar, refined breads and cereals, pies, ice cream, cake, cookies, candies and soft drinks. I call these concentrated mixtures of fats, sugars and flours "slow-down foods." They may be all right for people engaged in strenuous physical activity, such as lumberjacks, ditch diggers and athletes—provided they are supplemented by other nutrients—but they are utterly unsuitable for the majority of us who lead rather sedentary lives.

The ideal foods for white-collar workers, professional people, housewives and the like provide the maximum amount of nutrients with the minimum number of calories. These I call "speed-up foods," and include eggs, skim milk and buttermilk, cottage and hard cheeses, lean meats, sea foods, poultry, fresh fruits and abundant vegetables.

The slow-down foods are high in calories and low in nutrients. They slow down the metabolism and cause overweight through excess water in the body. The speed-up foods do the reverse—stimulate the metabolism, build up tissue and help eliminate the water, all with fewer calories.

Diet analysis today has become highly scientific. When a patient is referred to a nutritionist, he first finds out just what the patient is eating and how much. This food intake is recorded on forms, together with data on height, weight, body measurements, age, physical activity, etc. The cards are punched and fed into computing machines which translate the food intake in terms of quantities of proteins, fats, carbohydrates, calories, calcium, phosphorus, iron, iodine, vitamins A, B-1, B-2, niacin, C and D. This

A scientific diet designed for one person's needs

BREAKFAST

½ medium-large grapefruit
1 egg
3 oz. patty lean, ground beef
6 oz. skim milk or buttermilk
Tea or coffee (without sugar) if desired—additional but not instead of milk

LUNCH*

Dish of raw carrot strips, celery sticks, slices of raw turnips, strips of green peppers, whole tomatoes
Small serving (5 oz.) broiled Halibut
6 oz. skim milk or buttermilk with black tea or coffee if desired

DINNER

Lettuce and tomato salad with light dressing (example: ½ tbs. soy bean oil and 1 oz. vinegar with spices)
6 oz. lean roast veal or broiled chicken or steak
2 cooked vegetables (example: 3 tbs. string beans plus 3 tbs. carrots, peas or baked squash)
2 oz. fresh fruit (example: berries topped with yogurt)
6 oz. skim milk or buttermilk, black tea or coffee additionally if desired

*Alternate portable lunch

Strips of raw carrots, celery sticks, slices of raw turnips—wrapped in wax paper
1 pint skim milk or buttermilk
1 piece leftover cold chicken or 3 oz. cold meat
1 apple or pear

How the nutritive value of Mrs. F's 1,240 calorie hunger diet and scientific 1,400 calorie diet compare:

	1,240 calories	1,400 calories		1,240 calories	1,400 calories
Protein	54 grams	144 grams	Iodine	0.23 mg.	0.8 mg.
Fat	49 grams	52 grams	Vitamin A	4,000 I.U.	11,330 I.U.
Carbohydrates	129 grams	93 grams	Vitamin B_1	0.57 mg.	0.95 mg.
Calcium	300 mg.	1,040 mg.	Vitamin B_2	1.11 mg.	2.36 mg.
Phosphorus	712 mg.	1,920 mg.	Niacin	11 mg.	38.90 mg.
Iron	81.1 mg.	14.2 mg.	Vitamin C	100 mg.	210 mg.

is then compared with the National Research Council's recommended daily dietary allowances, and the differences are corrected.

Take the case of Mr. Y., a highly trained professional man. He's 57, his desired weight is 160 pounds and he's approximately 20 pounds overweight—*on only 970 calories daily*! According to National Research Council standards, he should be eating 2,550 calories daily. His diet provided only 61 grams of protein, instead of the recommended 70. Moreover, his mineral and vitamin deficiencies ranged from 40 to 88 percent.

Or the case of Miss B., a typical figure-conscious teenager, who has been led to believe that all she has to do to be slim is starve herself. She skips breakfast and lunch at least three times a week. Breakfast, when she has one, includes one cup of coffee with two teaspoons of sugar, two strips of crisp bacon and two slices of melba toast with a "smidgin" of butter. Lunch might be a half glass of milk with a dish of ice cream. Every night she has a "good" dinner of salad, meat, mashed potatoes, one cooked vegetable, milk and a dessert of ice cream, pie, cookies or canned fruit.

Her diet analysis reveals she is about 11 pounds overweight on an intake of only 1,120 calories daily, in contrast to the N.R.C. recommended allowance of 2,600 for her normal weight. Inevitably, this diet of slow-down foods was deficient in every important nutrient.

Now let's look at Mrs. F., a 44-year-old housewife. At 150 pounds she was 15 pounds overweight, but despite a diet allowing her only 1,240 calories a day, she was gaining. Slow-down foods made up 28 percent of her total intake: breakfast, a glass of canned grapefruit juice, one boiled egg, a slice of coffeecake; lunch, two tablespoons of cottage cheese with a slice of tomato, a teaspoon of horse-radish and black coffee; dinner, two ounces of light wine, a small green salad with French dressing, a small half fried chicken, two tablespoons of mixed, cooked vegetables, with a dessert of raspberry jello and three cups of tea.

Though this sounds modest, she wasn't getting nearly enough protein and nearly half her carbohydrates were in refined, fermentable foods which are implicated in tooth decay, as well as being deficient in vitamins and minerals.

When I prepared a new diet for her (see page 61) providing 266 percent more protein, more fat, minerals and vitamins, but with only 1,400 calories, she protested: "I couldn't eat all that food in a day! I'd be stuffed and would get twice as fat." But she tried it. Gradually there was a slow weight loss, and she also reported more energy and a freedom from minor ailments that had plagued her.

Today, Mrs. F. is a happier, healthier, more attractive woman, because she made her calories count. Unfortunately millions of American dieters are struggling vainly to lose weight on unhealthy regimens because they insist on simply counting their calories. ♛

COAST TO COAST

When former King Michael of Rumania visited Toledo, Ohio, some years ago, Michael V. Di Salle was mayor of the city. The deposed monarch expressed amazement that his official host was addressed by everyone as "Mike."

In his country, the King said, that would be unthinkable.

"Maybe so," said Mayor Di Salle, "but you might still be king if your people had called you Mike." —*The New York Times*

A university of Oklahoma student went to the library and asked for some information on euthanasia (mercy killings).

The librarian disappeared, then returned with the comment:

"I can't find anything dealing strictly with euthanasia, but I found a book on 'Youth in India.'" —*Associated Press*

The rather portly woman entered a pet shop in Dallas, Texas, and announced she wanted to buy a parrot.

"This one is a wonderful talker," said the salesman, showing her a brightly colored parrot. "He speaks English and Spanish and . . ."

"I don't want a talker," snapped the woman. "I want a *listener.*"

—CAROL WALTERS

During the first three days of a bitterly contested divorce trial in a Los Angeles, California, court the judge sat grim and taciturn on the bench, just listening.

On the third day the husband was on the stand and the wife's attorney was chopping him into little pieces over the amount of money he was alleged to have wasted. Battered by the verbal assault, the man finally retorted defensively, "But the only thing I've bought in months was a new spinning reel!"

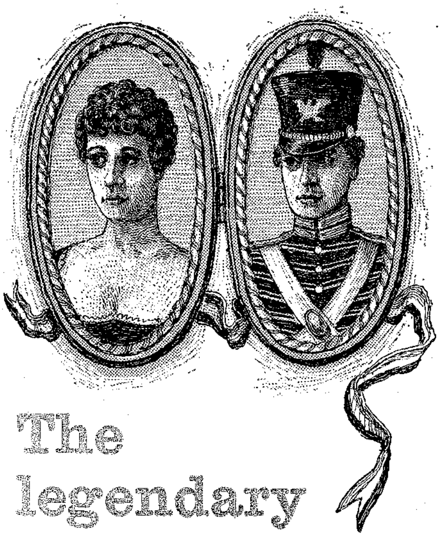
The granite-faced judge, showing interest for the first time, stopped the questioning, leaned toward the witness chair and asked eagerly, "What kind?" —MATT WEINSTOCK *(Los Angeles Mirror)*

A learned professor, stopping at a well-known Miami Beach, Florida, hotel had occasion to consult a reference work. Approaching the desk clerk, he inquired, "Is there a copy of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in the hotel?"

"No, there isn't," the clerk replied regretfully. And then, as an afterthought, he added, "But what is it you wish to know?"

—GEORGE HALLMAN

BY JAMES POLING



The legendary lady Marine

The amazing story of Lucy Brewer, the harlot who, disguised as a man, became a Marine hero

During the War of 1812, at the height of the historic sea battle between the *USS Constitution* and the British frigate *HMS Guerrière*, George Baker—the most unlikely U.S. Marine ever to wear the uniform of the Corps—perched high in Old Ironsides' rigging, sharpshooting at English bluejackets on the enemy's smoke-filled deck. As he reloaded, the butt of his musket suddenly was shattered by grapeshot from a British broadside. The pellets came so close they singed his arm.

With the coarse humor of combat, a husky marine at Baker's side called out, "You're a lucky one. Now you've something to boast about to the pretty girls back in port." Although badly shaken by his brush with death, Baker nearly burst out laughing and with good reason. For George Baker was in reality a pretty girl named Lucy Brewer.

Lucy Brewer is one of many women, disguised as men, who have fought for the U.S. Her combat record is second only to that of Revolutionary War heroine Deborah Sampson, who served in male disguise with a Massachusetts infantry regiment. Why Lucy Brewer's name should have disappeared from the pages of history is beyond understanding, for in her day she was the most famous woman warrior of all. Furthermore, her service aboard the *Constitution* represented only one chapter in the life of this extraordinary maiden who rose from harlotry to become a national heroine.

Lucy's story began with an unfortunate love affair in the summer of 1809. When Lucy met her seducer she was a 16-year-old farm girl in Plymouth County, Massachusetts. A slender, oval-faced brunette with large, provocative eyes, she was deaf to her family's warning that her suitor was not to be trusted. Trustingly, she surrendered "the only gem that could render me respectable in the eyes of the world."

But Lucy's lover deserted her soon after he had seduced her. When she realized she was pregnant, Lucy decided that the only way to save her family's good name was to run away from home. She packed a bundle of her few possessions and trudged 40 miles to Boston through a snowstorm, hoping to find work as a maid. She reached Boston with less than 50 cents. The first night she found free lodging at the home of a couple who took her in out of pity. The second night she spent 20 cents to stay at a cheap inn.

Toward evening of her third day of job-hunting, with no bed in prospect for the night, the half-famished girl innocently knocked on the door of a house in West Boston. It was opened by a hard-eyed woman who professed to be a widow with five grown daughters. While serving Lucy hot tea and toast, she drew from her the full story of her predicament. Pretending deep sympathy, the "widow" begged Lucy to become "one of the family" until her confinement was over. While four of the "daughters" assured Lucy of their desire to help her, the fifth hurried off to prepare a small bedroom in the back of the house.

At 16, Lucy was still so naive and gullible that in the days that followed it never occurred to her to question the curious arrangement of the house, with its luxurious private apartments for each "daughter." She never realized that she was residing in one of Boston's most notorious bagnios.

The cruel awakening came shortly after her baby was delivered—only to die moments later. The "widow"—known as the "Old Bawd"—handed Lucy an exorbitant bill for board, room and nursing. She told the stunned girl that unless she worked off the debt by "allowing some of the first gentlemen of Boston an occasional pleasant liberty," she would take Lucy's father to court and sue him for the full sum. Trapped, Lucy agreed to the "Old Bawd's" demands and became a prostitute. "Suffice it to say," she later wrote, "I was soon pronounced an apt scholar by my arch preceptress."

Lucy quickly discovered her mistake. The fantastic "rent" she was charged for her apartment kept her in constant debt to the "Old Bawd." Moreover, it was an obligation the courts recognized; a prostitute who attempted to escape from a madam to whom she was in debt was zealously hunted down by the authorities, then given a harsh jail sentence.

Shortly after her 19th birthday, in the summer of the war year 1812, Lucy made plans to escape. A lovestruck young marine lieutenant supplied her with men's clothing and gave her a copy of *Memoirs of An American Young Lady*, a book describing how Deborah Sampson had masqueraded as a man for almost three years when she served with the Continental Army. From it Lucy learned "to provide myself with a tight pair of under drawers, which I . . . never shifted but with great precaution, which together with a bandage bound round my breasts, topped by a tight inner waistcoat, effectually concealed my sex."

After cropping her hair, she fled the "Old Bawd's" house, and for the next two days she tested her disguise: loitering in taverns, striking up conversations with street walkers, even talking to herself as she practiced lowering her voice to a masculine level. Her fear that she might not be able to carry off the masquerade soon vanished; women invariably addressed her as "sir," and without exception her tavern companions accepted her as a man among men.

On the third day, she enlisted in the Marines, using the alias George Baker; as a prostitute, she had adopted the name Louisa Baker. The uniform she was issued was ideally suited to her peculiar needs: a loose middy-blouse, worn under a short, roomy jacket, a pair of floppy trousers and a flat-crowned hat topped with a fluffy pompon. She was assigned to a company commanded by Lieut. William S. Bush, soon to be a casualty of the war.

As a farm girl, Lucy often had fired her father's musket to frighten off crows. With only a little additional training, she quickly qualified as a marine sharpshooter. Her company was assigned to the *Constitution*. Lucy's battle station was on the main fighting-top, 90 feet above the deck. From this vantage point she would try to pick off key enemy sailors when hostile warships came within musket range.

On August 19, 1812, Lucy for the first time heard the cry, "All hands man your battle stations!" as the *Constitution* engaged the *Guerrière*. To her surprise, the prospect of combat did not frighten her. The horrors of war, it seems, disturbed her far less than the "midnight horrors of harlotry."

In describing her role in the successful fight against the *Guerrière*, Lucy was apologetic rather than boastful. Her marksmanship, she admitted, was inexcusably poor—for two reasons. First, she had grown overly fond of Lieutenant Bush, and became upset when he was felled by a musket ball early in the battle. And she had difficulty drawing a bead on the English bluejackets because the powder smoke of battle made her eyes water.

DURING her three years aboard the *Constitution*, Lucy was only once in critical danger of being unmasked—her first year. It was just after the *Constitution* defeated the enemy frigate *HMS Java* off the coast of Brazil. When the British vessel finally struck its ensign, Lucy started down the shrouds to the deck, missed her footing and fell overboard. She was picked up by a lifeboat, choking and half-drowned.

Two sailors began stripping off Lucy's wet clothes. They removed her jacket and were preparing to pull off her uniform blouse before, panic-stricken, she could gather enough breath to yell that she was able to go below decks and change without their help.

At the war's end, Lucy returned home to a joyous but tearful reunion with her family. When word of her exploits leaked out, a Boston friend persuaded her to write her memoirs. *The Female Marine*, published under her old alias, Louisa Baker, was an immediate best seller.

But after a few months back on the farm, Lucy grew restless. Taking her share of the $100,000 prize money Congress had voted the crew of the *Constitution*, she set out for New York City by stagecoach—again disguising herself as a man so that she could travel with complete freedom. Her coach companions were a venerable old man, a sea captain, a drunken naval officer and a 17-year-old girl named Ann West.

As they clattered up to the inn where the coach stopped for the night, the drunken officer began making indecent proposals to the girl. When the old man protested, the drunk threatened him with a duel. Then he renewed his advances to the cringing girl.

Remembering her early innocence, Lucy lost her temper. Convinced that the officer was only a cheap braggart, she decided to humiliate him publicly. He would either apologize to Miss West, she told him bluntly, or she would hold him answerable at 20 paces, since he seemed to fancy his skill with a pistol. While the officer was taken aback, he refused to apologize. Instead, he launched another long harangue about his dueling prowess.

Boldly, Lucy gambled on her ability to outbluff him. But she meant to take no chances. Taking the proprietor of the inn into her confidence, she asked him to bring his dueling pistols to the inn's public room, after first making sure they were unloaded. When he returned with the weapons, she ordered her antagonist to select a pistol and place his back against one wall of the room while she took her position against the opposite wall. Either that, or apologize to Miss West.

The officer began to bluster that it was against his code to duel without seconds. Lucy picked up an empty pistol, cocked it and gave him ten seconds to make up his mind. Otherwise, she would "happily cleanse his foul mouth with a bath of hot metal." Her bluff worked. After blurting out an apology to little Miss West, the officer fled.

Lucy parted company with the grateful girl the next morning. Ann was continuing her journey home by coach, while Lucy, eager for another taste of the sea, was taking the New York packet. But their paths crossed again one afternoon three weeks later, when they were both strolling on the Bowery. Young Ann was overjoyed at the meeting, and insisted on taking the "brave Mr. Baker" home to meet her family.

Ann's parents were lavish in their gratitude. And Robert West, Ann's older brother, appointed himself Lucy's guide for the remainder of her New York visit. So for the next few weeks "George Baker" and Robert West were constant companions.

Eventually, Lucy decided it was time for her to go back to the farm, put on skirts and settle down to a proper life. On her way home, she learned that in Boston rumors were spreading that her memoirs were a fake. Their authenticity was doubted because she had written under the alias “Louisa Baker” and because no one could believe that a female could endure the hardships of a mariner’s life for so long without discovery of her sex. Piqued, she revised her memoirs, signed the new edition with her true name, and added, “A native of Plymouth County, Mass.” She also included the story of her New York trip and the fake duel.

Not long after this revision was published there was a knock on Lucy’s door.

She opened it—and found Robert West standing on the porch. He had read the new edition and, unable to believe that “George Baker” was really a girl, had come to see for himself.

Obviously, there was only one way for Lucy’s story to end: Robert West and Lucy Brewer were married in the spring of 1816. And they lived happily ever after.

At one time the Marine Corps was inclined to take Lucy Brewer lightly. One officer in charge of the Marine Historical Section, a Maj. E. N. McClellan, condescendingly referred to her as a “Marinette.” But the Corps has had a change of heart, and it now calls her what she truly was: “The very first girl Marine—and a fighting one at that.” ♛

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Shirley Temple

The Golden Girl grows up

Television has brought the darling of Depression movies a new following. They are discovering why the generation of old was so captivated by her elfin charm

BY
MARK NICHOLS

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Her radiant smile and elfin personality proved irresistible to a world seeking escape from the hard times and international tensions of the '30s. Shirley inherited Mary Pickford's mantle as "America's Sweetheart." Whether on the street or embarking on a family vacation (*above*), she was surrounded by adoring fans. Her movies' titles seemed mostly to describe Shirley: *Bright Eyes, Curly Top, Dimples.* She usually played Little Miss Fixit, bringing lovers and estranged parents together, or persuading crooks to go back to church.

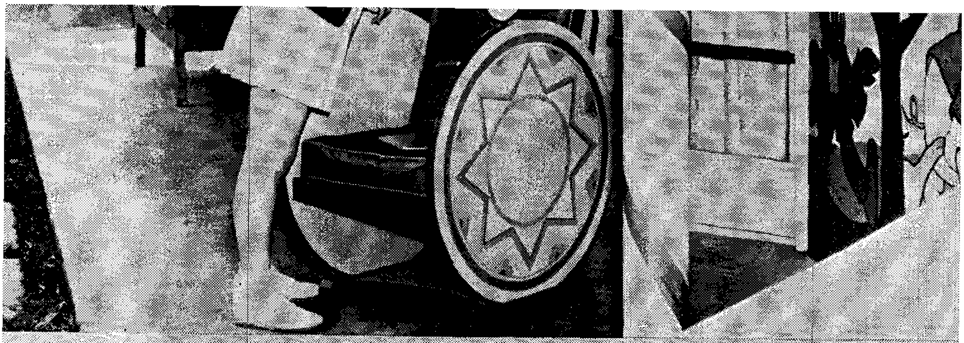
Movie moguls at 20th Century-F
age to make her seem even more p
an extraordinary child, endowed w
ous charm. She won a special A
personality of 1934. For the next f
box-office lists. Her dances wit
lispings of songs like *The Good Sh*
became part of the screen lege

With Barrymore in "The Little Colonel."

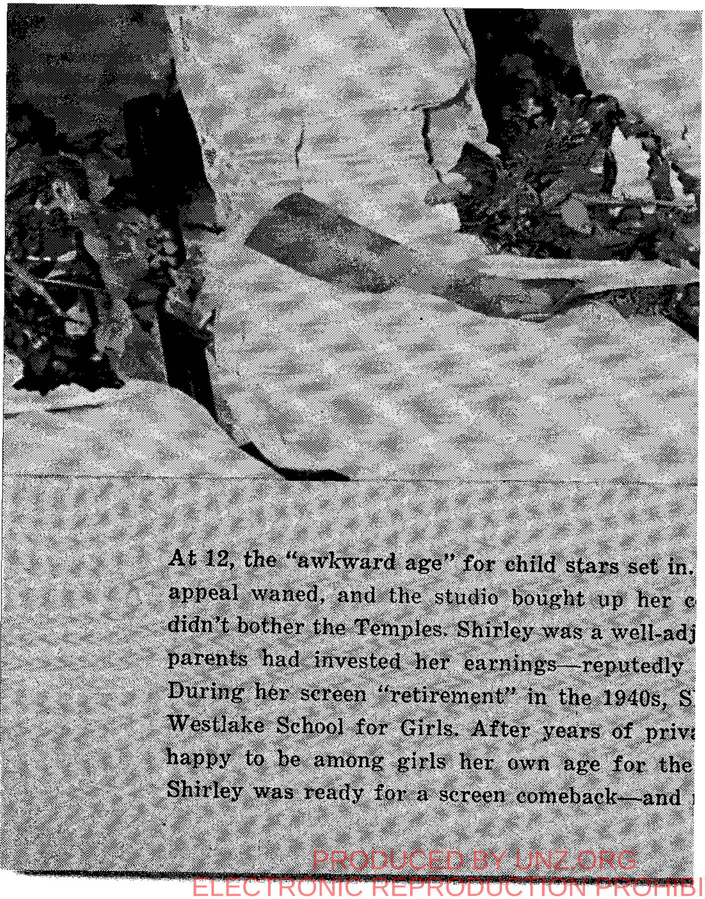
"Now and Forever" co-star: Gary Cooper.

As little old lady in "Curly Top."

Quickly memorizing her lines to letter-perfection, golden-curled Shirley swiped scenes from veteran actors like Lionel Barrymore simply by playing herself. At ten she was earning over $300,000 a year—a fabulous income during the Depression—yet she remained an unspoiled child. Requests for her autographed pictures poured into the studio at the rate of 12,000 per month, and rare was the home without a Shirley Temple doll, dress or coloring book. Royalties from these items helped to build up a trust fund to secure her future.

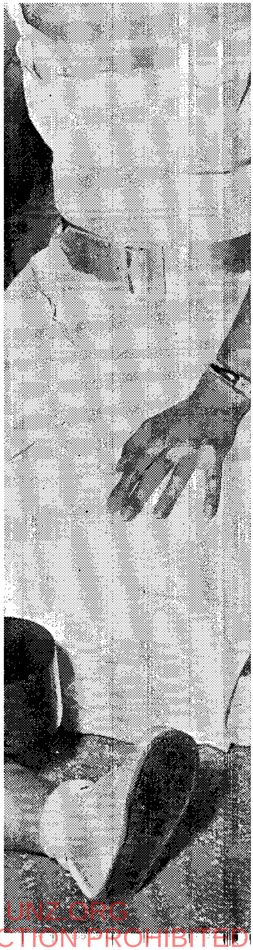


Shirley's private playpen—a glass-brick bungalow behind the Temples' Brentwood mansion—was a child's dream house, with soda fountain, movie projector and dolls. Because her parents sheltered her from too much limelight, a skeptical British newspaper "exposed" Shirley as a 30-year-old midget with two children. The Temples sued, collected $10,000 in damages. Her movies earned over $20,000,000 and are enchanting a new generation on TV today. "But that little girl on the screen doesn't seem related to me," admits Shirley.



At 12, the "awkward age" for child stars set in.
appeal waned, and the studio bought up her c
didn't bother the Temples. Shirley was a well-adj
parents had invested her earnings—reputedly
During her screen "retirement" in the 1940s, S
Westlake School for Girls. After years of priva
happy to be among girls her own age for the
Shirley was ready for a screen comeback—and

Her young-love match with 24-year-old Sgt. John Agar, a
a midwestern meat-packing executive, ended in a bitt
after four years. Shirley won custody of their year-old
Susan. Later she reflected: "I was competing with the girl
as to who would marry first. That is a dangerous basis for r
One columnist summed it up: "At 17 Shirley was too youn
riage and at 24 Jack was too young to marry an Amer
tution." Shirley's professional career also seemed ende



But Shirley recovered rapidly. On a trip to Hawaii in 1950 she met businessman Charles Alden Black, a husky, handsome socialite, and married him later that year. They live in Atherton, California (near San Francisco), where Shirley, 32, leads an active suburban life with three children—Charles Jr., eight; Lori, six; Susan, now 13—and two dogs. Black, 42 and an executive with the Ampex Corporation, agreed four years ago to allow Shirley to resume acting—on television—*if* the work didn't take her away from home too much.

"My movie years taught me the habit of keeping busy," Shirley explains. Neither she nor Black need more money, but she enjoys flying to Los Angeles for three days each month to tape her parts for NBC-TV's *The Shirley Temple Show*. "My greatest joy, though, is in my children. We love working together on projects around the house." Shirley also does volunteer work with handicapped youngsters and the Multiple Sclerosis Foundation, raises funds for charities and practices professionally as a licensed interior decorator.

Now matured into a shapely (5'2", 107 pounds) young matron, Shirley keeps contact with the world of children via her TV series (above, with Sterling Holloway) and social work with mentally retarded children (right).

Shirley is proud of her decorating skills—and is well paid for them. In client's home, she displays color plan. A *firm* mother, she also values fun with her brood. Gardening, reading, swimming and music are family activities. "They keep me young," says Shirley.

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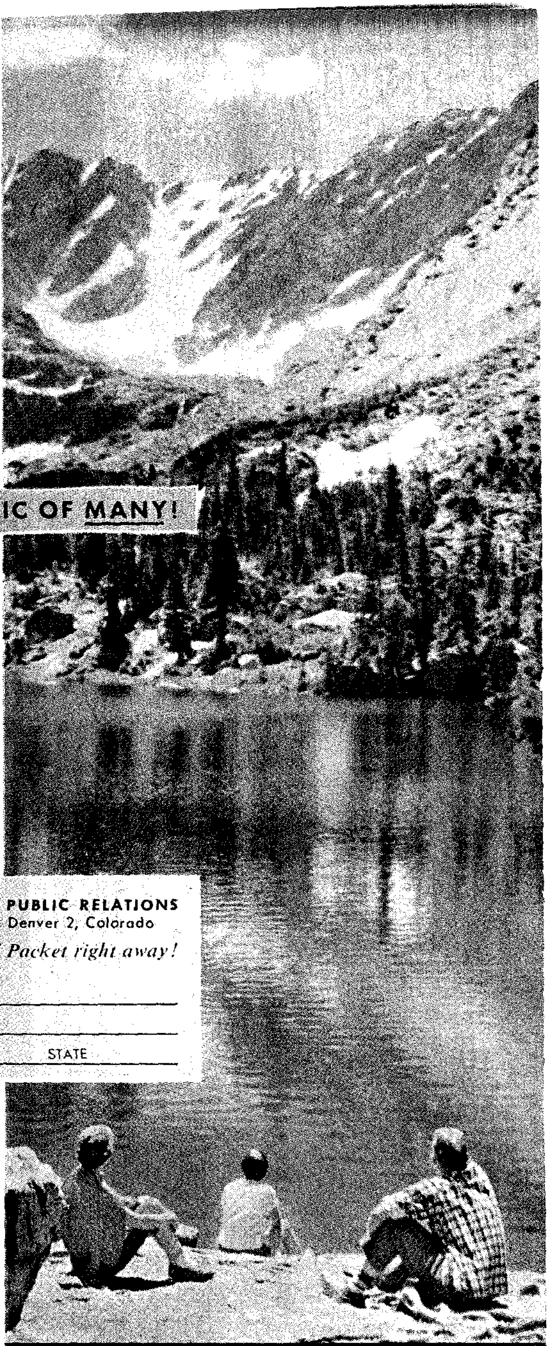

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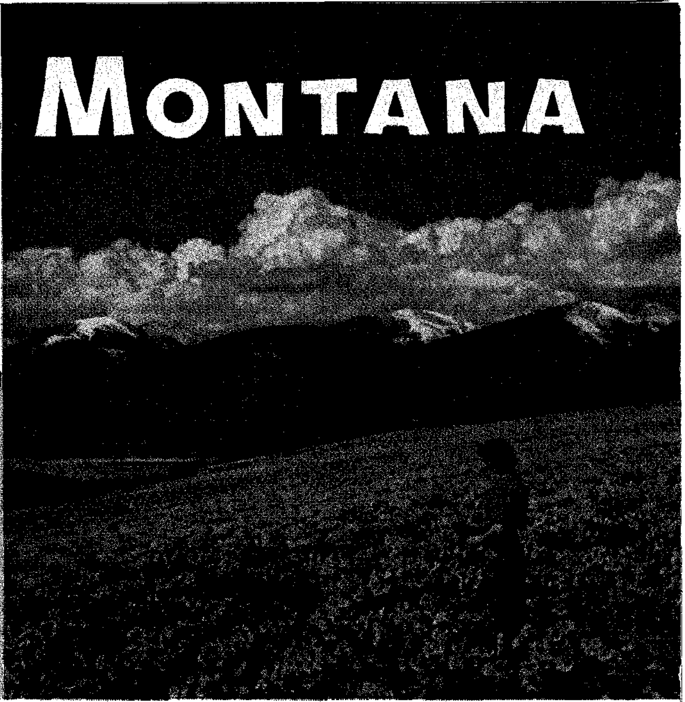

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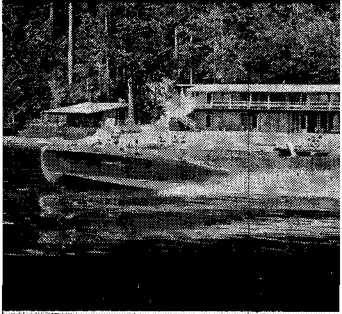

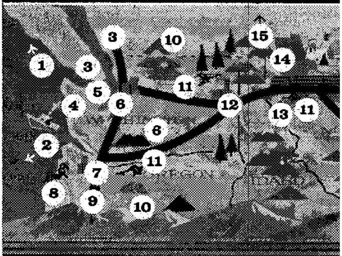
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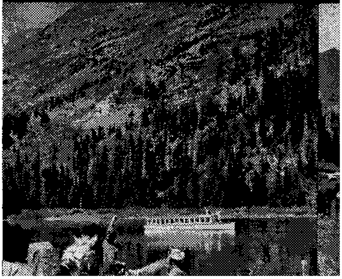

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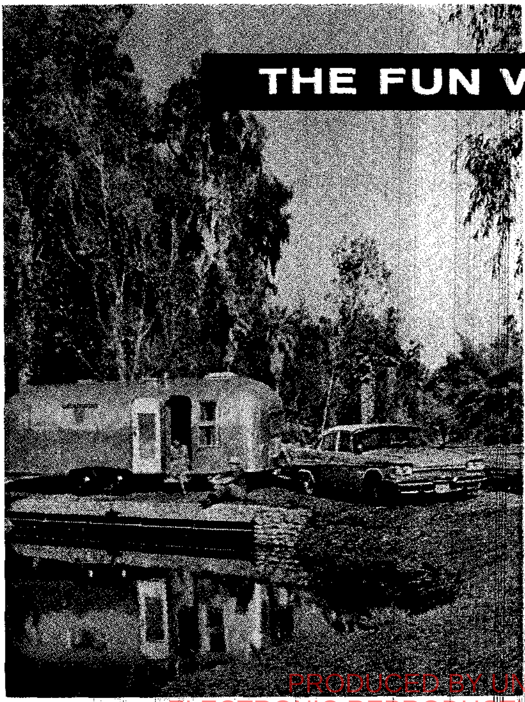

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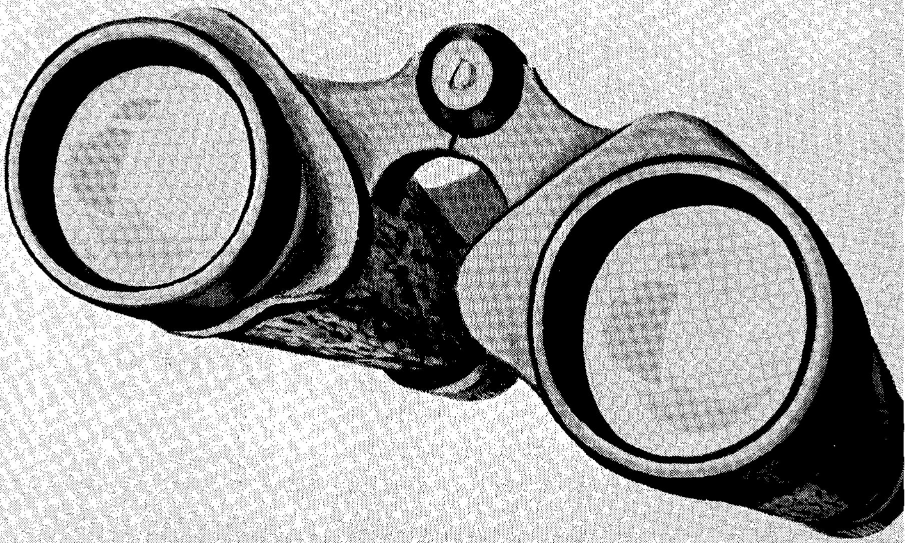

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Scott Publications Inc. / 461 Eighth Avenue / New York 1, New York

by Lester and Irene David

The medical miracles that are coming

Early conquest forecast for cancer, leukemia, allergies, the common cold, epilepsy—and even mental retardation of children

SCIENCE IS NOW predicting the day when cancer will no longer plague mankind . . . when leukemia will be conquered . . . when nobody will ever have a cold . . . when allergies will be controlled quickly. This forecast is not a fortune-teller's vision. It was made before the nation's most eminent doctors at a recent annual meeting of the American Medical Association. Author of the encouraging report is Dr. Wyman C. C. Cole of Detroit, former chairman of the A.M.A.'s section on pediatrics, who says that even these miracles will be only a "small fraction of what will actually happen by the time we roll into the year

2000. Diseases once considered inevitable have disappeared," Dr. Cole writes. "Surgical procedures once beyond the flight of fancy are now routine. Drugs, which we still call miracle, are in every physician's bag. There is every reason to believe this is *only* the beginning."

Forty years ago, he declares, a farseeing prophet might have told a doctor just starting out as a pediatrician: "By 1960, you will not have seen a clinical case of tetanus or diphtheria in this country for a quarter of a century. Rickets and scurvy will be textbook diseases you will rarely, if ever, see in private practice. Many cases of pneumonia and scarlet fever will be treated in your office and will be essentially cured in 24 hours. Few babies will die of diarrhea."

Other killers have been eradicated or tamed in America. Typhoid fever accounted for one out of every 50 deaths in 1900—today it is virtually extinct. Epidemics of yellow fever once killed off huge portions of the populations of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans and other cities —now no cases have been reported in years. Smallpox, bubonic plague, cholera, leprosy and malaria are are now almost forgotten menaces in some parts of the world once ravaged by them.

What lies ahead? Here are Dr. Cole's predictions—and the progress now being made to fulfill them:

DR. COLE: *"Cancer and leukemia will have been relegated to medical history."*

PROGRESS: A mighty search is now under way for a chemical cure for cancer. Headquarters for the hunt are in Bethesda, Maryland, where the Cancer Chemotherapy National Service Center is coordinating the most unique and widespread crash program in American medical history. The gigantic study was launched in 1953 with money allocated by Congress. The Chemotherapy Center finds and tests over 40,000 different chemicals every year. The American drug industry is supplying many valuable compounds free of charge.

Each drug is tested against three forms of cancer in mice in a process that takes up to five months. If it shows promise, it is given 25 to 50 additional tests to confirm the initial results.

About 500 chemicals pass preliminary screening every year and then are tested exhaustively on larger laboratory animals.

What are the achievements to date? So promising that the National Cancer Institute has announced: "The success thus far anticipates the time when physicians will be armed with a number of chemical weapons to treat and cure cancer in man."

Here are some facts buttressing this optimism:

1. Dr. Emil Freireich, National Cancer Institute clinician, says the day will come when leukemia will be controlled by a drug, just as diabetes is kept in check by insulin.

2. The National Cancer Institute reveals that a group of women with a rare, highly malignant form *of cancer of the uterus were treated by Institute scientists with a drug used against leukemia.*

Nor are chemicals the sole bright hope. Doctors are talking about the possibility of developing an anticancer vaccine, just like the Salk shots against polio. The National Cancer Institute scientists recently produced cancer in mice, rats and hamsters by injecting them with a virus. Not long after, the scientists came up with an immunizing substance that was *97 percent effective in preventing growth of tumors in hamsters which had been injected with the virus.*

Does this foreshadow the time when you and your family will take anticancer shots as routinely as you get smallpox vaccinations or polio shots today?

DR. COLE: *"The common cold will have been forgotten."*

PROGRESS: For 16 years, Dr. Thomas G. Ward, former professor of virology at Notre Dame University, has conducted intensive studies on the common cold and related viruses. Since September 1959, Dr. Ward has engaged in a massive series of experiments on people. He and his associates inoculated 12,500 volunteers in a hunt for a successful cold vaccine.

What are the prospects? In a recent A.M.A. publication, Dr. Ward states that *in less than two years,* he expects to have a vaccine *which will prevent 60 to 70 percent of the common colds*!

Why is it so hard to crack the secret of the common cold? There are many varieties of the sniffles, each caused by something else. Dr. Ward and his associates have discovered ten separate viruses that produce typical cold symptoms. They believe there are at least as many more viruses they haven't turned up. To make things harder, cold symptoms can also be caused by various kinds of bacteria, by allergens—things to which some people respond by sneezing, coughing and runny noses—and by psychological factors.

There is, frankly, much mystery left to solve and much searching to do—but the dawn is breaking.

DR. COLE: *"Diabetes will no longer be a problem."*

PROGRESS: Gain has followed startling gain in mankind's struggle to conquer diabetes. Is an operation that cures the disease next?

Forty years ago, a diagnosis of severe diabetes meant death within five to ten years. Then, from a laboratory at the University of Toronto in 1921, came insulin.

In diabetes, the body's ability to use and derive energy from sugars and starches is impaired. Sugar spills over into the blood stream. The body scavenges for energy, with a resulting breakdown of vital functions. Insulin does not cure the disease—but it enables the body to store and utilize sugar properly. It has saved millions of lives.

But as recently as three years ago, injection was the only way a diabetic could get the vital substance. Now there are three antidiabetic drugs that can be swallowed, and three others are under experimentation.

Now from the California Institute of Technology comes a startling prediction. Dr. Ray D. Owen, professor of biology, envisions the day when doctors will have tissue banks that supply the human spare parts to cure diabetes!

A diabetic is unable to manufacture insulin in the cells of his pancreas because the mechanism of tiny independent islands in the gland has been impaired. "How much better it might be," Dr. Owen says, "if, instead of injecting the insulin, we could provide the diabetic with normal tissue, capable of making insulin in his body." Chief block is the refusal of one body to permit tissue from another to grow and function.

But there is now hope science might be on the track of solving this puzzle and eventually make one person's body accept the tissues from another. In recent experiments at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, Oak Ridge, Tennessee, massive doses of X rays have had the effect of permitting a mouse to receive a tissue transplant his body would ordinarily reject. Somehow, the rays deadened or inactivated his ability to recognize and reject the foreign matter.

Could it be that X rays are the answer? Would controlled doses inactivate a diabetic's reactions to transplants—and thus allow healthy tissue from a human spare-parts bank to grow and secrete insulin in its pancreas? The prospects are intriguing.

DR. COLE: *"A simple explanation and method of control will have been found for allergy."*

PROGRESS: In allergy, the body reacts, often violently, to something in contact with it. Normally, the body would be immune to this something—eggs, cat fur, pollen, feathers, strawberries or many drugs—but the immune machinery has gone out of kilter. Thus the substance entering or touching the body is treated as a foreign invader, to be repelled at once.

The remarkable mouse test at Oak Ridge showed it may be possible to overcome an animal's protest against foreign things. If X rays eventually can control the human body's stormy reaction to foreign substances, it would spell the end of all allergic suffering. At present, doctors must search for the substance causing allergic reactions, then desensitize patients to it. The late Dr. Robert Anderson Cooke, who opened the world's first allergy clinic in New York, foresaw the day when such measures will be abolished.

Is the answer to be found in a little mouse at Oak Ridge?

DR. COLE: *"One injection or pill will immunize children against all communicable diseases."*

PROGRESS: The number of children's diseases that can now be prevented or modified is growing more rapidly than most persons suspect. Children may be protected against smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough, typhoid, tetanus, rabies and scarlet fever. Doctors have cold vaccines, mumps serum, influenza and pneumonia vaccines, and serums that modify dysentery.

The U.S. Public Health Service has developed a vaccine against Rocky Mountain spotted fever, a frequently fatal disease caused by tick bites. Now the latest: a vaccine for measles is at last in sight. The momentous news was announced recently by Dr. John Franklin Enders, world-famed virus expert of Harvard University.

In addition to Dr. Cole's fascinating predictions of diseases headed for extinction by 2000, other research findings point to the elimination or control of still more serious illnesses and conditions.

For example: paraplegia

This is a paralysis of the lower part of the body, often caused by injury to the spinal cord. Once severed, the nerves of the spine, which control movement and sensation, cannot grow together and function properly. Or so medical science has thought until now.

In a series of experiments at the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness the spinal cords of cats were severed. Investigators discovered that nerve fibers began sprouting from the stumps of the severed cord! The cut pieces grew together but scar tissue was formed, acting as a sort of roadblock that prevented the transmission of nerve signals.

Various methods of eliminating or reducing the formation of this scar tissue are now being tested. One technique, using frozen dried transplants from nerve tissue of other cats, may prove successful. Cats so treated have shown some movement, meaning that the signals are going through.

Says Dr. Pearce Bailey, former director of the Institute: "The ultimate solution may not be far off."

Epilepsy

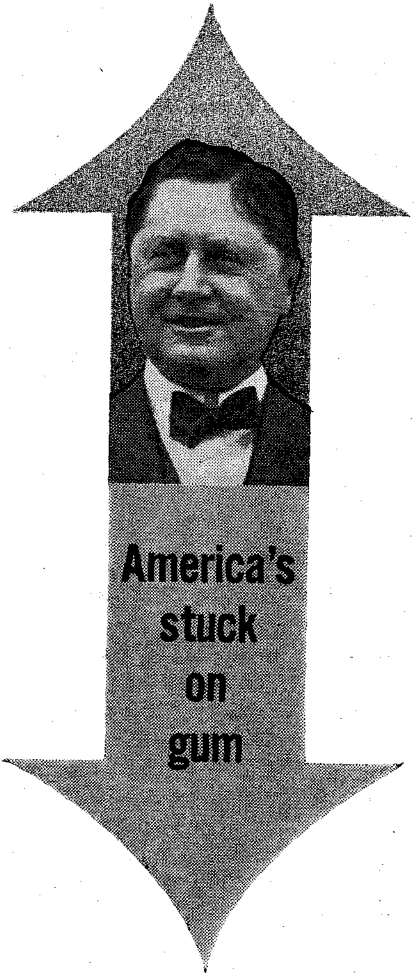
Government research scientists, Dr. Bailey reports, have opened "a new vista" in epilepsy research. The spark was provided by the discovery that the brain cells of epileptics were deficient in glutamic acid. Dr. Bailey disclosed that this deficiency could be overcome by the use of the chemicals glutamine or asparagine. "When the glutamic acid deficiency was overcome in this way," he said, "seizures of many epileptics were controlled." This landmark study suggests that eventually epileptic attacks could be controlled by a natural body chemical.

Mental retardation in children

In a startling piece of medical research, doctors now disclose that some hitherto hopeless forms of mental deficiency were actually caused by body chemistry that went askew. Doctors are treating one form of mental deficiency, called phenylketonuria, with special diets in order to fix up this defective chemistry before permanent injury is done to the brain. Cure for this kind of mental deficiency now appears possible.

Thus medicine moves ahead. New conquests are as inevitable as the march of time itself.

Chewing craze Wm. Wrigley sparked in 1907 is now a $300,000,000 cud



America's stuck on gum

BY LYMAN M. NASH

In 1891 a young man arrived in Chicago with $32 and a driving ambition. His name was William Wrigley Jr., and he sold soap. It wasn't long before Wrigley discovered that the baking powder he gave away with his soap was more popular than the soap.

So, instead of becoming the best soap salesman in the world, he became the best baking powder salesman. To achieve his goal, Wrigley gave away two packages of chewing gum with each can of baking powder. The free gum drew the sales, the baking powder was more or less incidental.

Recognizing a trend when he saw it, Wrigley decided to enter the gum business. He knew what he was doing and chewing, for today Americans chew over 29 billion sticks of gum a year. Placed end to end they would stretch 1,373,106 miles. This monumental cud costs something like $300,000,000.

Chewing gum made with chicle was only 40 years old when Wrigley entered the business. Chewing for pleasure, however, had been going on for some centuries.

Since earliest days people have been exercising their mandibles on various substances—tree resins, grasses, leaves, betel nut, tobacco.

Until 1869 lumps of gummy spruce resin were collected and sold in stores as chewing gum, which in fact it literally was. Eventually paraffin replaced natural resin, but being neither smooth, tasty, nor springy, it left much to be desired.

In 1869 General Santa Anna, conqueror of the Alamo and ex-president of Mexico, arrived in Staten Island, New York, with several secretaries and a large chunk of coagulated sapodilla latex.

In his own country the stuff was called chicle and came from the tree *Sapota achras*. Needing money, Santa Anna hoped the chicle could be vulcanized into something resembling rubber.

One day one of Santa Anna's secretaries happened to meet Thomas Adams, full-time merchant and part-time inventor. With crude rubber selling at $1 a pound, and chicle available for next to nothing, Adams was naturally interested. He remembered that during their discussions the secretary would break off a piece of the chicle and chew it. Adams tried some himself and immediately forgot all about rubber.

Investing his total capital—$55—in more chicle, Adams and his sons rolled it into small balls and marketed it as "Adams New York Gum—Snapping and Stretching." Practically tasteless though it was, Adams Gum found a small, ready market. Not satisfied, Thomas Adams experimented with various flavorings; but though they flavored the chicle, the taste didn't last.

Other eager promoters, seeing that Adams' product was selling, also entered the gum business and competition for the chicle-chomping trade got under way.

Various disappointing methods of spicing up the chew were tried. Then, in Cleveland, a revolutionary discovery was made. A grocer there received a shipment of chicle by mistake and, having no need for it, gave it to one William White. White started dabbling with the chicle and found that by first mixing flavoring with sugar syrup, then blending the syrup with chicle, it would stay tasty. White's discovery earned him a fortune within a short period.

He presented a box to King Edward VII of England, saying, "I think you'll like this. It's fresh and tasty." King Edward was so startled he withdrew, speechless. White returned to the U.S. saying his chewing gum had taken the British royal family by storm. Then he organized his own company.

In 1899 the six leading gum companies (White's company among them) formed the American Chicle Co. Profits were tremendous. Many of the smaller companies, unable to meet the competition from this chewing gum combine, went under. William Wrigley Jr. managed to struggle on, most of the time a scant pace ahead of insolvency.

When Wrigley first entered the gum business, his two brands were "Vassar" and "Lotta." Lacking funds for advertising, Wrigley hustled around the country, selling his product by offering premiums to dealers and by force of his own personality.

After White and the combine parted company, he wasted no time organizing another gum firm. White's former partners responded with a barrage of lawsuits. When William White died shortly afterward, the gum combine settled back to count its profits.

They relaxed too soon. A time bomb named Wrigley was set to explode in Chicago. Wrigley decided to quit chasing many flavors and concentrate on one—spearmint. He tried it in several cities with promising success, and the following year was ready to expand.

Business conditions were bad in 1907. Money was tight. But Wrigley went ahead anyway.

With a spear-shaped, green-dressed gnome pointing the way, America became Wrigley's Spearmint-conscious. By 1910 it was the largest selling gum in the country, and within ten years, William Wrigley Jr. had become a pioneer in the use of advertising to promote the sale of branded merchandise.

With a policy of "Tell 'em quick and tell 'em often," he plastered the Wrigley name on billboards, car-cards, posters, in newspapers and magazines. Subsequently the company sent sticks of Wrigley gum to everyone listed in the nation's phone books and offered fantastic premiums to dealers.

In Chicago he built the gleaming white Wrigley Building, one of the city's best-known landmarks. Being a passionate baseball fan, he and a group of associates eventually acquired stock ownership of the Chicago Cubs; and in 1926 the team's home ball park became known as Wrigley Field. In a day when automobiles were universally black, William Wrigley's were painted eye-catching colors.

As Wrigley's Spearmint mushroomed in popularity, so did Juicy Fruit, a brand he first introduced in the '90s. By the time Doublemint was brought out in 1914, the one-time soap salesman had garnered nearly 50 percent of the chewing gum market.

While chewing gum had moved into the big time, it still wasn't the accepted pastime it is today. Stories circulated—which you can still hear—that gum is made from horses' hooves, which it isn't, and that swallowing it will cause appendicitis, which it won't. Gum chewers, however, turned a deaf ear to nonsensical warnings of dehydration, surgery or massive jaws and continued buying more and more of it.

Best proof is that a staggering amount will be spent on removing a large fraction of the annual consumption—those 1,373,106 miles—of gum from clothes, theater seats, drugstore counters, shoes, small children and assorted household pets.

As a per capita American, you will chew 176 sticks in 1960. What, exactly, will you be chewing?

Before World War II, gum base, the "chew" in chewing gum, was a blend of chicle from Central America, *leche caspi* and *sorva* from the Amazon Valley, and *jelutong* from Borneo and Indonesia.

When war came, *jelutong* disappeared from the market, while submarines and shipping priorities made deep inroads into our supply of the other latexes. For a way out of their difficulties, gum-makers turned to the chemistry laboratories. Synthetic gum bases were developed through use of plastic resins similar to natural saps.

Today's chewing gum is largely a blend of tropical latexes, poly-vinyl acetate and micro-crystalline waxes, although chicle and other natural gums are still used. Mixed with corn syrup, cane sugar and flavoring, the gum base is kneaded until it is a smooth mass, rolled into flat sheets, cut into sticks, dusted with powdered sugar and wrapped. From purifying, sterilizing and filtering, to the time you unwrap it, everything is done by machines. Gum manufacturers are among the few who can boast that "human hands do not touch our product."

Only recently a new denture—made of a modified acrylic material—has been developed which prevents false teeth from sticking to gum. This should add a few more chewers to the brigade.

Psychologists, who have studied chewing habits, insist we chew to relieve boredom. They also find that by discharging nervous energy, gum chewing relieves tension and quickly siphons off anger or irritation. In many ways we chew for the same reason a puppy wags its tail—we feel better doing it.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IN A PHILADELPHIA restaurant: "Help stamp out home cooking."

—MRS. MARGARET MORRISON

A NOTICE TACKED on a restaurant wall in Bethesda, Maryland, reads: "Free Lunch—Now $1."

—I. M. GAYE

MY NEIGHBOR BACK from Europe recently insists he saw the following sign in Norway—WATCH THE FJORDS GO BY.

—S. L. CHANDLER

ON A SPORTING GOODS store window: "Got a fishing problem? Let us tackle it."

—MRS. J. A. PEACOCK

IN CLEVELAND, Sam Weissman bought himself a chain of delivery trucks and adopted the most obvious slogan—THE WEISSMAN COMETH, of course.

—S. L. CHANDLER

THIS HIGHWAY SIGN advertises a South Carolina motel:
"Heir Conditioned
"Honeymoon suites available."

—WILLIAM E. JOSEFFER

A COIN-OPERATED LAUNDRY in Kentucky is called "The washing well."

—STEPHEN PALMER

SIGN ON A MODEL FALLOUT shelter near Arlington, Virginia:

"Protection From Fallout Is Only One Of Its Benefits. You Can Also Use It As A Refuge From Children."

—HAROLD HELFER

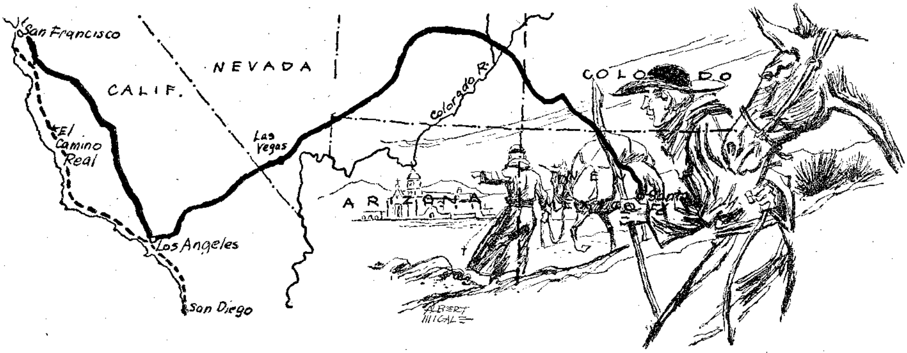
Exploring the West's pioneer trails

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

FROM WHERE WE STOOD *beside U.S. 30, our eyes took in no soaring mountain, no overwhelming canyon, no breath-taking vista—just two faint tracks lancing westward through the Idaho sagebrush. Yet suddenly we felt a mystic bond with the West's pioneer men and women whose covered wagons had left these marks on the land. For this was the legendary Oregon Trail! To a family that has always loved the West for its scenery, that moment of insight pointed out a new way to enjoy Western travel—by following its historic trails. Wherever you're bound out West, your highway will surely cross or parallel one or more of these eight great trails that flow like ghostly rivers across the landscape.*

OLD SPANISH TRAIL

A tortuous 1,200-mile stretch across New Mexico, Utah, Nevada and California, the Old Spanish Trail got its start long before any of the others. On July 29, 1776, two missionaries left Santa Fe, in what is


San Francisco
NEVADA
CALIF.
El Camino Real
Las Vegas
Colorado R.
COLORADO
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
Los Angeles
San Diego
ALBERT MICALE

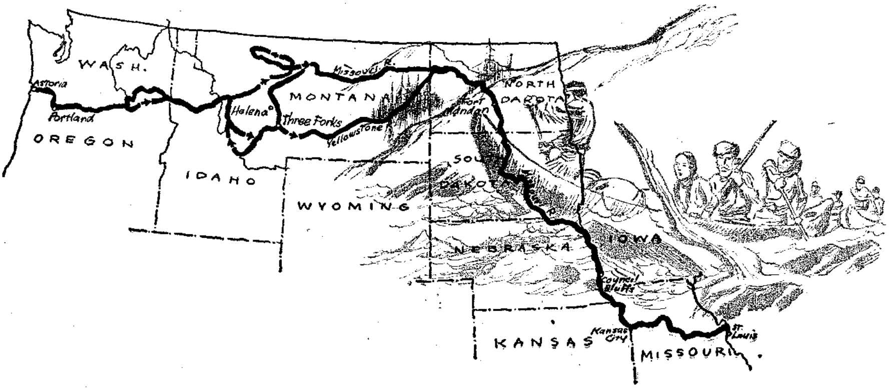
now New Mexico, searching for a direct route to Spanish settlements in California. They managed to get across the Colorado River but beyond it the desert was so formidable they could not continue. Other Spaniards took up where they left off, however, and by the early years of the 19th century the Old Spanish Trail linked up with *El Camino Real*, a Pacific coastal road that ran from mission to mission in California.

Today, although you can't follow the whole length of the Old Spanish Trail on modern highways, U.S. 84 out of Santa Fe and U.S. 160 to U.S. 6 will take you close to one stretch of it. If you're bound for Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado, via U.S. 160, take a long look at this land of mesas and distant buttes, which today looks just as it did when the ink on the Declaration of Independence was scarcely dry. And if you're spinning south on U.S. 91 or 89, headed for Utah's Zion and Bryce National Parks, you and your family will be rolling right along the Old Spanish Trail.

In glittering Las Vegas, for example, you might recall that this was where the Spanish muleteers girded themselves for a 55-mile stretch of desert—with no water. But you can make a side trip to see some water—Lake Mead, backed by giant Hoover Dam. And, after you've crossed the Mojave Desert on U.S. 91 and U.S. 66, make your way to Olvera Street for a look at the very adobe buildings that the weary travelers came so far to reach in the mud-walled little village of Los Angeles. Beyond that, *El Camino Real* has become U.S. 101.

ROUTE OF LEWIS AND CLARK

Many people thought President Thomas Jefferson was crazy when he sent "chosen woodsmen" across thousands of miles of wilderness to the Pacific Ocean. Led by Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, the intrepid expedition zigzagged 4,200 miles across the Northwest starting north of St. Louis. Today you can traverse about half that


WASH.
Astoria
Portland
OREGON
IDAHO
Helena
MONTANA
Three Forks
Yellowstone
Missouri R.
Fort Mandan
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
IOWA
Council Bluffs
KANSAS
Kansas City
MISSOURI
St. Louis

distance by modern highways, and reach some of the West's most dazzling scenic objectives. For instance, if you're visiting both Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks, you can take either of two routes linking them and cover quite a stretch of the Lewis and Clark trail.

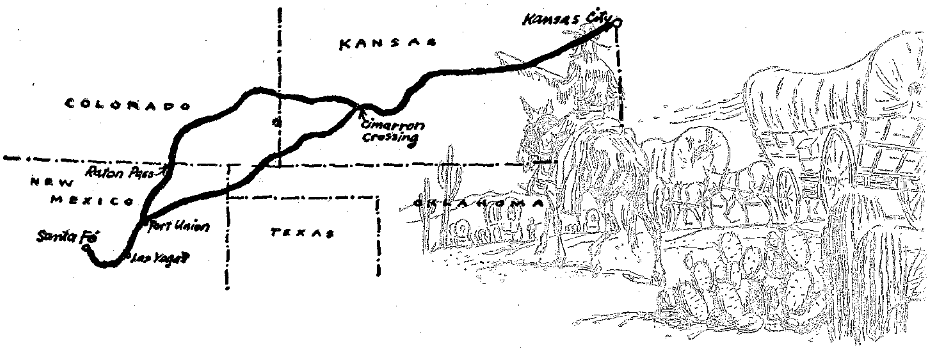
At Three Forks, Montana, U.S. 10, westbound, takes you through Butte, the copper capital, with its "richest hill on earth." There you can tour some of its 9,515 *miles* of mine passageways. Then you hit Anaconda, another great mining town, and Pintlar Wilderness Area, still as wild as it was when Lewis and Clark saw it. If you choose to travel north out of Three Forks on State Highway 287 you can visit Helena, Montana's history-rich capital.

If you're heading for the Pacific Northwest via Denver and Rocky Mountain National Park, you'll hit another leg of the Lewis and Clark route on U.S. 30, along the mighty Columbia River. You can drive along the river, stopping off for such wonders as Bonneville Dam. And you can leave U.S. 30 for the Mt. Hood Loop Highway, which swings around the towering peak. Then you'll hit Portland, with its 59-mile Scenic Parkway Drive.

Your westward journey must end where Lewis and Clark's did—at Astoria, Oregon, where, along with the "End of the Trail" monument, you'll see a railing-enclosed pile of rocks. They're the very ones Lewis and Clark's men tossed there when at last they reached the "western ocean" Thomas Jefferson had bade them seek out.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL

It's not a long trail—only 770 miles of it running across Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico—but the Santa Fe made history by proving that wagons could open the West. It began in 1821, when William Becknell, a shrewd Indian trader, left Independence, Missouri, made his way over the plains and through Raton Pass down into Old Santa Fe, founded 11 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Though its low buildings were made of dusty adobe, the Mexicans of



Santa Fe had gold, silver and turquoise by the handful which they pressed on the surprised trader in exchange for calico, tea, salt, tobacco, whisky and other goods. Soon other traders followed Becknell's lucrative trail, and before long what had begun as a pair of wagon ruts became a roadway 250 feet wide.

Today, starting from Kansas City on U.S. 56, you can travel almost the exact route of the Santa Fe Trail as it marches across Kansas. You'll go through Dodge City, now a modern town of 12,000, where you can still visit Boot Hill and the famed jail which lodged gunmen corralled by Wyatt Earp.

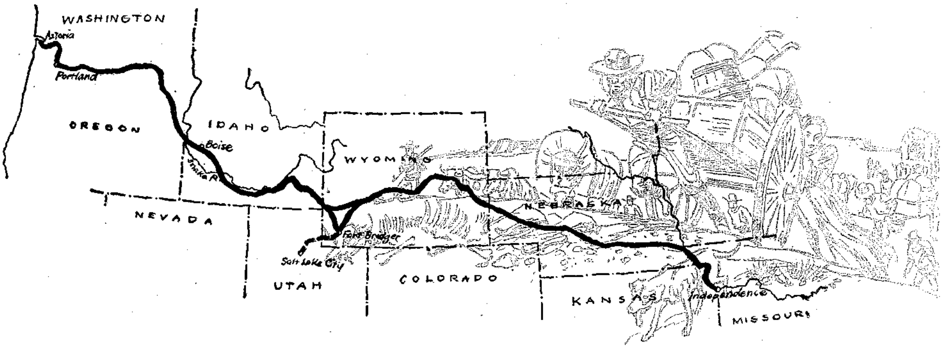
At Dodge City you've got your choice of two Santa Fe trails—the Cimarron cutoff (a short route via U.S. 56), or the more scenic drive via Raton Pass, which you take by following U.S. 50, 350 and 85.

In Santa Fe itself, you'll find it easiest to picture the old days, for the main plaza is not much changed from the period when the wagons rolled in off the Trail. It's still fronted by the Palace of the Governors (where Gen. Lew Wallace wrote *Ben-Hur*). And while you're there, make a side trip to Taos, where you'll see such historic old buildings as the towering Pueblo de Taos and Kit Carson's house.

OREGON TRAIL

King of all the trails is the 2,000-mile-long Oregon Trail, which rolls across the plains of Nebraska, through the mountains of Wyoming and Idaho, and on into Oregon. Indian attacks, hunger and disease left a string of graves along its length, but still the wagons rolled westward. It was over the Oregon Trail that the hardy Mormons agonizingly pulled their flimsy handcarts, before branching off toward Utah.

The Oregon Trail is easy to follow. If you start where many of the wagon trains did, you'll push off from Independence, Missouri, where today you can visit the Harry S. Truman Library, roll north along the Missouri on U.S. 75 to Omaha, home of Boys' Town, then out along the Platte River on U.S. 30. This route will take you through Chey-



enne, Wyoming, where July is enlivened by gala "Frontier Days," then across the sagebrush reaches of Idaho to Boise, with its Skyline Drive. You'll go through Pendleton, Oregon, home of the famed Roundup, then along the Columbia River through Portland and on to the end of the trail at Astoria.

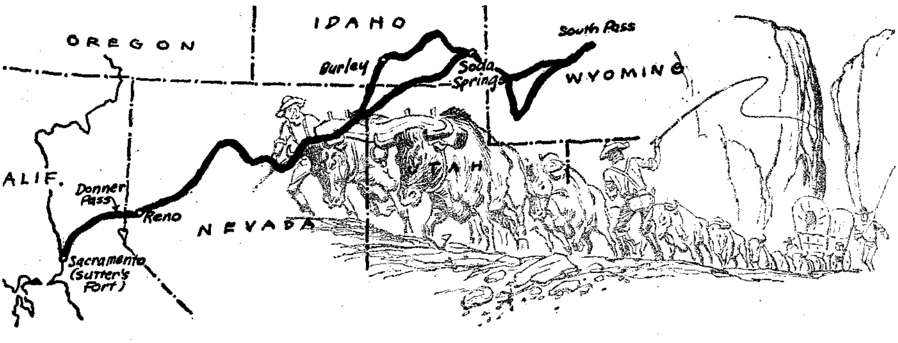
It would be impossible to follow all the branches of the Oregon Trail. Two of the most worthwhile side trips, if you're going via Highway 30, are a dip south on 30S to see Old Fort Bridger, and a jog north on Wyoming 789 and 220 to see Independence Rock. On that famed rock are scratched thousands of names—including those of many pioneers who went West in 1843.

THE CALIFORNIA TRAIL

Wagons were rolling to California long before the Gold Rush. They came by the California Trail, which branched off the Oregon Trail at South Pass, Wyoming, to swing south across Nevada to California. In 1843, Joseph Walker headed one of the first wagon trains over it, but found himself blocked by the wall of the Sierra Nevada mountains and never got his wagons beyond their eastern slope.

The next year, Elisha Stevens, with 11 wagons, 26 men and eight women, followed Walker's route. They, too, seemed hopelessly blocked by the mountains. But, by a miracle, they found a narrow crack in the cliffs, just wide enough to squeeze their wagons through one at a time. This pioneering triumph, which opened the California Trail, was overshadowed by the stark tragedy that befell the Donner Party. Climbing this same route two years later, the Donner expedition perished after a nightmare of hunger, murder and cannibalism.

U.S. 40 west from Salt Lake City follows the California Trail almost exactly, pointing out across the salt flats of Great Salt Lake and on to Reno, which boasts the handsome campus of the University of Nevada, as well as its famed gambling establishments. Nearby is Virginia City, site of the Comstock Lode and other fabled silver mines. After



Reno you'll climb the Sierra, on U.S. 40, and at Donner Pass turn aside to see the monument that marks the scene of the Donner tragedy. The Trail ends at Sacramento. As you wind down through the foothills, turn off on California 49 to see the Gold Rush towns before driving on across the Central Valley to Oakland and San Francisco.

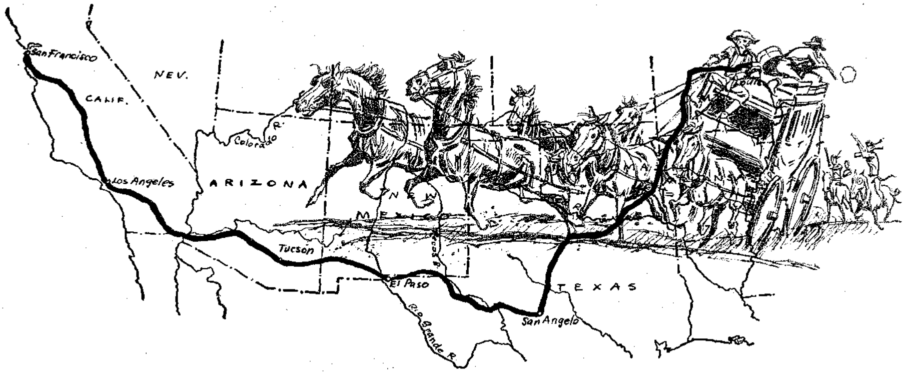
THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND STAGE ROUTE

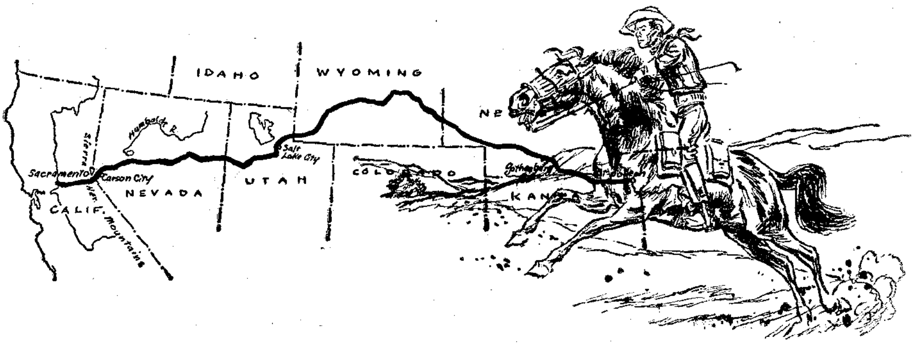
In 1857, Congress passed the Overland Mail Bill, granting a subsidy to a stage line that would provide mail service to California. But some Southerners feared that plotting the route via the Oregon and California trails would increase antislavery influence in California. So President Buchanan, a Southern sympathizer, pushed the idea of a southerly route. The contract eventually went to John Butterfield, who proposed a 2,729-mile run from St. Louis to San Francisco via El Paso, Tucson and Los Angeles.

The stages ran 24 hours a day, and the horses were changed at 200 outposts along the way. The average travel time was 23 days and the one-way fare, $200. Across mountains and sizzling deserts, the bright red-and-green stages carried nine to 14 passengers, who took turns sleeping on the three indoor seats. Occasionally coach drivers shot it out with Indians attacking relay stations and driving horses off. Despite these raids, the stages had more business than they could handle.

Today, no single highway runs along the devious route of the Butterfield Overland Stages. At San Angelo, Texas, you can pick up a section of it and follow it as far as Ft. Stockton; then you'd better plan your own route to El Paso. After that, it's pretty much U.S. 80 all the way to Yuma, Arizona, with some erratic dips into Mexico.

In California, State Highways 78 and 79, U.S. 395 and 99 come close to the old stage route. Some of the best mementoes of the stagecoach runs are found in old stations, like the one at Aguanga, off California 79, still looking about the way it did when Butterfield stages dashed up to it.





THE PONY EXPRESS TRAIL

No trail had a shorter life—nor a merrier one—than the route of the Pony Express in its 2,000-mile run from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California. In 1861, just 18 months after the citizens of St. Joe gave a rousing send-off to the first rider, the whole affair was over. But what an 18 months! It was so filled with deeds of derring-do that adventure writers have been kept busy with it ever since.

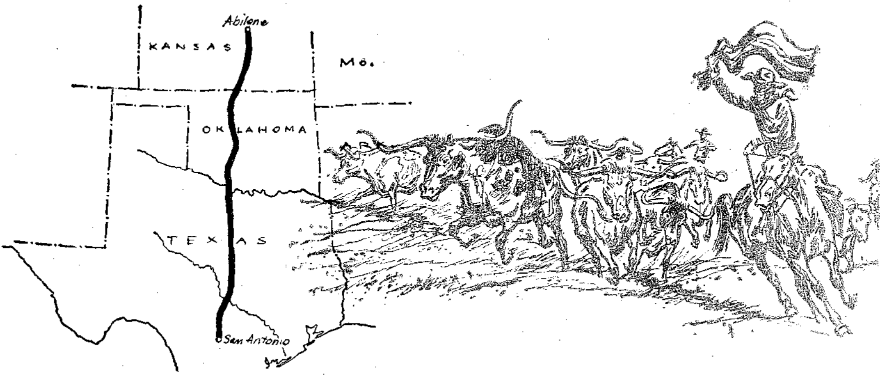
The horses on the Pony Express were the fastest available, the saddles were specially designed, and the riders as skillful as jockeys. Relay stations were built every ten to 20 miles, and no rider ever traveled more than 100 miles or spent more than two minutes changing horses.

The route of the Pony Express is easy to follow. It's pretty much U.S. 30 across Nebraska and Wyoming, 30S to Salt Lake City, then U.S. 50 all the way to Sacramento. You can see an old relay station at Gothenburg, Nebraska. Take a look at old Carson City, Nevada, smallest state capital in the U.S.—still surprisingly quaint and victorian. And drive around blue Lake Tahoe before you head on across the beautiful Sierra and down into the rolling foothills, where you'll want to stop at Placerville, known as "Hangtown" in the roaring Gold Rush days.

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

Last of the famous trails, the Chisholm Trail is really not so far west, but its very name evokes a most characteristic image of the Old West—the hard-riding cowboy and his bawling herd. Up its 800 miles, from San Antonio, Texas to Abilene, Kansas, surged the Texas Longhorns—40,000 or more of them in 1867, the trail's first year, and many millions more before the advent of the Western Trail in 1876.

When Confederate soldiers drifted back to Texas after the Civil War, they found their ranches run-down, their cattle running wild in the



brush—and no market for beef in Texas. So in 1867, a few bold ranchers decided they'd try to drive cattle to hungry Northern cities. The Kansas and Pacific Railroad had pushed west to Abilene, due north of San Antonio. A trail across the Indian Territory (later to become Oklahoma) had already been pioneered by Jesse Chisholm, a half-breed hunter. All they had to do, they reasoned, was to follow it.

The hazards of doing just that were crudely spelled out on the crosses of trail-side graves: KILLED BY INDIANS or LOST LIFE IN STAMPEDE. Later, the end of the trail became Ellsworth or Wichita, Kansas. Finally, the Chisholm Trail itself was moved and became the Western Trail—ending up in Dodge City.

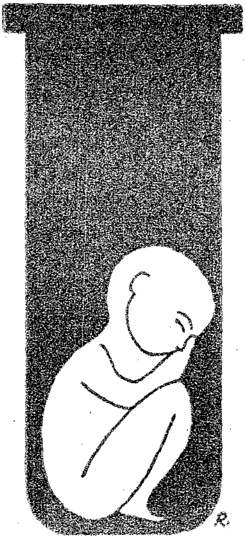
The whole length of the Chisholm Trail on U.S. 281 and 81 can be traversed in two or three days, with time out to see the Alamo in San Antonio and the new Eisenhower Museum in Abilene. In between, don't miss Dallas and Fort Worth, those two glittering skyscraper cities of the Texas plains.

Another side trip takes you into Oklahoma City, where the historic museum southeast of the Capitol grounds has exhibits from the days when cattle pushed through the Indian Territory. You'll go through Wichita, with its huge aircraft plants, and over the Red and Arkansas Rivers, across which cowboys used to drive their great herds.

Your trip along any of the great trails will most likely be just for the fun of it—quite a different motive from the grim purpose that impelled the pioneers. But as you speed along paved highways, visualize in your mind's eye a Pony Express rider spurring his lathered horse, dusty travelers in their lurching stagecoach, or a pioneer family clinging to a swaying covered wagon. By some historical alchemy, you will be as one with these wanderers of the past. For they, too, were savoring the great American adventure—journeying to the wonderful world of the West.

The tragic status of test-tube children

BY JOSEPH N. BELL



Born in legal limbo, 50,000 of them grow

IN ARIZONA, several years ago, a small boy unwittingly provided the evidence for an adultery suit filed against his mother by his father. Oddly enough, the father didn't accuse his wife of infidelity; he charged her with adultery by proxy—through artificial insemination. ■ This boy—and many thousands of others—was trapped in a legal and ethical No Man's Land. On the one side are the chemists, biologists and doctors who support artificial insemination; on the other, are many churches and lay citizens who call it immoral intervention in the work of the Almighty. The scientists, engrossed in their test tubes, often are indifferent to the human values involved. So are many theologians, concerned primarily with doctrine. Neither group has given much solid thought to the *product* of all this controversy: until law and social attitudes or our country are revised, these are surely America's forgotten children. ■ Such children face the possibility of a tragic tangle of emotional and legal confusion for which our society provides no solution. Some courts brand them as bastards, their mothers as adulteresses. In one state the donor is legally the father—in others it is the sterile husband. Divorce up under a cloud of emotional confusion where "someone has to lie"

and inheritance cases complicate the status of the children still further. Generally speaking, the law treats them as if they didn't exist, an attitude that fosters lies, litigation and heartbreak. ■ Artificial insemination has been practiced for hundreds of years in animals. Its first known human application took place in 1799, when Dr. John Hunter of London successfully impregnated a wife with her husband's semen. At first a laboratory curiosity, AI has been used here scientifically since the turn of the century. The process is classified into two types: artificial insemination of human beings (AIH), which involves husband and wife, both fertile, but unable to conceive; and the controversial artificial insemination by a donor (AID), where the husband is sterile. In AID, the donor is known only to the doctor performing the operation. It is about 70 percent successful in inducing pregnancy. ■ AID operations are naturally surrounded by secrecy, but it is estimated that there are more than 50,000 AI children in the U.S. today, with about 1,000 to 1,200 new conceptions each year. As it now stands, many of these youngsters are being conceived in the shadows of bastardy. Their future may be threatened by psychological and legal confusion they've done nothing to deserve. ■ Sometimes this confusion takes bizarre turns. Recently, two young people fell in love and planned to be married. This came as a shock to the physician who served both their families. He was the only living person who knew that they were half brother and sister. He had performed artificial insemination on their mothers—using the same donor. Neither set of parents was aware of this and the doctor was pledged to keep the secret of both families. Fortunately, he was able to prevent the marriage with a minimum of heartbreak and without arousing suspicion. ■ A one-in-a-billion situation? Maybe. But in England, doctors are sufficiently concerned about this possibility to have limited an individual's donations to 10.

In about one out of 20 marriages the husband is sterile, even though virile. There are two courses open to such couples who badly want a family: adoption or AID. For many, because of adoption roadblocks, the only alternative is AID.

Even the most outspoken proponents of AID warn that it should *never* be attempted if:

Either the husband or wife is lukewarm to the idea;

Either is not enthusiastically convinced that their marriage is secure;

There is any doubt about the husband's fertility.

The doctor who performs an AID must bear the responsibility of determining these factors, by interviews and laboratory tests. His judgment may be crucial in giving the child an unclouded future. And it is he who chooses the donor.

In the U.S., at present only New York City officially recognizes AID, to the extent of requiring a rigid health examination for the donor. He is usually a young medical student or intern. Donors are paid from $10-$25 and never know where their semen is used. Doctors try to match the donor and prospective father as closely as possible in family background, physical appearance and temperament.

Wherever feasible, the mother is attended by an obstetrician who is unaware of the situation and can in good faith register her husband as father on the birth certificate. But no matter how his name gets on the certificate, someone—the mother or one of the doctors—has to lie. No one has been prosecuted for "falsifying" AID birth certificates, since the motivation is obviously worthy. But present lack of laws recognizing AID make the participants "criminals."

SOME DOCTORS match the blood types of donor and father. Some even mix the husband's semen with the donor's, mainly as a psychological boost for the sterile father—and to allow for the one-in-1,000,000 chance. Others require consent forms—signed, witnessed and fingerprinted by all of the parties involved.

The need for such elaborate precautions is explained by C. Joseph Stetler, director of the law division of the American Medical Association, who warns: "Until there is legislation, the physician who performs the insemination, the husband, the wife, the child and the donor are all in an unsatisfactory position with respect to the law."

Some recent examples bear this out. In a Chicago divorce case where the mother asked for custody of her five-year-old AID son, the judge awarded custody to the mother, but ruled that she had committed adultery and that the child was illegitimate. But in New York, a judge decided that a child born of donor insemination was *not* illegitimate. It is possible neither ruling would have held in Arizona, where a statute can be interpreted as making the donor the legal parent of an AID child, and responsible for his support.

Many state courts simply refuse to hear testimony involving AID children. And although five state legislatures (Virginia, Wisconsin, Minnesota, New York and Indiana) have considered laws to legitimize AID children, they have never been passed.

The confusion is not limited to the U.S. A French court has labeled the practice "contrary to natural law"; British courts have granted divorces on grounds of adultery in AID cases. But a Scottish court ruled there was no adultery when a wife bore an AID baby 16 months after being separated from her husband.

Still largely unsettled are these four important questions about the legal status of AID babies:

Are they legitimate?

Has the mother committed adultery in the eyes of the law?

Can the children be legally disclaimed by the father in the event of divorce?

Do the children have legal inheritance rights from the "parents"? Or from the donor?

The human problems are as troubled as the legal issues. "Sometimes the doctors and scientists seem to forget that the babies will grow up," one mother of an AID child, who advocates blood-type matching, declared. "Then they may want to give blood. When the child turns out to have a blood type that belongs to neither Mom or Dad, you can imagine the whispering that goes on."

Another bewildered mother of an AID child asks: "What crime have we committed? We've brought a child into the world who has parents that need her and love her. She's made us and her grandparents happy. I don't see that anyone's being harmed."

Most clergymen wouldn't agree with her. The Archbishop of Canterbury's commission studying artificial insemination judged AID as "contrary to Christian standards" and recommended legislation to make it a criminal offense. Other Protestant churches are divided on the issue, but the Roman Catholic Church has strictly condemned the practice since a papal decree prohibited it in 1897.

Medical doctors generally feel otherwise. (A survey of the members of the American Society for the Study of Sterility showed its doctors favored AID about ten to one.) Their view is stated by Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, Chief of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, who terms AI: "A safe, logical and human solution to a very common tragedy."

Some Protestant clergymen agree wholeheartedly with Dr. Guttmacher. An English Methodist minister, Rev. Donald O. Soper, for example, said: "It's no good the church wanting to make artificial insemination a sin or a crime. I don't consider it would be sinful to give it to certain spinsters, who otherwise would be lonely and who would make good mothers, so they don't lose the opportunity of motherhood."

To which Mrs. Juanita Francis, chairman of the Married Women's

Association of England, replied with this statement: "What Dr. Soper is putting first are the rights of women. Surely the rights of the children should come first."

The children, of course, are the ones who suffer the most. Dr. Arthur A. Levisohn, an authority on medical jurisprudence, highlights this by citing the AID child in New York State who was caught in the middle of a bitter custody action. The mother, in filing for divorce, demanded full custody, arguing that her husband had no part in the conception of their child. The husband fought back. Like most AID fathers, he had become deeply attached to his child. The judge ruled that since the husband had consented to AID, he should have visiting privileges. But the situation was laid bare to the child, who must live with its complexities for the rest of his life.

What's the answer? Both opponents and supporters of AID agree that whether artificial insemination be outlawed or legitimized, the present AID children should be protected and their legal rights defined. In the uncertain climate in which it is now carried out, AID is performed by both responsible and irresponsible physicians. The practice is growing sufficiently so that the problem cannot much longer be ignored.

"AID," says Dr. Guttmacher, "is becoming a more common method of procreation than many realize." As the number of AID children grows, so does the problem of giving them legal and social status. ♛

OH, COME NOW!

A CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE salesman reports this interesting conversation with a young lady who had just agreed to trade in her old car on a new one.

"Do you have a pink slip?" the salesman asked.

"Well, yes," replied the young lady after a moment's hesitation, "but today I'm wearing my black one."

—MRS. ELIZABETH MANION

A SMALL, QUIET MAN ended his phone call, hung up, and then smiled as his dime came back into the slot. Immediately, the telephone rang.

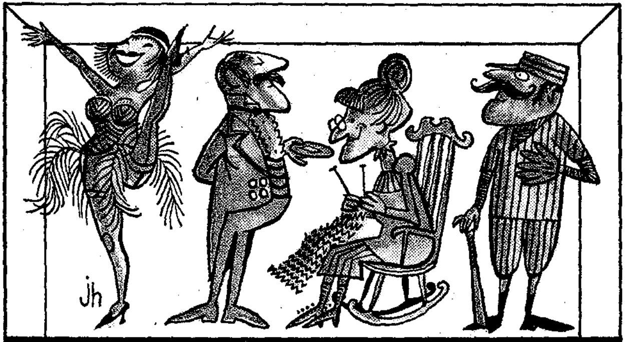
"Are you the man who just made this call?" the operator asked.

"Yes," he said.

"I returned your dime, by mistake. Will you please redeposit it?"

"Sorry," the man said in a typical telephone operator's monotone. "I cannot do this. But if you send me your name and address, I will be glad to send you the dime in stamps."

—FRANCES BENSON



DODOS, MOVE OVER!

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

A famed humorist's last look at some species of vanishing Americans

THE BUFFALO is no longer cliff-hanging on the verge of oblivion, but we are constantly hearing about animals that are slipping over the edge. The whooping crane has been having a tough time, there are said to be very few wolves (the four-footed kind) in the U.S., and the Galapagos turtle has recently been placed on the danger list.

All this is deplorable—I even have a soft spot for wolves—but we shouldn't lose sight of the fact that a number of human sub species also seems to be on the way out. Among these are the following:

Freckled pin boy Years ago these agile creatures were observed dodging bowling balls and pocketing tips in bowling alleys practically everywhere, but currently they are rarer than Indian pennies. Scientists declare that they are falling prey to a newly evolved natural enemy, the *automatic pin-spotter.* (This is a close parallel with the decline of a similar species, the *grimy-necked caddy,* who is being whipsawed into oblivion by two predators, the *caddy-cart* and the *electric golf cart.*)

Hard-boiled chorine This breed of show girl was most plentiful in the 1920s. She talked tough, lived fast, left school in the third grade, and had difficulty reading without moving her lips. Her sources of sustenance were synthetic gin and Wall Street brokers. Only a few antiquated specimens survive. Her habitats have been taken over by a slim-hipped, yogurt-eating mutation who was graduated from Vassar or Radcliffe, reads Proust between acts and is engaged to a Harvard graduate who is taking his Ph. D. at Columbia.

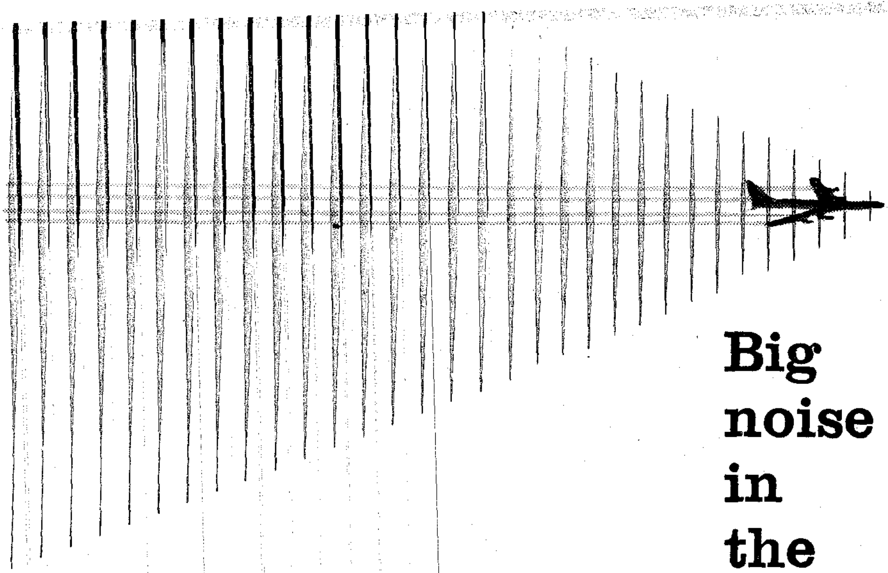
Addlepated professor (Also known as the *absent-minded professor*) A quaint, appealing creature beloved by the humorous magazines of his time. He used to be noted for putting the goldfish out at night or wearing his wife's hat to the classroom. Virtually extinct. He has been supplanted by a new species, *professor politicus*. Several hundred of these were observed in Washington last fall. *Professor politicus* writes campaign speeches for political candidates, helps draft platforms and has never been known to miss a plane or forget a deadline.

Purple-liveried butler This creature was formerly plentiful in such locales as New York, Boston, Newport, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco. A slight decline was first noted in 1913, the year the income tax was introduced, but, by and large, the purple-liveried butler managed to hold his own until World War II. Since then, however, the mortality rate has been fantastic. A rare specimen was reported on a Long Island estate last month, but, at this writing, I have not been able to confirm this.

Knitting-needled grandmother Another species that is becoming increasingly rare. It was her custom to spend most waking hours sitting in a rocking chair and knitting. Her present counterpart prefers modern furniture and, if she knits at all, has the TV set turned on at the same time. But, in general, the current variety doesn't knit. She drives a sports car, plays tennis and badminton, and goes to Florida in the winter for water skiing. But, like the fast-disappearing old-fashioned grandma, she is famous for her recipes. Ask her how to make shishkebab or a first-rate daiquiri, and you'll find out.

Quid-chewing ball-hawk A professional baseball player found in every ball park around the turn of the century. Some species, when first captured, were found never to have worn shoes or neckties—and signed their contracts with an X. Average vocabulary: 100 words, 50 unprintable. Today the quid-chewing (and tobacco-spitting) ball-hawk is as rare as a baseball game in daylight. He has been replaced by the *madras-jacketed bonus baby*. This modern variant possesses a college degree, a collection of stereo records ranging from Bach to Brubeck, the works of Freud, a business manager, a wife who has been to Europe, two kids in private school, and a share of the gate receipts if he bats over .315. He has never seen a wad of chewing tobacco, but he smokes (and endorses) filter-tipped cigarettes.

Red-necked hayseed Used to be plentiful in the Midwest. Went to bed with the cows, got up with the chickens and never visited a town of more than 437 population. Has been almost entirely supplanted by the *mechanized agriculturist* who owns a barnful of farm machinery and spends January in New York taking in the shows and hot spots. He knows *everybody* including Princess Grace, Eleanor Roosevelt, Jack Benny, John F. Kennedy, Richard M. Nixon, Dinah Shore and Nikita Khrushchev, who came to lunch.



Big noise in the sky

BY

WILLIAM

O'HALLAREN

Ten times
louder than
thunder,
the sonic
boom
is the
inescapable
voice of the
jet age and
also the sound
of security

ON A RECENT MORNING, shortly after ten o'clock, a tremendous booming roar rolled across the vast Los Angeles basin. In a matter of seconds a woman, shrieking and sobbing, got on the phone. "My house . . . the boom . . . cracked in two . . . all I have . . ." At Air Force Headquarters an officer tried to soothe the caller. "It broke everything," the woman wept. "Everything." The boom had also rattled the composure of at least 2,000,000 other Los Angeles residents. But the shock waves' assault on this woman's eardrums had cracked, for the moment, her self-control, even her sanity. To be sure, the sonic boom was done under highly controlled and artificial circumstances. The Air Force does not ordinarily allow sonic booms of such extreme pressure to occur. But the truth is, the sonic boom, a terrifying side product of the jet age, sometimes strikes the human eardrums as savagely as a Fourth of July firecracker assaults a dog's. And no one is quite sure what we are going to do once sonic booms come rolling at us in Fourth of July quantity.

A sonic boom is simply the sound of a jet crashing against the atmosphere at a supersonic speed. As the jet rams against the resistance of the atmosphere, a continuous cone of shock waves travels down to earth, recording the impact of plane against air.

Most of the time these waves are subdued and softened by such obstacles as clouds, mountains and the resistance of the air itself. But at times the air is unusually clear. Then the sound comes hurtling down with its rage unabated.

Sonic booms are not the results of stunting or horseplay by pilots. The pilot has no way of knowing when the shock waves from his plane happen to find a funnel of emptiness that lets them crash against the earth.

The sharpest thunderclap generates a pressure of about one-half pound per square foot. But Air Force scientists have recorded a sonic boom of 33 pounds per square foot—66 times as loud as thunder! A jet in normal flight sends down a sonic boom of 1.6 pounds per square foot; and five pounds is considered maximum for an operational sonic boom, that is, any plane flying for the Air Force. (Regulations prohibit sonic booms beyond this.)

Yet a sonic boom of five pounds per square foot has ten times the shattering quality of thunder and 30 or 40 times the volume of a loud firecracker.

Dr. Vern O. Knudsen, who retired in the summer of 1960 as Chancellor of U.C.L.A. to devote his full time to the study of sounds, believes it is time to find out how much noise we can take.

It is known that shock waves of 32 pounds or more will damage the human ear. The thought of a major city suddenly lashed by a boom of that magnitude is a nightmarish possibility of the future.

There are already areas in major cities where the noise of jets, even at below sonic levels, is inducing something close to desperation in thousands of people. Families whose homes are in the approach and take-off areas of major airports say the constant, terrifying noise is slashing their home values, shattering their nerves.

When the air, one day in the future, is filled with commercial jets traveling at three times the speed of sound, and military planes at correspondingly higher speeds, the battering of human eardrums will be a major problem of modern life.

There is one bright side to the sonic boom story. Air Force scientists insist sonic booms do not crack homes in two, split walls or cause roofs to tumble. They say about the worst we have to fear in physical damage is cracked china and shattered windows.

Engineers checking the effects of shock waves generated by atomic explosions have found that it takes a pressure of 70 pounds per square foot to shake even the flimsiest building; 150 pounds or better is needed to cause plaster cracks or fissures in walls or roofs. Sonic booms just aren't in these levels.

Windows are something else again. In theory it takes anywhere from 18 to 70 pounds per square foot to smash a window, depending on environmental and installation conditions. But many windows are bent to the tiniest degree when installed, so a certain amount of tension or pressure already exists. If your windows go phlooey at the moment of a sonic boom, you may have a legitimate claim. Practically every boom is followed by demands for compensation ranging from the deserving to the foolish and the fraudulent.

On the one hand the military doesn't want to set precedents by replacing window glass broken by Junior's slingshot. But on the other it wants to stay on good terms with communities surrounding air bases which also produce Congressmen who vote on military appropriations. So every claim is thoroughly investigated by the Judge Advocate General's office.

The woman who reported her house was split in two will show the investigator an alarming crack along the walls and across the ceiling of her spare bedroom. The windows on the south will also be broken. Some gentle questioning will disclose she heard the glass clatter when the boom hit, rushed into the room, saw broken glass and the frightening crack, picked up the phone to cry out a tale of despair.

The investigator will report the boom probably broke the glass, but the crack was simply part of the settling of an old house.

Scientists insist we detect sound pressures through our eardrums and through sense organs in the skin so sensitive they respond to pressures measured in a millionth part per square inch. A sudden loud sound causes the brain, responding to these agonized reports from all over the body, to decree there really was a movement of the surroundings. The scientist says it was our nervous system that quivered, not the surroundings.

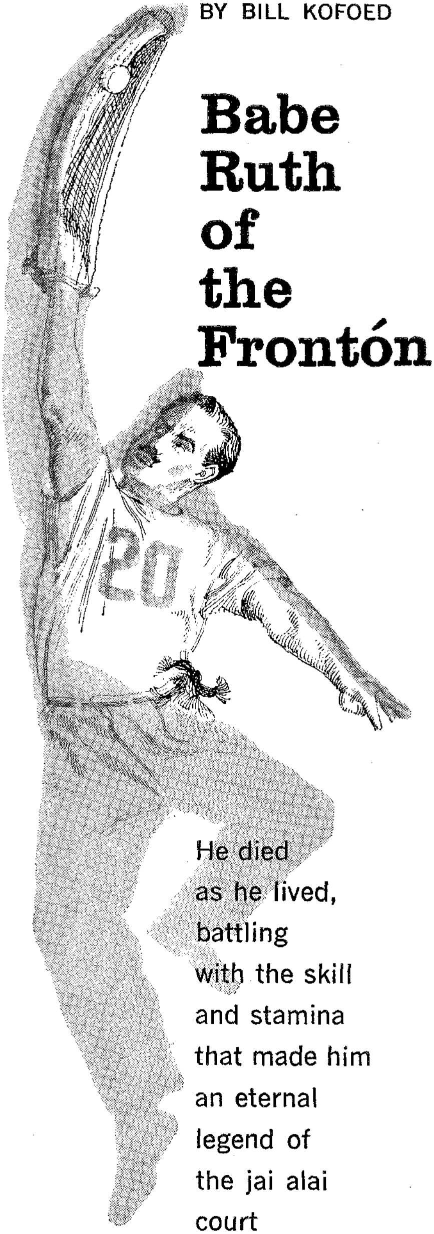
Experts hold out little or no hope of muffling jet sounds in the foreseeable future. They believe if we learn more about them, we can better brace ourselves to meet them. Knowing that sonic booms, shattering as they are to nerves, still aren't going to topple roofs onto our heads is the first step toward coexistence with them.

The Air Force advances what it regards as the overriding argument for tolerating the sonic boom. Says Maj. Gen. A. H. Luehman, Director, Office of Information, Department of the Air Force: "Supersonic jet interceptors must fly over all parts of the country to insure we have adequate air defense. To curtail such flights would adversely affect the capability of the Air Force to perform its mission.

"The Air Force will do everything in its power to reduce the impact of this noise problem. The public, on the other hand, should realize the sonic boom is inevitable, and understand this phenomenon as the new sound of security."

BY BILL KOFOED

Babe Ruth of the Frontón



He died as he lived, battling with the skill and stamina that made him an eternal legend of the jai alai court

In the rugged Basque country of Spain, there is a lovely, rolling hill near the town of Marquina. It is called Erdoza. One day, not many years before the start of the 20th century, the little son of a poverty-stricken miller, dressed in tattered, borrowed clothes, stood on top of the hill and made a vow.

As the sun beat down on his uncreased olive-brown skin and black hair, he shaded his brown eyes with his right hand and looked into the valley below.

"Some day," he said to a friend who had climbed to the top of Erdoza with him, "when I grow rich and famous, I will build a home here, and own all the land around it."

It was a sworn promise that Erdoza Menor—the name the boy chose for himself in later years—fulfilled before he was 30 years old. By that time he had become "El Fenómeno," the greatest *jai alai* player in history.

Originating in the Basque country of Spain several hundred years ago, jai alai is now a game popular throughout the world. In the U.S., jai alai makes its home in Florida, where it has become one of the biggest tourist attractions. Last year, more than 1,500,000 enthusiasts attended matches at the Dania and Miami Frontons, which serve the Miami, Miami Beach and Fort Lauderdale area; the Palm Beach Fronton; and the Tampa Fronton, which serves the Tampa-St. Petersburg area.

Jai alai is a souped-up marriage of handball and squash rackets. It is played on a cement, three-walled court, with a solid rubber ball and a curved wicker basket, called a *cesta,* strapped to the right hand of the player. Served against the front wall, the *pelota* gains a speed sometimes in excess of 150 miles an hour.

Jai alai is as tough a game to master as any that man has created. To become a star, a *pelotari* (player) must begin learning the game when seven or eight years old.

In other sports there are wide differences of opinion as to who can be regarded as its greatest exponent. But, in jai alai one finds unanimity. There is only one—squat, bull-shouldered Erdoza Menor.

He saw his first game when he was four years old. From then on, there was only one thing he wanted—to play jai alai. He began saving his pesetas to buy a *cesta.* It took a long time to accumulate, but on his sixth birthday there were enough coins to pour into the lap of the basketmaker. His ambition was about to be fulfilled.

Players at the *frontón* were glad to teach the boy and every free moment he had was devoted to practice. His parents approved, figuring that the only way a poor Spanish boy could expect to gain fame and fortune was in the bull ring, or as a jai alai star.

By the time the boy—Garate—was seven he could beat youngsters twice his age. At ten, he mastered the best amateurs in the country. At 12, he held his own in practice matches with all but top-flight professionals. Short and stocky, muscled like a strong man, he not only had tremendous power, but extraordinary speed. The time had finally come for the student to become a *pelotari* for money.

Erdoza Menor made his debut in Madrid, using the chipped, taped-together *cesta* he had bought as a child. Critics were amazed by the youngster's prowess.

After a few months, Erdoza was signed to play in Barcelona's famous *Frontón Novedades,* where he won so consistently that by the time he was 16, he was sought by Havana and Mexico City. His earnings increased along with his fame. He was paid $5,000 a month, plus 64 percent of the gate when he played—a fabulous number of *pesos,* uncut by income tax. He took good care of his father and mother.

Eleven years after turning pro he married his boyhood sweetheart and built a home on the hill he loved. He called it "Villa Erdoza," or "the small house on top of the hill." It was there his two sons and two daughters were born, and he loved it more than any place in the world.

But Erdoza, an indulgent husband and father, mild mannered and friendly off the court, turned surly the instant he walked onto the court. He couldn't bear to lose. Defeat was like physical pain.

He lived as hard as he played. What good was the money he sweated for except for the pleasure of spending it? He lavished luxuries on his family; he ate the finest foods, drank the best brandies, smoked the most expensive cigars, and oddly enough, chewed great quantities of candy. A Havana newspaper, when he was playing in that city, once noted his menu for dinner: a suckling pig, half a dozen eggs, two T-bone steaks, several bottles of wine.

Though his formal schooling ended at the age of 13, Erdoza Menor had a thirst for knowledge. Afflicted with insomnia, he often read through entire nights. Learning, though, was relaxation and pleasure, jai alai the consuming passion of his life.

He won thousands of games during the 40 years of his career, but one battle was more memorable than all the others. In 1921 the manager of the *frontón* in Mexico City matched Erdoza against two of the best players in the world. All seats and every foot of standing room were sold. Tickets were scalped for as much as $50 each. It was a dream match, the like of which had never been known. There has never been one like it since.

To appreciate the magnitude of the task Erdoza Menor faced, consider that the jai alai court in Mexico City is 235 feet long, and the match was for 40 points. Covering such a territory against a pair of superb shotmakers, who knew every trick of the game, seemed too great a task for any man's skill, speed and stamina.

It was two in the afternoon when Erdoza walked onto the court, grim and determined as he always was when playing. He didn't underestimate the job, but being a man of almost egocentric confidence, there was no doubt in his mind about the eventual result.

That day he was superb. His power had never been more thunderous, and no strategy by his opponents seemed good enough to catch him out of position. Sweating, scowling, snarling, Erdoza Menor built up a 25-20 lead.

Trying for the 26th point, he raced to the front wall for his specialized "kill" shot. It was so fast that it frequently ripped the *cesta* off an opponent's hand. This time he was too close to the wall to get out of the way of the ball he had thrown. It rebounded against his leg, throwing him violently to the floor. It had missed the bone, but there was considerable muscle damage and internal bleeding.

Fellow players carried Erdoza to the dressing room. The examining physician ordered ice packs applied. After 20 minutes, his agony diminished. Sliding off the table, Erdoza Menor hobbled about the room, insisting to the doctor that he wanted to resume the match.

Everybody, including his opponents, told him he was crazy. How under God's blue sky could he get around the court with a leg so swollen and sore he could hardly stand on it? No one would blame him if the match was curtailed.

But the man from Marquina snarled. He'd play, *por Diós,* and show all of them! The doctor strapped the leg with adhesive tape, and Erdoza returned to the court.

How the *aficionados* howled! Even if their idol didn't make another point, they loved him for his stubborn courage. He jogged around for a moment, threw a few practice shots. The game resumed. Erdoza lost three points in a row. In a gesture of frustration he smashed his *cesta* against the wall. That seemed to release inhibition, submerge pain and weariness. From then on he was incomparable.

Good as his opponents were, they were outclassed, and Erdoza Menor won, 40 to 29. When he stripped for a shower, his leg was swollen twice its normal size, and he didn't play again for several months.

He had earned the name "El Fenómeno," because he had achieved the impossible. He was Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones rolled into one—a champion who could stand on the same pedestal as Belmonte, the greatest of the matadors. His earnings reached a new peak. He hobnobbed with writers, diplomats, sports celebrities, Spanish nobility, the President of Mexico. That Erdoza Menor was a poor miller's son mattered not a *peso's* worth. He was the greatest.

FOR YEARS ERDOZA continued his domination of jai alai. But he could not remain at the top forever.

Flaws, undreamed of in the past, began cropping up. Though Erdoza still threw the *pelota* harder than anyone else, some of the dynamite had been lost along the way. His sturdy legs couldn't carry him up and down the *cancha* with the old accustomed speed. And now there were times when the once tireless athlete seemed to weary suddenly in the midst of a rally.

His friends tried to tell him the big day had passed. It was time to retire. Let the world remember him as the incomparable one—not as a veteran who didn't know enough to quit when he was ahead.

After all, 40 years is more than a double lifetime in this most exhausting of games. Erdoza laughed. What would he do if he quit? Sit in the stands and watch others? Jai alai was as necessary to him as the air he breathed.

"I'd rather play badly, than not at all," he told his worried friends.

But *El Fenómeno* wasn't looking well. His craggy face became lined and tired. His son, Eusebio, long a jai alai star himself, was worried, for doctors had warned that the champion's heart was weakening.

More than anything else Erdoza needed rest—lazy, peaceful days in the house on the hill he loved so much. Erdoza Menor scoffed. His heart, he insisted, was as sound as it had ever been, and nobody was going to make an old *dueña* in a rocking chair out of him.

On December 10, 1940, he was booked for a doubles match in Barcelona. The *frontón* was jammed, as it always was when the old champion played. He was 54 years old, not the man he had been, but still a master of the front court play. As usual, when his father was headlined, Eusebio was in the stands.

With the score four-all, Erdoza stormed to the wall and made one of his patented "kill" shots. Then he walked slowly back to the service line. He was panting, and his face had turned an unhealthy gray.

Seeking a few seconds in which to catch his breath, the old man tightened the cords binding the *cesta* to his wrist. He bounced the ball against the floor, caught it in the basket, and prepared to serve. Then, suddenly, Erdoza fell face down on the cement.

The crowd hushed as players carried the king to the dressing room. A doctor felt for his pulse. There was none. The stethoscope recorded no heart beat.

"El Fenómeno is dead," the doctor reported in a choked voice, as tears rolled down his cheeks.

Almost all of the Spanish-speaking world went into mourning. Women wore black. Flags flew at half-staff. Newspapers were lavish in their eulogies.

"Dad knew two weeks before he died that he might have a heart attack at any moment," his son Eusebio said. "We begged him not to play. But he wouldn't listen. It wasn't for money, though he was still the highest paid player in the game. It was just that he couldn't live without jai alai."

THE TOSCANINI TOUCH

THE LATE ARTURO TOSCANINI was almost as famous for his ferocious temper as he was for his remarkable musicianship. Many times during rehearsals, outraged by what he considered his orchestra's mediocre playing, the great maestro would fly into a rage, pick up anything in sight and smash it to the floor.

Once, after hours of rehearsal, he thought he had achieved perfection. But a sudden sour note caused Toscanini to hurl his valuable watch from the podium, damaging it beyond repair.

Shortly afterward, his devoted musicians presented him with a beautiful velvet-lined box, in which were resting two watches—one was a fine gold affair, the other a cheap timepiece. On the latter was inscribed: FOR REHEARSALS ONLY.

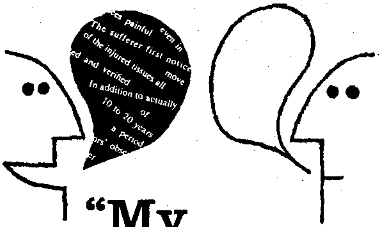
—*A.M.A. Journal*

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, during a rehearsal of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony, one of the violinists repeatedly fingered the wrong note while playing a particularly difficult passage. When he had made the same mistake for the fifth time, Toscanini's sensitive ear could stand no more. Venting his full fury on the offender, the conductor stormed up to the man and with a withering look, shouted:

"God tells *me* how this passage should be played. Why doesn't He tell you, too?"

—E.E. EDGAR

BY JUDGE MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO



"My six months of silence"

Warned not to talk, the judge made a pencil his voice—with amusing and confusing results

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS I had been having trouble. I would begin a speech in full basso profundo and end up with my voice rasping like a buzz saw cutting through oak knots. I tried lozenges by the crate, gargle by the barrel, but still the sounds emanating from my windpipe were like a leopard's growl.

A visit to a throat specialist confirmed my fears. "If you want to preserve your voice," he told me after his examination, "your vocal cords must have complete rest for six months. You must not speak a single word during this time."

I was astonished. I had never thought of speaking as a mechanical operation. When I wanted to talk I just talked. I probably had made some 10,000 speeches, and I assumed my voice to be indestructible—that it would run on forever, like a barber's conversation. But I was mistaken. I recalled how my mother sometimes punished me when I was a child by compelling me to remain silent for an hour. But now I was being forced to be silent for months. Something had happened to my voice shop, and I had to shut up for repairs.

The whole thing was fantastic. Perhaps the doctor merely meant that I should not make speeches or talk loudly for six months. But he soon disabused me of this notion. "Not a whisper," he said sternly, "and no laughter, either."

Resignedly I asked: "When does the silence begin?"

"Right now," he replied, handing me a pencil. "For six months this will be your tongue."

So I began to write for my breakfast, dinner, laundry, newspaper and a million other everyday things. In court, I learned to use printed signs for routine rulings such as "Objection sustained" and "Objection overruled." One defendant I was about to sentence remarked to a court attendant that he was getting a break because he could not be sent to jail without the sentence being pronounced in open court. He was mistaken. I had a blackboard wheeled in and I wrote on it:

"Joe Mozek, you are hereby sentenced to the Allegheny County Jail for a term of six months."

When court adjourned for the summer the doctor recommended I spend the summer at sea, because ocean air possesses therapeutic qualities beneficial to the laryngeal membranes. Traveling incognito, I spent the next three months sailing the Atlantic Ocean from Labrador to Rio de Janeiro on freighters, tramp steamers, summer cruises, banana boats and fishing schooners.

When I wanted to send a letter I would walk into the post office, lift the letter above my head and flap my hands like wings. I got my air-mail stamp every time but once. That was in a store in Barranquilla, Colombia, that sold stamps, groceries and meat. When I lifted my letter and flapped my hands, the clerk wrapped up a roast pigeon.

One soft moonlit night I was reclining in my steamer chair on the *Calamandra,* as she softly glided through the silver-tinted waters off Martinique. A portly dowager came to anchor in the empty chair at my side. It was the first time she had come within writing distance of me, and as she had always struck me as being rather lonely I wrote:

"Why are you so lonely?"

I extended the pad before her eyes, and she smiled: "Oh, it is so kind of you to say that. I think you are so lovely, too."

"Lovely, too!" I shuddered. Some frightful mistake had been made.

With trembling fingers I checked my notebook and discovered the trouble. When I write in a hurry, my n's may easily be taken for v's, and vice versa. The lady had misread my "lonely" for "lovely."

What was I to do? I had to say something, so I wrote, "It is indeed a lovely night."

She looked at me tenderly. "That's why I sat down. You did look so lonely, and I thought I would try to cheer you."

Now she had read my scrawled *lovely* as *lonely!*

From that moment I began to print my words to avoid all misunderstanding.

I always assumed when I handed my pad to anyone that he would read the last written item on the page. Once, however, I approached a ship's captain in the harbor of San Juan, Puerto Rico and wrote:

"Captain, I want to express my appreciation for the splendid service everyone has given me aboard your ship."

When I handed him the pad, he looked at it intently and exploded: "How should *I* know?"

I shrank from his wrath. Since I had printed my deferential remarks I could not see how he could have misunderstood them. Then I checked my pad. He had read the *first* item on the page. It read: "I have lost my green pencil. Do you know where it is?"

I pushed the pad toward him again and gestured for him to read the *last* item on the page. But he was too wrought up. He turned to the first mate and bellowed: "Assign a couple of men to find his green pencil—and when you find it, heave the blasted thing overboard!!"

I have retained my old scratch pads; and they make amusing reading, since they are a record of many strange, one-sided conversations. Often I can't tell where the conversation with one person ended and the one with the next person began. On one page I find this:

Please bring my steamer chair here.
Put some ice cream on it.
Wash it first.
In the light of the moon.

Here are two items next to each other on another page:

Go get me an Eskimo Pie.
Get one large enough for four suits, an overcoat and about ten books.

Now what size Eskimo Pie would that be? And here are two more items in curious juxtaposition:

I will lie in the sun in my bathing suit.
With plenty of soda crackers.

And another odd combination stares at me from my pad:

I like your dress very much. I think it is beautiful.
It would be much better if you put a little mayonnaise on it.

I often found that my pencil could not rise to the level of events. On one voyage, my waiter for five consecutive days failed to give me a soup spoon with my soup. On each occasion I courteously wrote: "Will you please bring me a soup spoon?" On the sixth day, however, my patience ran out. I seized my pencil and furiously tore across the page:

"You impossible, wool-gathering nin—"

The pencil broke. I seized another and continued:

"—compoop, your skull must be full of horse—"

That pencil broke, too. I grabbed a third and continued:

"—beans instead of brains. How many times—"

Again the lead snapped, but I pushed the pad at him. Calmly he studied the handwriting.

"I don't know if we can get you the horse beans, sir," he said, "but I'll do my best."

Oh, for the use of my voice at that moment! I would have withered him with one word—and not a bad word, either.

There were even more irritations on shore than aboard ship. One day, as I emerged from the home of a friend, I heard a street-car gong. It was a motorman friend of mine, signalling he wanted to see me. I stepped into the car. As I did so, he slammed shut the door and grasped my hand. "Judge, I'm mighty glad to see you back. Now just don't talk and don't write either. I'll take you right into town."

He turned on the power and sped down the tracks. Frantically I tried to write on my pad to tell him that my automobile was parked close by and would he please let me off. But he refused to look at my pad and carried me into town. Then I had to hire a taxicab to take me back five miles to my parked car.

When the doctor had pronounced

the six months' sentence of silence I felt a sense of tragic loss and self-pity. It seemed that I was to be *in* the world and yet not be *part* of it. Although I became an island in the ocean of sound I did not know whether I would ever be able to float, because the doctor offered no guarantee that I could resume normal speech—even after six months.

I thought of Beethoven, who hurled thunderbolts of crashing melodies through reverberating skies—but who could not hear a sound. I thought of Milton, with his sightless eyes, writing literature that opened visions of Paradise which even the seeing world had not previously known. And I thought of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who, through faith in God and self, vanquished the infantile paralysis which had overtaken him—and made his body obey his indomitable will.

My six months' silence was an ordeal, but the suffering was exquisite. My discomforts were forgotten in the ecstasy of hope. Moreover, I learned that the world talks too much anyway. I never realized how much unnecessary speech I was probably guilty of, until I walked through the world in my robes of silence. ♛

MUSICAL MISADVENTURES

DURING THE LAST WAR Sir Thomas Beecham, the world-famous conductor, had ordered a compartment to himself on a train trip so he could prepare for an upcoming concert.

When Sir Thomas entered the compartment he found no lights, due to a blackout; but he decided to practice conducting the symphony in the dark, making all the instrumental sounds himself.

He carried on with great gusto, his arms swinging wildly, his voice doing powerful imitations, until the train drew into the station. Then the lights went on briefly.

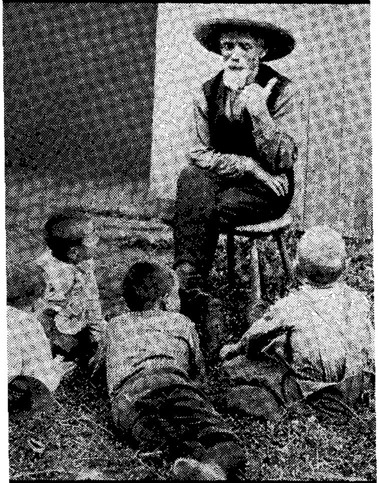
To his consternation and embarrassment, there, huddled in a corner of the brightly illuminated compartment and obviously an unwilling witness to his whole performance, was the most terrified little lady he had ever seen in his life.

—*A. M. A. Journal*

AFTER A KALAMAZOO, Michigan, music shop advertised: "Everything Must Go," burglars decided to lend a hand and hauled away $1700 worth of phonographs, radios and television sets.

—HAROLD HELFER

THE GOOD OLD DAYS



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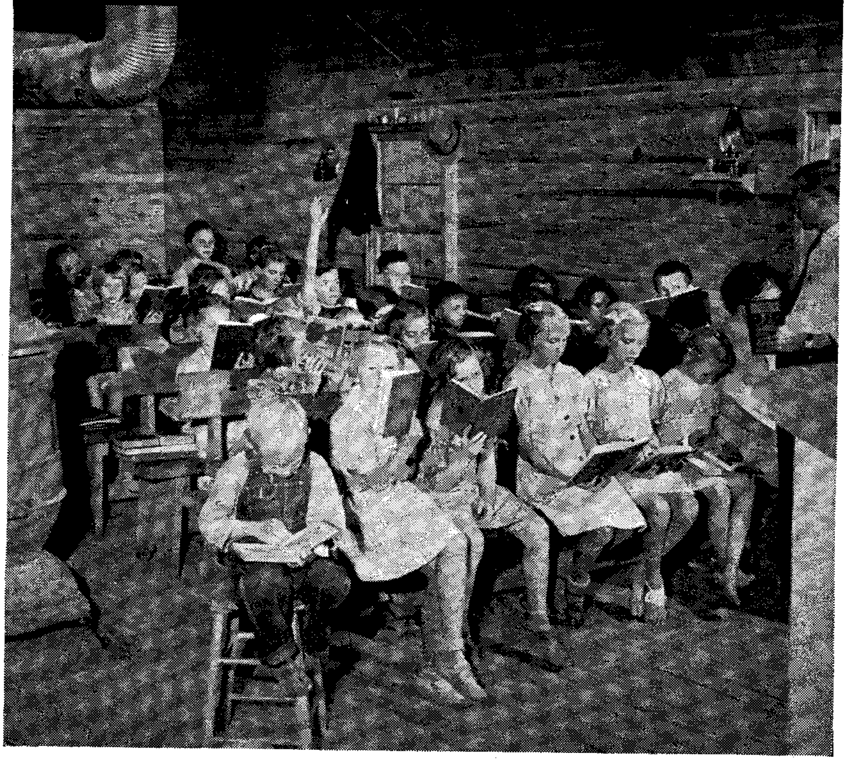
iled by R. J. McGinnis in cooperation with the staff of "The Farm
g Co. Reprinted by permission of Harper and Brothers, New York.

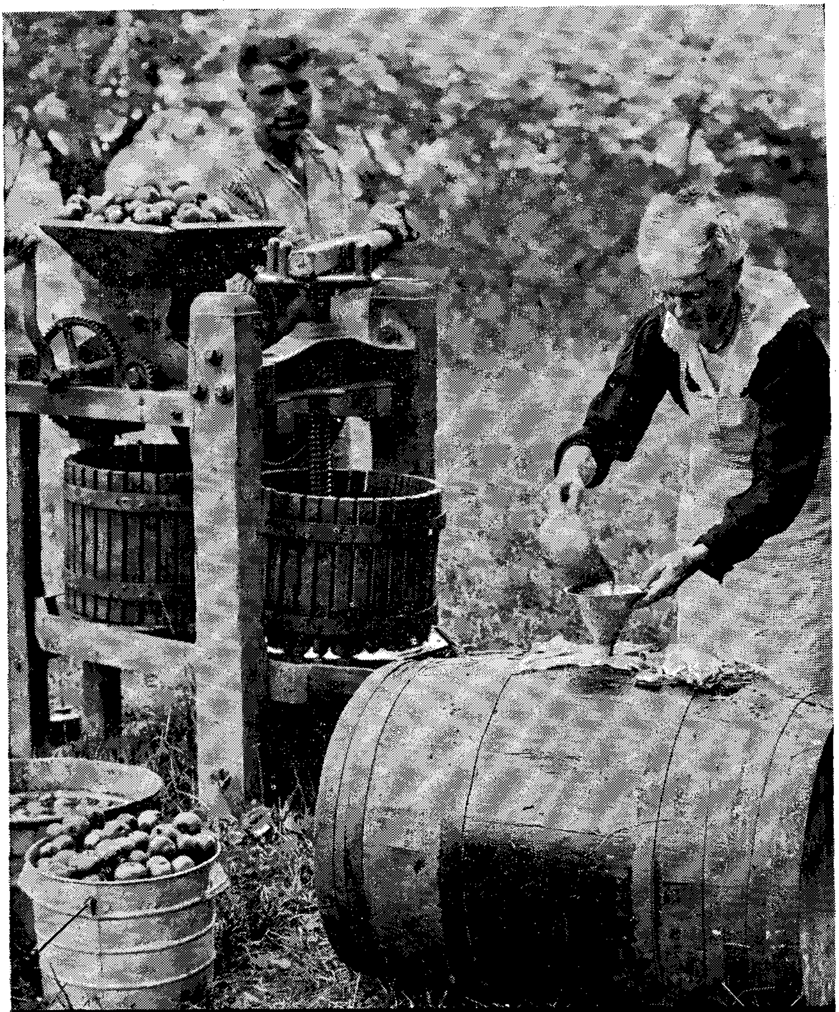
SATURDAY NIGHT: For the small fry, it meant a weekly splash in the tin tub before the kitchen stove. In the drafty room, a mountain range of goose pimples rose on your bare skin. But once you were under the water, you knew a wonderful feeling of comfort. Getting out, however, took raw courage.

SHIVAREE: Originally a serenade for a newly married couple, it became an initiation which introduced them to a community, more horseplay than harmony. The hill folk of Kentucky and Tennessee used to abduct the bride or groom, or both, on their wedding night. A ransom of money, food or wine bought peace and privacy. The shivaree was no trivial matter for the newlyweds, but not to be pestered at all was even worse. Today, along with other old rural institutions like the husking bee and the quilting frolic, it is rapidly becoming only a faint memory.

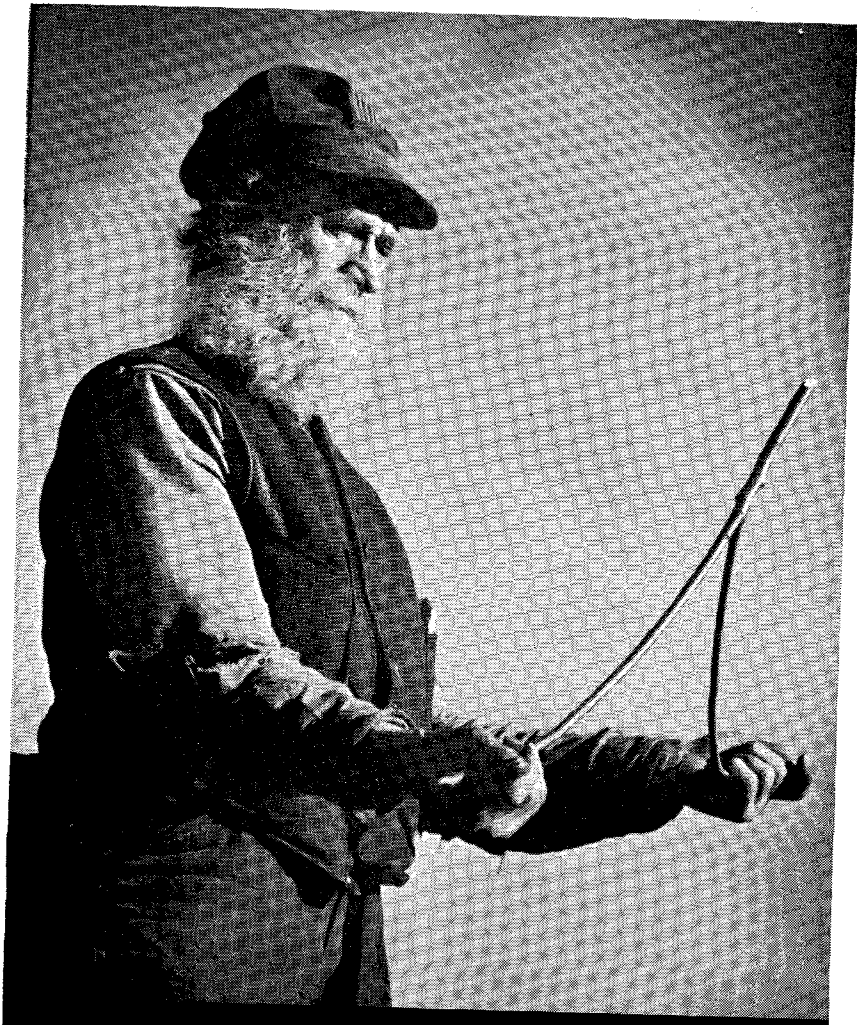
THE RAG CARPET: On long winter evenings, farm women sorted bright scraps of old clothing from their rag bags and sewed them into long, colorful strips. These were brought to the local carpet maker. She wove them into gay throw rugs that brightened the parlor and were cherished until threadbare. Then they made a foot-wiper or a bed for the dog.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE: Those who attended a country school may have forgotten the lessons they learned there. But who could forget the full-bodied aroma of the schoolroom on a winter day? The glowing potbellied stove steamed out a scent of wet jackets drying, remnants of bygone lunches, dust, cobwebs and the musty tang gathered by the room during the summer months. All added up to a fragrant mixture that, once experienced, forever lingers.

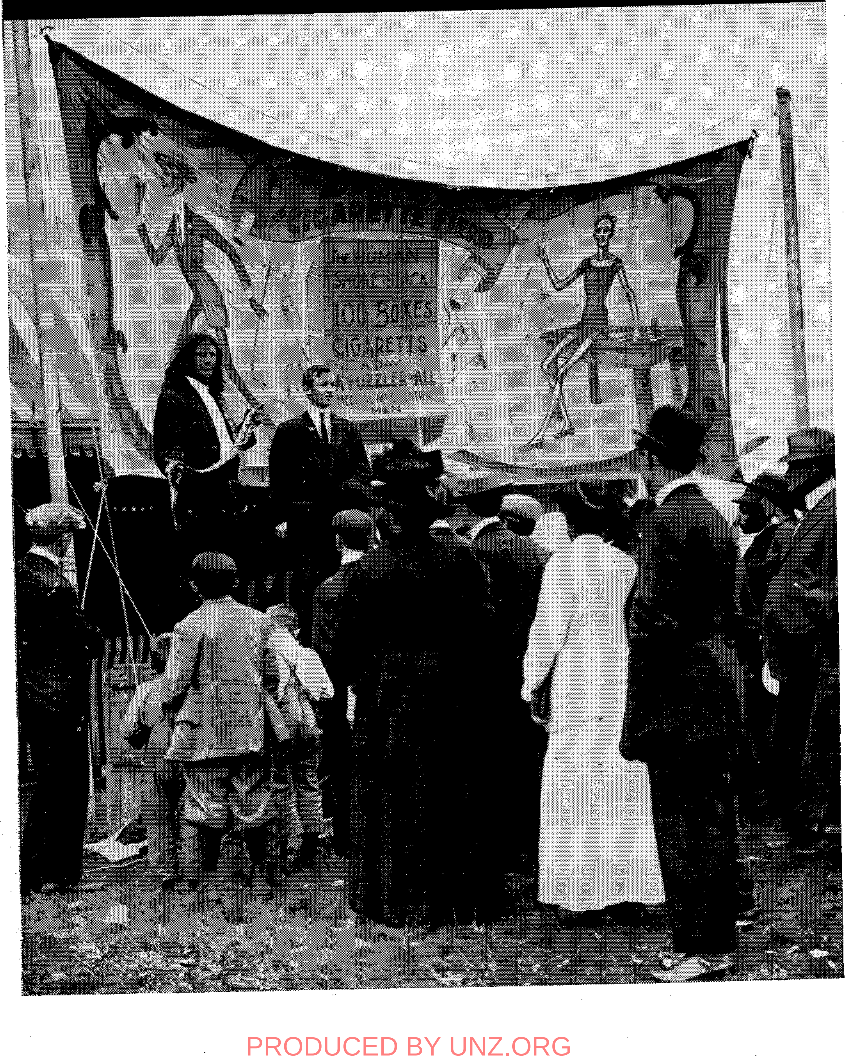




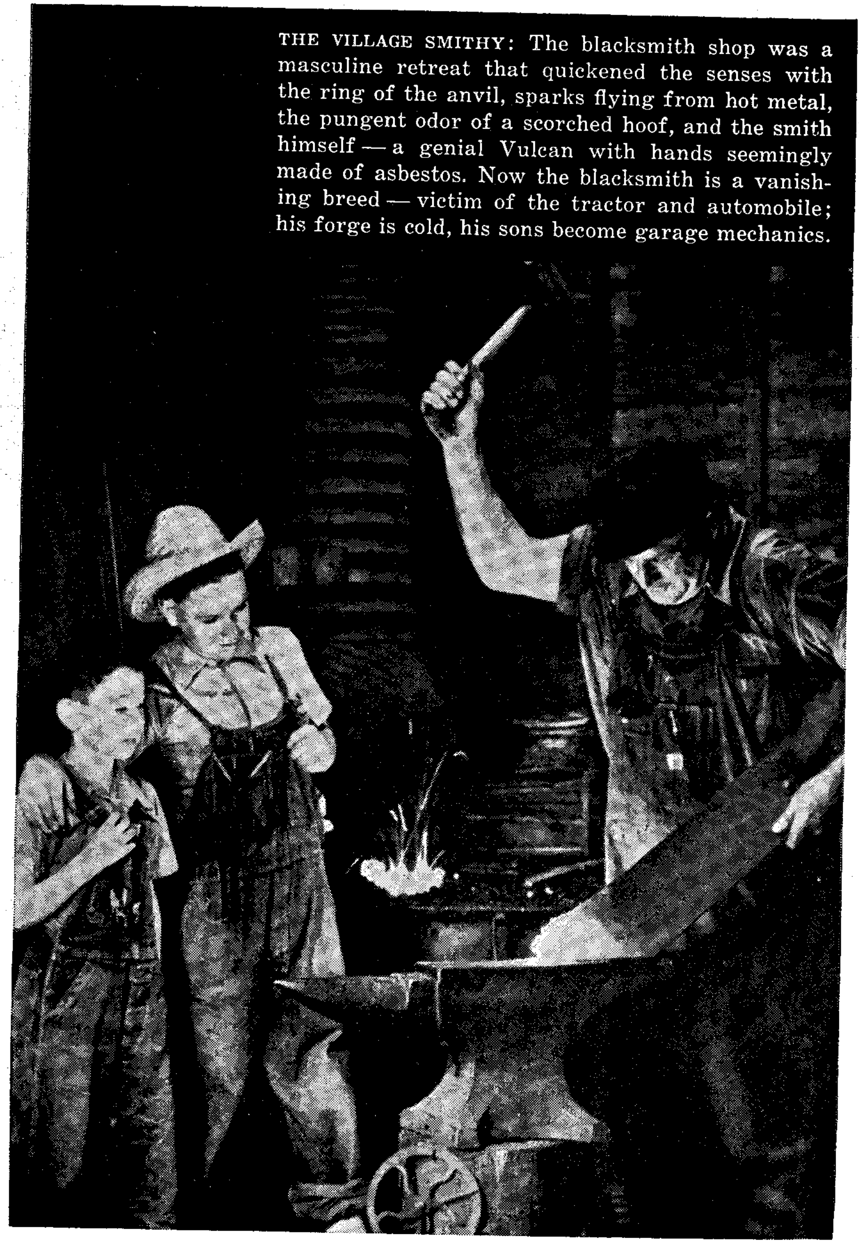
CIDER TIME: Just before the first frost, farmers picked their best apples and stored them in barrels; those knocked down by the wind were pressed into cider. Winesaps, Pippins, Northern Spies, Jonathans, Russets, Rambos, even the lowly Ben Davis—each contributed its own flavor to the blend until a delicious apple smell clung to clothing and bodies.



WATER WITCH: Every community had its queer one—an old codger who was "just plain balmy." This bewhiskered Civil War veteran was the only dowser in his end of the country—and a good one. He and his divining rod could pinpoint uncannily where to dig for water. His fee for "witching" a well was $2, a ham or a side of bacon—whichever was handiest.


CIGARETTE FIEND
THE HUMAN
SMOKESTACK
100 BOXES
CIGARETTS
A PUZZLER TO ALL
MEN

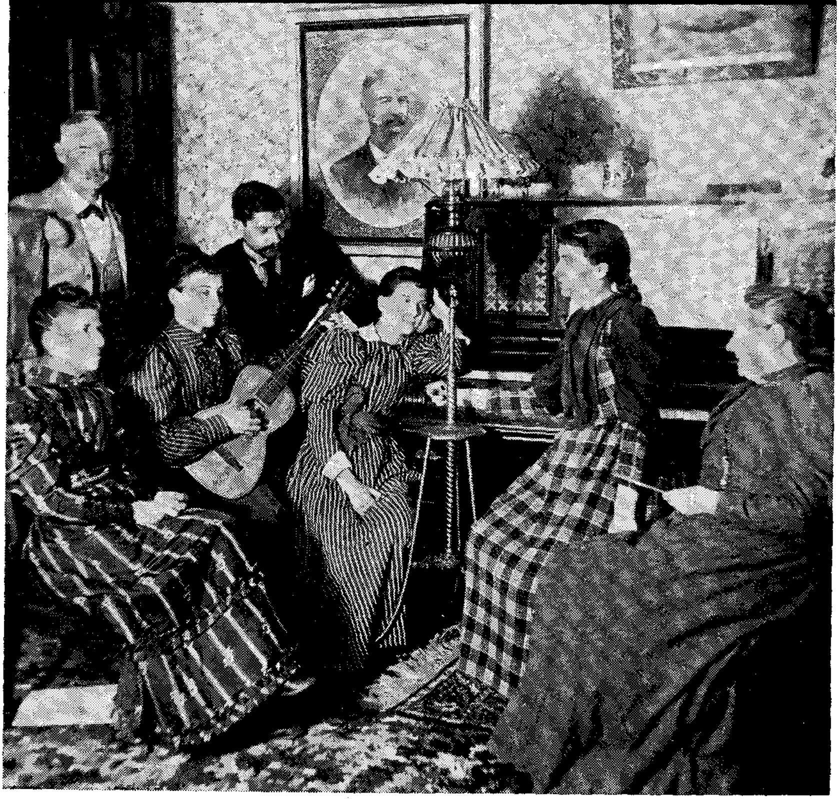
"HURRY, HURRY, HURRY!" The county fair came early in September, when the crops were laid by and there was a slack time, and lasted three memorable days. For the gullible the fairground was all glamor: the dog-faced boy, fat peep-show sirens sweating in the sun, and the amazing "human smokestack," who consumed "100 boxes of cigarettes a day!" Folks came from miles around to see these marvels.

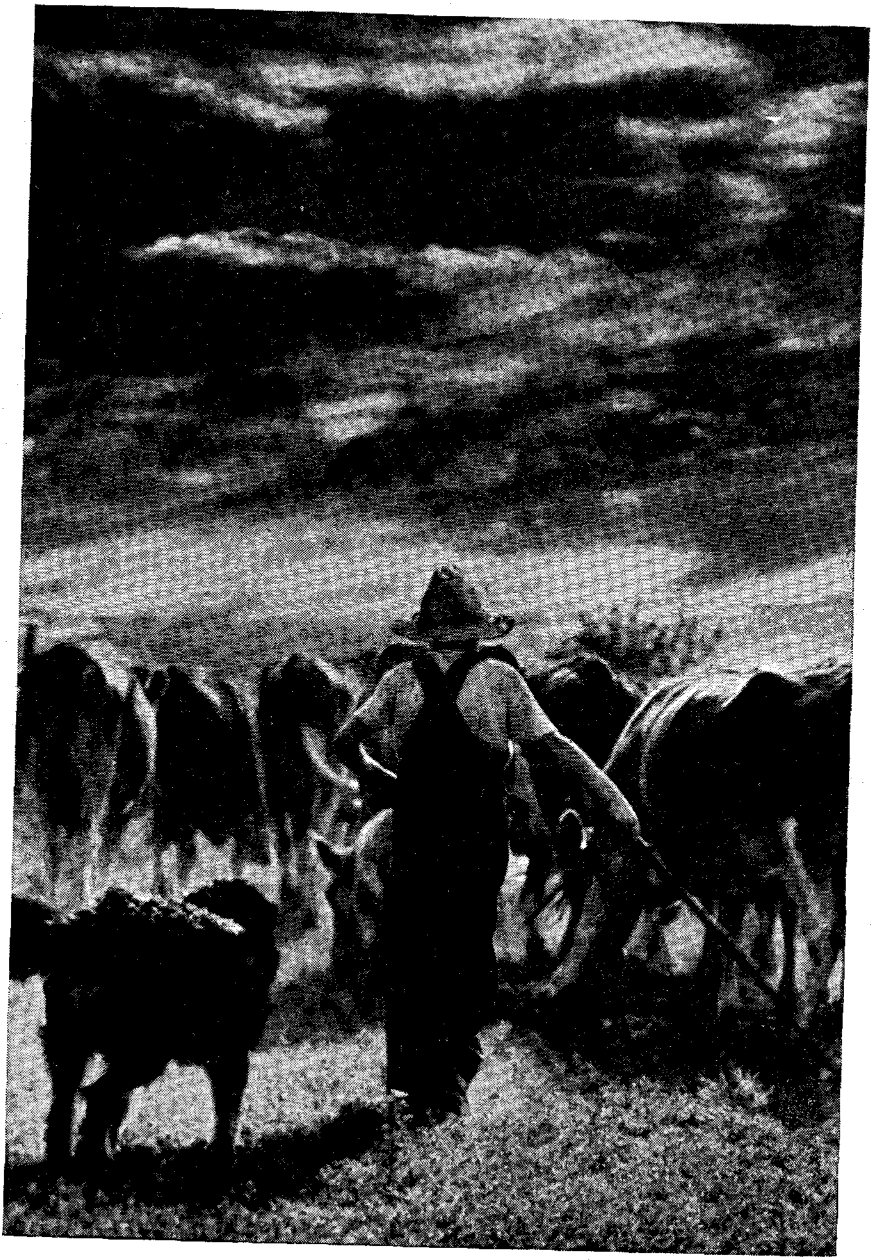


THE VILLAGE SMITHY: The blacksmith shop was a masculine retreat that quickened the senses with the ring of the anvil, sparks flying from hot metal, the pungent odor of a scorched hoof, and the smith himself — a genial Vulcan with hands seemingly made of asbestos. Now the blacksmith is a vanishing breed — victim of the tractor and automobile; his forge is cold, his sons become garage mechanics.

THE FINER THINGS: Before the telephone and the daily mail, each farm was an isolated island. Yet there was a thirst for culture and companionship, once the day's struggle for the necessities of life was put aside. Music clubs flourished and song fests cheered the dark nights with *Listen to the Mockingbird*, and other tunes learned at the last Chautauqua.

UP WITH THE SUN: Dawn, for the farm boy, was a time of adventure. As he drove the herd to pasture, cowbells tinkling through the curtain of mist, the lonely lane became a highway into the unknown, and his simple chore a journey full of imagined dangers. There was a peace and beauty along the cow path that found our hearts and has never let go.





BY DON MURRAY

Pasadena: where they light up the stars

There's always a talent scout in its audience . . . seeking a star on its stage

WHEN MOVIE STAR Carolyn Jones was 15 years old she had a budding talent and figure, a full-grown ambition and the good sense to head from her Texas home to the Pasadena (California) Playhouse College of Theatre Arts up in the hills a bit from Hollywood and Vine. She fibbed about her age, for you are supposed to be about 18 and at least a high school graduate to be accepted. She put in two tough years learning to walk, talk, put on make-up, dance, paint sets, memorize lines and act. At last she walked onto the big Pasadena stage and starred in Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke*. This is what happened as a result:

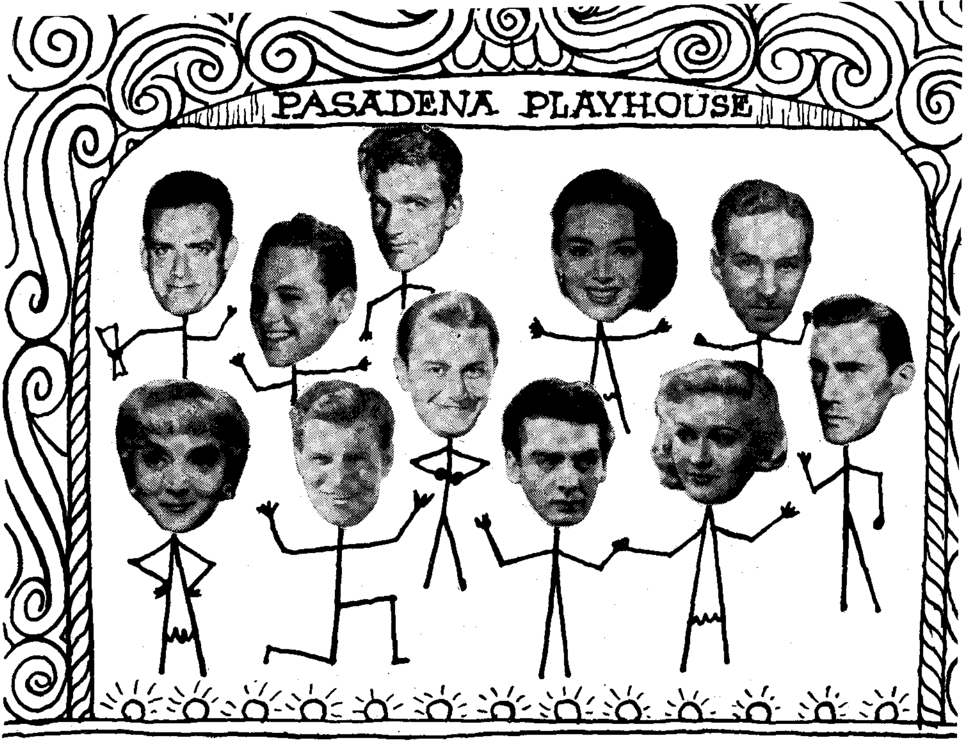
1. Writer-producer-director Aaron Spelling was in the audience; he chose her to appear in a play.
2. A movie talent scout who was there signed her to a long-term Paramount contract.
3. He also cast her in a role in *The Turning Point* with William Holden and Edmond O'Brien.
4. She went on to become a television and movie star.
5. She married Aaron Spelling.

Carolyn Jones is just one of hundreds of youngsters who have found theatrical fame and fortune during the past 43 years at the Pasadena Playhouse. This is both the most famous community theater in the world—actually it has five theaters—and a school which Hollywood's *Daily Variety* calls "the greatest single source of new theatrical talent in the U.S."

The 250 young men and women students at the Pasadena Playhouse College know about Carolyn Jones and other alumni who have "made it." They tell and retell these legends as they rest between classes at the school. They pay $750 a year in tuition to be taught to ee-nun-see-ate and to hold graceful, aching, throbbing, fencing poses.

The legendary discoveries at Pasadena steel their determination as they practice over and over again such sterling lines as, "Oh dear, I fear the Vicar's coming up the walk, now of all times."

The whispered rumor, "That man



Playhouse scrapbook contains alumni photos of (bottom) Carolyn Jones, Robert Preston, Robert Young, Victor Mature, Marilyn Maxwell, John Carradine; (top) Raymond Burr, William Holden, James Arness, Barbara Rush and Lloyd Nolan.

in the third row, he's a talent scout," is heard in most theaters around the country, but is rarely true. At Pasadena there are almost always movie and television talent scouts—and producers and directors—in the audience. Many are graduates, and sometimes they attend rehearsals and classes to observe and teach.

This is why the youngsters at Pasadena are always "on." They are driven by the mysterious, insatiable hunger for an audience which makes actresses and actors.

Robert Young is one who often fell asleep backstage between walk-ons. He worked days chalking up stock quotations in a local brokerage house to pay his tuition as a night student at the Playhouse. Dana Andrews worked his way by tending a pump at a nearby gas station.

Martha Hyer took a summer course. A talent scout watched her read just one role and signed her up before school started.

Hers is an unusual case—even at Pasadena. Usually the lightning strikes only after years of hard work. Robert Preston is a Playhouse graduate. Others include Louise Albritton, Marilyn Maxwell, Victor Jory, John Carradine, Earl Holliman, Kim Stanley, Lee J. Cobb. Well-known directors, producers, nightclub entertainers and writers have also come from Pasadena.

The first gift given any of these people was exposure; the second, experience. Lloyd Nolan appeared in 28 plays in one year. "I played everything from matinee idol to murderer," he says. "I owe what success I have to this broad experience."

One Playhouse student some years back, a handsome, rather irresponsible lad from Louisville, Kentucky, was often late to class. For two years he showed little talent, but carried scenery and collected tickets. As a reward he was allowed a part in *Autumn Crocus,* played to a small audience. At the end of his second year his family asked him to come home. He agreed. Then a big Pasadena production fell through, and a substitute had to be found. *Autumn Crocus* was chosen. A girl at the school was told, "Call in the cast." She took her order literally and called Louisville, Kentucky. The family anteed up the money for the boy to return.

The play was produced on the big stage and Hal Roach was in the audience. He offered the boy a contract on the spot—and Victor Mature became a movie star.

The faculty tries to discourage students who have no aptitude for show business, but they point out there is really no way to tell who will become a star. They tell the story of Barbara Rush, who worked her way through school at hard, dirty work in the school print shop. But poverty was not her biggest problem. She was too fat. She not only worked hard studying and earning money, but also at dieting and exercising. Finally Milton Lewis of Paramount Pictures strolled in one day and watched a group of students reading through Shaw's *Cleopatra.* Barbara Rush was taking her turn as Cleopatra. Lewis signed her to a movie contract immediately.

THE PASADENA Playhouse College runs two five-week Summer Talent Finder Courses, where for $97 tuition youngsters can attempt to find out if they really want to study acting—and if they have the equipment. The 100 students in each session spend the first week working in groups of not more than 15. They have an audition, followed by acting exercises—improvisations, pantomimes, studies in emotional recall and concentration. After a week they are grouped on the basis of talent and are given scripts which they study, rehearse and perform.

At the end of the term there is an individual conference with the teacher. Four full-tuition scholarships are awarded to the best students, but many of them are advised to continue a conventional college education. Only about a third of the summer students end up at the Playhouse college.

The Pasadena Playhouse School has partly maintained its strong professional atmosphere as a self-sustaining theater charging up to $3.60 a seat. The enterprise is not underwritten by a foundation, a grant or any other form of subsidy. The annual theater budget of $168,000 and school budget of $225,000 are paid from box-office receipts, tuition and a few gifts.

The college is authorized by the State of California to use the honorary title of "State Theater of California." Students who bring two years of college credit to Pasadena can finish their work for a B.A. at the school. A year of graduate study leads to a Master of Arts.

Pasadena is one of the few drama schools approved under the G.I. Bill, and one of two approved by the State Department for foreign students. In recent years there have been students from India, Japan, Germany, France and other countries. Since the college is not accredited by other colleges, students cannot transfer conveniently. But many colleges have accepted Pasadena students and given them credit for the work they have done there.

The mission-type theater building in the center of the Pasadena business section, guarded by great palms, seats 854 people, and the stage, larger than most on Broadway, is magnificently deep. There are five miles of rope for changing sets on the main stage. Behind this are shops where backdrops 40 feet by 24 feet can be painted.

A six-story college building, with a roof garden, houses classes in physical exercise, dancing and fencing. On one floor there are five large classroom-rehearsal halls; on another are special rooms with electronic aids for speech training.

Dean Robert Rence explains: "The Playhouse does not teach a 'style of acting.' We believe that each actor must learn to distinguish between life truth—or reality—and theatrical truth, and to communicate the latter to an audience." In other words the ideal Playhouse product is not a member of an acting school or a personality—he's a theatrical pro.

The whole school reflects this spirit of professionalism. Such respected people as dancer Ruth St. Denis; the late director Margo Jones and actor Onslow Stevens have been on the faculty. Many of the teachers have professional credits: Charles Koon is set designer for the Lawrence Welk show; Sellwyn Myers has directed eight plays on Broadway; Julia Farnsworth was the first woman television director on the West Coast and Loy Norrix has directed Shakespearean plays at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Board of Trustees includes George Murphy, producer Albert McCleery and director Herschel Daugherty; its advisory council includes playwrights Elmer Rice and Paul Green, actress Beulah Bondi. The Director of Admissions, Audrey O'Hara, is a working actress.

The Playhouse wardrobe has more than 100,000 items, ranging from hoop skirts to Roman togas. There is a television studio on the third floor, and a closed telecasting circuit.

In front of the big theater there is a handsome California patio, and around it two small balcony theaters and a ground floor theater, each seating about 60 people. There is also a theater-in-the-round, housed in a separate building.

The Pasadena Playhouse was born in 1916 when some Pasadena citizens brought Gilmore Brown (active at the Playhouse until his death last January) and his Savoy Players from Hutchinson, Kansas, to start a community theater. The Savoy Players' first production—*Song of Lady Lotus Eyes*—opened on November 20, 1917. The prologue was a solo dance by a tiny girl. Her name was Martha Graham—later she developed into one of America's most famous dancers.

The only time the theater closed down was during the flu epidemic in World War I, and only after they put on three performances of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* with both the audience and the cast wearing the gauze masks required by law.

In 1917 the Pasadena Playhouse inhabited the Shakespeare Club; in 1918 it used an old burlesque house. In 1924, when the fire department condemned the hall, 500 fund-raising volunteers went from door to door and in 90 days raised $183,000 with which to build a theater. In 1928 the school was started with 20 students, and during the Depression another door-to-door campaign kept Pasadena's portals open.

Fannie E. Morrison, a former Bostonian, was sometimes shocked by what was produced on the Pasadena stage, but supported the school financially. She paid off a $175,000 note on the main theater. In 1935, shown a pasteboard model of a proposed school building, she paced off the site and said, "I'll pay for it all." That, too, cost $175,000.

The Pasadena Playhouse has produced nearly 3,500 plays. It claims to be the only theater in the world which has put on all of Shakespeare's plays. It claims to have produced more world premières than any theater in the world, including the Comédie Française, which was founded in 1680.

Leafing through old pictures at the Playhouse you can see stills from a Saroyan play produced in 1959, and another in 1929. Eve Arden appeared in *Hullabaloo* in 1932, and Robert Taylor was in Playhouse workshop shows when his name was Spangler Arlington Brugh. Robert Young and Randolph Scott were on stage in 1929 in *Nellie, Beautiful Model* and Shaw's *Man and Superman.* Lee J. Cobb and the late Wayne Morris were in *Salome* in 1934, the year that Victor Jory played the title role in *The Virginian. Colonel Satan* in 1943 featured Raymond Burr and John Carradine. In 1952 alumni Burr, Dana Andrews, Edgar Buchanan and Gig Young were all in *Valley Forge.* The 1937 cast of *Ethan Frome* included Onslow Stevens, Robert Preston and Don DeFore. Martha Graham appeared in four mainstage shows.

There are many memories: Dana Andrews rushing in for an entrance, and falling into the elevator shaft; "Randy" Scott having to sweat out his Southern drawl to play a Russian; Hugh Marlowe speaking his lines in *Yellow Jack* with great aplomb despite the fact that his pants had fallen.

The most moving memories are

those of people who have not only found careers, but found themselves. Marilyn Maxwell was sent to the Playhouse for 18 months of study by M-G-M when her name was Marvel Maxwell. James Arness—then Aurness—was in *Fashion* during a 1948 Midsummer Drama Festival. Eleanor Parker was a "scared, shy, trembly little girl from Cleveland" who refused to try out for a musical her first year at the school. Yet she went on to become a star in the movies.

The odds of breaking into show business run 1,000 to one, or more, but the Pasadena Playhouse can document the fact that most of its graduates get jobs in Hollywood, and that one of each ten students even becomes prominent there as an actor, director, writer, producer, make-up expert, stage manager, lighting specialist or agent.

Most dramatic, however, are the evenings when an unknown, scared kid goes "on" at Pasadena and in just three acts takes a giant step toward stardom. It's happened many times, and it will happen again—perhaps tonight. For the big stage at the Pasadena Playhouse is truly the place where the stars light up.

IN APRIL CORONET

BACKACHES: HOW MEDICINE COMBATS THEM

Backaches today afflict more than 24,000,000 Americans—but doctors now have discovered new ways of pinpointing the causes of this painful malady. Here's a factual report on how they're fighting back with a variety of new drugs and medical techniques.

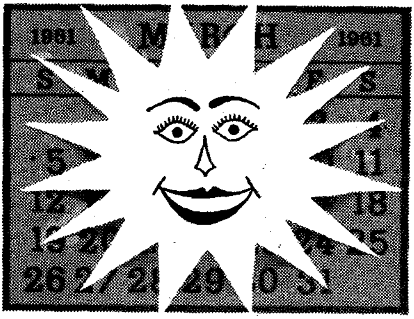
THE CIVIL WAR'S FORGOTTEN FACES

To commemorate the Civil War's 100th anniversary, CORONET presents a special treasury of little-known photographs from that compelling era—with accompanying text by the noted American writer, Wallace Stegner.

WE'RE SCARING OUR KIDS OUT OF COLLEGE

We've terrified our children by overstressing the challenge of getting into college, says one of the nation's leading guidance counselors. In a hard-hitting article, he gives parents and students valuable advice on how to ease the tensions that make going to college seem like an ordeal.

BY PATIENCE ZAWEDSKY



"Hustle while you wait"

Waiting can be fun, once you stop fuming and start doing

"What are you doing, Mommy?" asked my six-year-old son, as I marked a large X on the calendar.

"Crossing the day off," I explained patiently, "so I know how much longer I have to wait for the new baby."

"Oh." Gravely, he nodded his understanding. "Just like Mrs. Withers. She crosses the days off, too."

This was a typical six-year-old puzzler. Mrs. Withers, at 75, was obviously too old to be expecting a baby. "What is Mrs. Withers waiting for?" I asked.

"Everybody knows that," my son informed me loftily. "She even told me. She's waiting to die."

Although that conversation took place three years ago, my son's answer still shocks me. More important, however, it started me wondering. How many of us, I asked myself, are merely gentlemen or ladies in waiting, X-ing out our everyday moments until there's nothing left to wait for but death?

Right then and there I decided to stop crossing off my days and to start making each one worth living. But where and how to begin? It wasn't until early next morning that another question from a child—my three-year-old—gave me a clue.

"How many days until Hallowe'en?" he asked excitedly. "I can't wait until Hallowe'en!"

"Why in the world are you waiting for Hallowe'en?" I asked, with a sudden inspiration, "when *today* is here already?"

"Today?" he asked suspiciously. "What's today?"

"Today is Tuesday," I told him with a smile, "the day we're going to go to the supermarket and get a lollipop and make a big orange pumpkin to decorate the window." My new non-waiting policy paid off almost immediately.

"Hey, Johnny!" I heard my son shout to his older brother. "You know what day this is? It's make-a-pumpkin day!"

Make-a-pumpkin day! What a wonderful, round, happy sound the words had! How could you fail to enjoy a day with such a joyous name? Suddenly I began to wonder what else I could find that would make this day unique and wonderful. Once I started looking for them, the small miracles of the world tumbled into my consciousness like coins in an old treasure chest that had only been waiting to be unlocked.

On the front path, a dark red dahlia had opened up overnight. Instead of hurrying past it on the way to market, I paused to enjoy its deep, rich beauty. The boys, already halfway to the car, came running back to see what I was doing.

"I'm looking at this flower," I told them, "because it's so beautiful and it may not be here tomorrow."

"The same as the leaves?" asked my older son. My eyes followed his to the gold and scarlet of the trees overhead. "Yes," I nodded, "like the leaves. They're falling down already and can't wait until tomorrow for us to enjoy them."

"Like wild strawberries and mushrooms," Johnny, the six-year-old, said suddenly. "They're only here for a little while, too."

"And ice cream," added his brother, with three-year-old sageness. "Because it melts."

It was a new game for the children—discovering all the wonders of here and now. But for me it was more. It was a new look at the old world I had been taking for granted as I rushed through it.

There were other enchantments to follow on that day of discovery: the smell of roast beef cooking and the smoke from my husband's pipe; the sounds of birds in the trees and the music from our neighbor's hi-fi; the feel of my children's satin-soft skin as I bathed them, the warmth of the water and the sting of the shower on my own body.

"You forgot to cross off today on the calendar," my six-year-old reminded me as I tucked him into bed. "Does that mean you're not waiting for the baby anymore?"

I paused for a moment before I answered. "It means," I said, finding the right words at last, "that I'm looking *forward* to the baby; just like you and your brother are looking forward to Hallowe'en; just like we can both look forward to tomorrow and the day after."

I'm not sure that he understood the difference, but I did. "Looking forward" had a happy sound, while "waiting" sounded dismal and boring. And as I lay in my bed that night, I realized that I could look backwards on the beauties of that day, just as I could look forward to the fun and wonders of tomorrow, just as I could enjoy the moment at hand when I snuggled between fresh-smelling sheets with the feeling of drowsiness creeping over me. Life had taken on three dimensions instead of one; and I prayed, for the first time, the prayer that I have said every night since: "Thank you, dear Lord, for yesterday, today and tomorrow."

Once you become conscious of waitfulness, you will begin to notice it all around you. We all know people who spend their lives "waiting for their ship to come in," but never dipping in an oar to speed it along. We have all met the man who tells us, with apparent wisdom: "Everything comes to him who waits." To this kind of passive philosopher we should reply, as Thomas A. Edison did: "Everything comes to him who *hustles* while he waits." I've tried it, and know Mr. Edison was right—for me and for most of us.

Then there are the young parents whose constant complaint is: "I can't wait until my baby takes his first step, or says his first word, or cuts his first tooth." How much they are missing by not enjoying their baby as he is now, today, and will never be tomorrow or the day after.

If we tune in our eyes and ears to the people around us, we soon discover that life is filled with "little waits" as well as big ones. We find that many of us X off precious minutes and hours, as well as whole days.

It wasn't long after "make-a-pumpkin" day that I became aware of these "little waits." I was sitting in the doctor's office, leafing through an old magazine and stewing because the clock read three—and my appointment was for 2:30. Finally, the woman next to me said, "I can't stand all this waiting. It's such a waste of time."

I nodded in agreement, and when I looked around the room I saw that the other patients felt the same way. All except one woman who was too busy to agree. She was concentrating on counting the stitches in the argyle socks she was knitting. Suddenly I realized that she was the only one present who was using the waiting room for more than waiting. For her, it was an accomplishing room.

From that time on, I have never gone to any waiting room without being prepared for accomplishment. I've found that you can tuck all the equipment you need for accomplishing into a purse or carry-all. Maybe the only equipment you need is pen and paper. Then you can catch up on all those letters you've been meaning to write to old friends and family. And when you're finished, you'll have given yourself the morning mail to look forward to.

Perhaps your equipment will be knitting needles or sewing materials. Then, while other people are waiting out the boredom of a train or bus trip, you can be mending, knitting or sewing. It's amazing the number of dolls' clothes or sweaters that can be completed as the miles speed by. And by using your waiting time creatively, you'll be giving yourself that smile of pleasure on your daughter's or husband's face to look forward to.

Only the other day I realized how radically my outlook has changed. In the fifth month of my present pregnancy, I met a friend who was in her sixth. After comparing notes for several minutes, she complained: "It's really not the discomfort that bothers me. It's the *waiting*!"

"Not me," I replied promptly. "I discovered years ago that waiting can be half the fun!"

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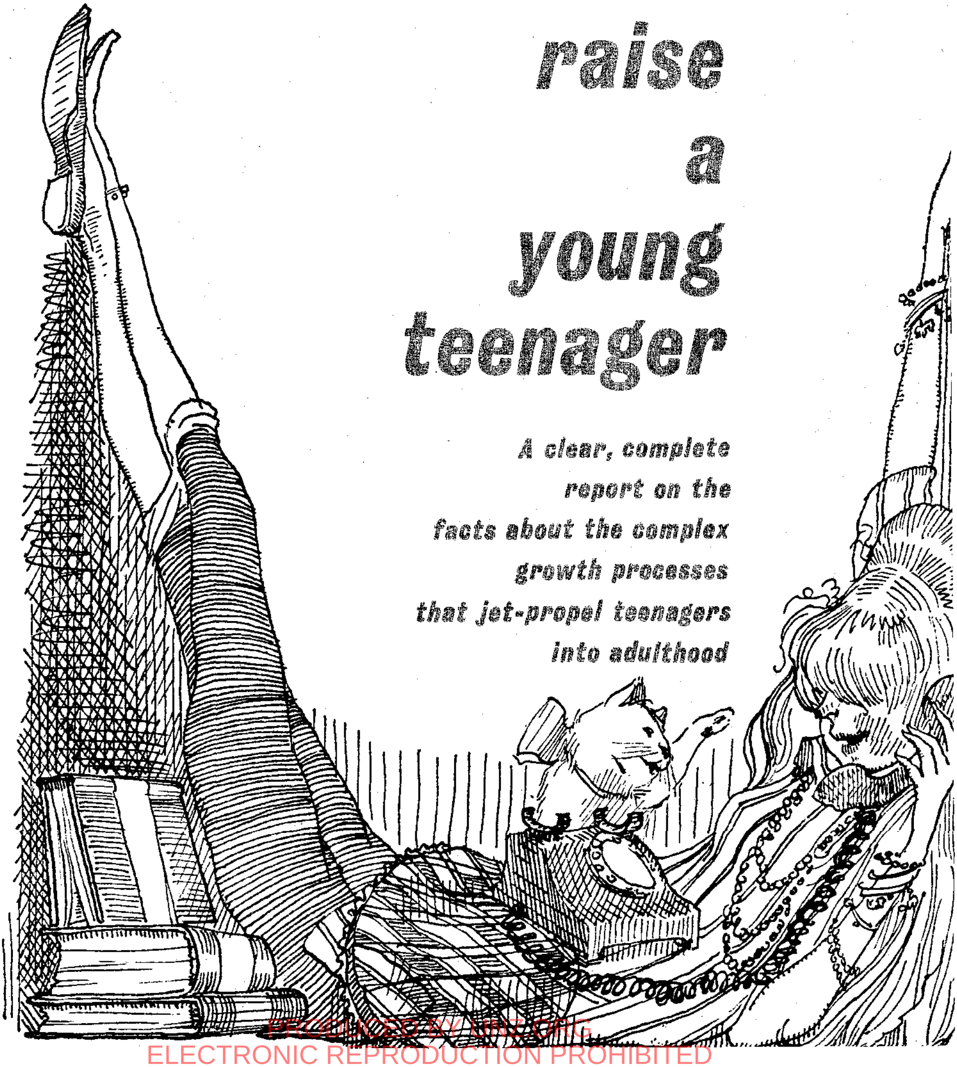
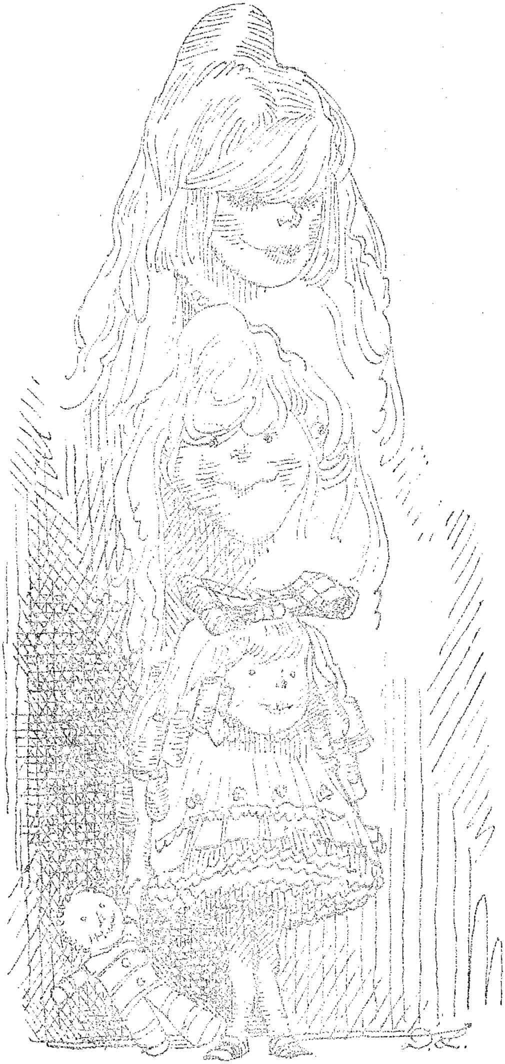
A special project by the Editors of Coronet

How to raise a young teenager

A clear, complete report on the facts about the complex growth processes that jet-propel teenagers into adulthood



When children reach their teens, a season of stormy living sets in for everyone in the home. So it has always been and probably always will. It is characteristic of this anxious era, however, to dissect and question every aspect of our fast-changing lives. Thus, the "teenage problem" has become not simply one of the seven ages of man, to be lived through in the tears and laughter of all life, but a national issue. The probing has also brought us much new knowledge about the stresses that accompany the transition from child to adult. Understanding what makes our vexing, perplexing teenagers tick can help us guide them to maturity with a minimum of wear and tear on harried parents or growing child. To help parents reach this understanding, the Editors of CORONET have devoted months to research with leading authorities and the best literature on adolescence. The second of a series of complete in-depth studies on a variety of subjects, this special section examines the most critical phase of youth: the years from 13 through 15. From the relatively stable foundation of childhood the youth suddenly reaches a precarious bridge outward toward the dim shore of adulthood. Swaying from extreme to extreme with a tightrope walker's jerky balance, sometimes glancing back to the safety behind, sometimes making false steps forward, he needs all the support and encouragement he can get. But already he is on his own and there's no turning back.



THE BASIC FACT OF ADOLESCENCE IS RAPID GROWTH

Nothing in life can compare with the great surge of growth that begins in the early teens. In a few short years boys and girls are transformed from children into persons capable of producing children. This transition is called *puberty,* from a Latin word meaning "adult." Physiologically, the arrival of puberty, at an average age of 12 for girls, 14 for boys, triggers tremendous body change. Emotional and social maturity often lag behind this physical development.

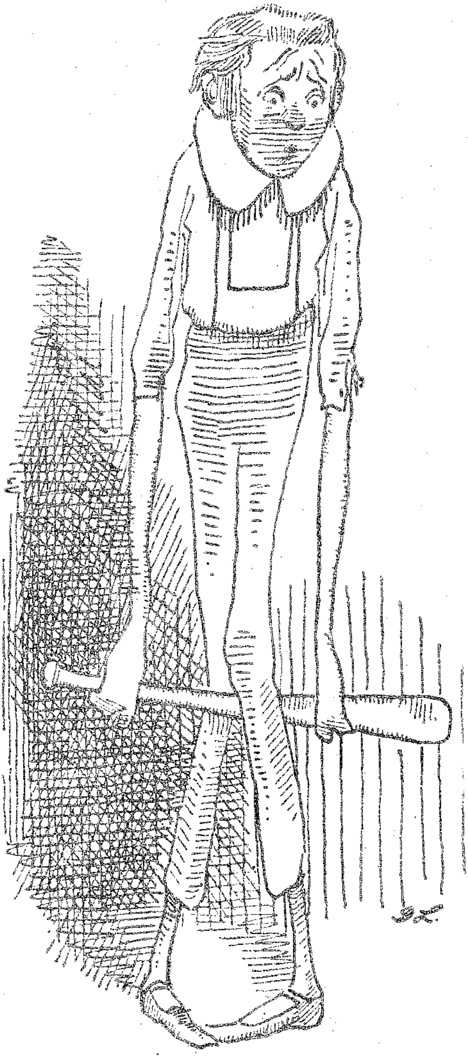
The great changes of puberty are set in motion by the *endocrine glands.* These begin to manufacture *hormones* (chemicals that stimulate body development and activity) when the brain signals a "need to grow up." The master gland is the *pituitary,* hanging from a stalk at the base of the brain. It regulates height and size. It also activates the sex glands, which produce not only female eggs and male sperm, but male and female hormones to spur the development of masculine and feminine characteristics. The *thyroid* gland controls the rate of body functioning in turning food into tissue and energy, also sets the menstrual cycle. As hormones pour from these glands into the blood stream to each body cell, the first signs of puberty appear.

Body hair begins to sprout—around age 12 in boys, earlier in girls, reaching nearly full growth by 15.

Breast development in girls precedes the onset of puberty itself, which is marked by the first menstrual period. When boys are capable of ejaculating semen, puberty has arrived. With it may come the undesirable, but *not abnormal*, practice of masturbation. Doctors emphasize that it does not cause pimples, insanity or physical weakness. But feelings of guilt associated with masturbation may have lasting consequences.

Menstruation begins on the average at 13 and eight-tenths years in the U. S. Brunettes, it seems, begin earlier than blondes. The *menstrual flow* may be preceded by cramps and back pains, increased blood pressure and feelings of being chilly, tired or tense. The interval between periods may vary, from four to six weeks, and a girl's own cycle is subject to change. Girls are *not* "unwell" during their period. Showers or baths are not harmful; neither are normal sports and exertions.

A boy's fastest growth comes between 13 and 16. Girls grow fastest just before puberty, and often gain an inch or so over boys between 11 and 14. Then boys catch up and pass them. Girls who reach puberty late generally continue to increase



their height. By the time they begin to menstruate, girls have nearly reached their full stature. Preparing for motherhood, the body widens at the hips, nipples darken and a padding of protective fat rounds the figure. By 15, girls actually get weaker and can no longer throw, run or jump as well as they could at 13. And they don't want to!

SPEED OF GROWTH IS AMAZING

Boys have been known to grow a foot in one year. Four and five inches a year are routine at the peak rate of growth. But not all parts grow at the same speed. Arms and legs outdistance the torso, hands and feet are too big for the limbs, and the nervous system, lagging behind, hasn't full control over body movements. Result: the gangly look and clumsiness of young teeners. This is the age of knocking over lamps, tripping, broken bones and sprains.

Noses lengthen and mouths widen, cheeks grow thinner and foreheads broaden. The chin is the last of the facial features to develop, sometimes giving teen faces a "vacant" expression and a wide look from ear to ear. Adolescent emotional miseries can be caused by these irregular growth rates.

Weight is increased in proportion to height. At birth we have about 350 bones. Some of these grow together, and adults have about 206. By early teens, the full 28 "regular" teeth are present; wisdom teeth appear later.

The heart quickly grows in size during the years from 12 to 17, but arteries and blood vessels grow more slowly, sometimes causing harmless adolescent "spells" of fast pulse. Normally, the pulse rate slows in the teens. More oxygen and rest now are needed for extra growth. Lungs breathe deeper. Sleeping late is healthy.

Apocrine glands under the skin now give off the perfume of male and female adult scent. Oil glands on skin and scalp produce oily skin and hair, requiring careful washing. Sweat glands become more active and teenagers are surprised and embarrassed by increased perspiration. The odor, not present in children, appears with puberty.

Acne, or pimples, is commonplace in the early teens. It causes adolescents untold anguish. The skin on face, neck and back produces oils faster than they can be disposed of. This material collects in pores and when it decays, the body throws it off in little pustules. Most acne goes away in a year or two, once the skin adjusts to the new state of affairs. Careful bowel habits, washing and avoidance of too many sweets and fatty foods can reduce pimples in some cases.

Voice change in boys comes about six months after the start of puberty. It is caused by a thickening of the vocal cords in response to male hormones released by the testes. These hormones also stimulate such male characteristics as growth of hair on the face, chest and limbs—though it is incorrect to regard an abundance of such hair as a proof of "manliness." Nor should a small amount of hair on a girl's face or breast region be taken as unfeminine. The hairline recedes slightly at forehead and temples soon after puberty.

Energy is abundant in 13- and 14-year-olds, but it's erratic. Inner tensions cause some fatigue, particularly eyestrain and nervousness. Twitching and small tics also may be evident. These are the years of endless face-scratching, fiddling with cutlery at dinner and other nervous gestures.

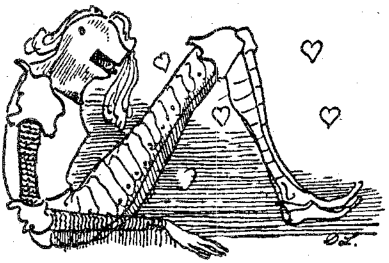
WATCH OUT FOR DIET DEFICIENCIES

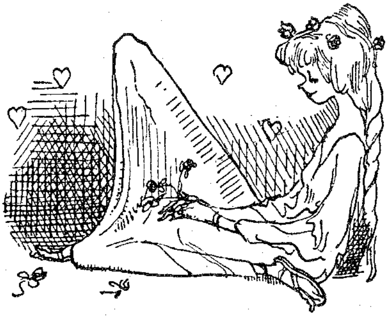
"In general, the eating habits of high school students are the poorest of any age group," says Dr. Ruth Strang of Columbia Teacher's College. "Their diets are deficient in milk, green and yellow vegetables and citrus fruits, suggesting vitamin and mineral deficiency." The American Dental Association estimates that less than four percent of these students are free from dental defects.

A youth growing has a wolf in his belly. (Anonymous)

The younger teenagers are less likely to have nutrition problems. They eat huge amounts of food, needed to fuel their accelerated growth and intense physical activity. Snacks after school and before bedtime are part of the pattern. Breakfast is often skimped.

By the time the first stage of adolescence is completed, around the 16th birthday, boys will have 95 percent of their growth and a good start on the outward signs of manliness; girls are well on the way to becoming women. The worst physical stresses are over, accomplished in a span amazingly brief, by a process incredibly intricate.





EMOTIONAL DEVELOPMENT

The physical changes of adolescence are easy to see; the important emotional development going on at the same time is harder to recognize and to understand. *"For no area of development during the in-between years is adult understanding . . . more needed* *than in regard to emotional adjustment,"* state Lester D. and Alice V. Crow in their *Adolescent Development and Adjustment.*

Physically, the adolescent after puberty is preparing to have children—to work to defend his independence.

Emotionally, he must learn to love and accept love outside the family—to become self-reliant—to know his abilities and limitations—to control his feelings and get along with others.

He's inexperienced. His emotions are heightened by puberty. So he responds erratically to these demands. The process is more often a revolution, shattering old family ties, than a peaceful transition.

Children and adults lead comparatively regular lives. Teenagers find everything is changing. Daily they try out experimental solutions, testing others and themselves, swinging between extremes in a trial-and-error approach that eventually results in the formation of lifelong attitudes. While it's going on, parents can expect the unexpected. *The strongest drive of adolescence is to develop emotional freedom from the parents.*

For this job the teenager needs great energy, and he tackles it with intensity. It means the sacrifice of the comfortable security he has relied on all his life. The struggle is hard on both sides.

The need to be free for new attachments and marriage means turning away from parents as the main source and object of love. Future happiness for many persons—the adolescent, those close to him, and his future mate—depends on the success of this adjustment. It is not an easy one to make. The child may overdo it in his unconscious battle to break strong bonds. He may be driven to reject almost everything connected with his parents. *Teenage rebelliousness stems from the need to prove independence.*

They rebel against everything—religious beliefs, standards of conduct, types of friends and ties of affection—whatever is identified with parents. This is the time of extreme enthusiasms and rejections. Sometimes the teenager backslides in exhaustion. He becomes a child again. "Childhood may never look so desirable as at that moment when adult life beckons most strongly," psychiatrist Dr. Marynia F. Farnham notes.

Two teenage girls were having a confidential bull session. "The trouble with me," one girl sighed, "is I'm the sort of girl my mother doesn't want me to associate with."

Teenage crushes help adolescents test their ability to love and loosen emotional dependence on the home. Puppy love shouldn't be mocked by parents. Adolescents need to become experienced in the feelings of love, loyalty and devotion for someone other than a parent. This capacity is a mark of maturity parents should welcome.

Gaining confidence comes through knowledge and acceptance of one's nature and capacities. To learn what kind of a person he is, the teenager becomes very sensitive to what others do and say about him. And he spends hours *daydreaming*, imagining himself in heroic or romantic situations, testing in fantasy the things he is not yet able to try out in action. Such daydreaming is *not* wasted time.

Being beaten at sports or winning a Latin prize, experiencing popularity or lack of it, all go into the formation of a teenager's idea of what he can do and what he's like. Parents need to be sympathetic as these self-defining experiences are encountered.

Children have more need of models than of critics. (Joubert)

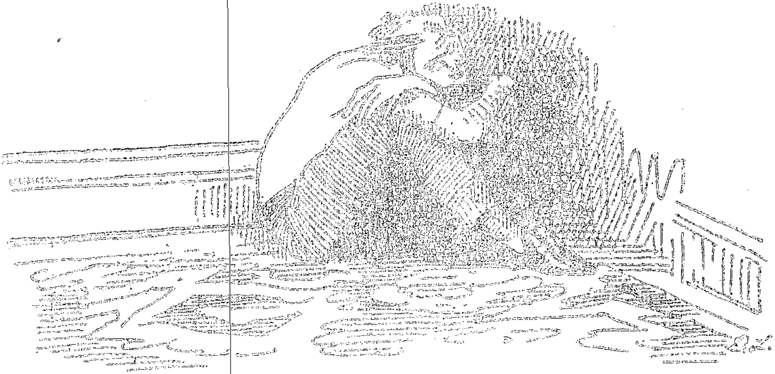
THOSE TEENAGE MOODS

Children seek the approval of parents and teachers; teenagers need the admiration of their own age group more, and are even willing to risk loss of parental regard to get it. Where little children have temper tantrums, adolescents plunge into *moods*. Gloom, withdrawal, rudeness and carelessness are negative reactions that indicate the teenager is preoccupied with an unpleasant or worrisome situation. At such times he needs privacy. A youngster who has his own room is fortunate. He can express himself in its arrangement and it is a haven where he can get away from others.

Fear, which children feel toward violence, now centers on social situations. Exams, sins, helplessness are frightening. *Worry* is characteristic of the 13 to 15 age group. Appearance (acne, hair, fat, irregular features, glasses), schoolwork and its problems in class and at home, making friends and keeping them, popularity and health are common worries. So is worrying about not worrying enough, and worrying about worrying too much!

Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath. (St. Paul)

Anger comes most often when a teenager feels thwarted in his social plans, feels misunderstood,



bossed, deprived of his "rights," or is in conflict with a brother or sister. The teen usually avoids a direct attack on those who make him angry, but uses swearing, sarcasm, muttered threats or cold silence, sometimes tinged with self-pity. To ignore or reprove an angry youth does little good. It is better to turn the subject to something that will help him regain his self-respect and bolster his ego. A cooling-off period helps; praise, a calm tone and avoidance of further argument will restore harmony.

In the early teens the spontaneous childhood affection for parents gives way to embarrassment about mother's attention ("None of that stuff, Mom"), though girls may become flirtatious with their fathers. But all children rate affection high as a quality desired in parents. *Affection* should be the basic emotional climate in a good home, and teenagers should not feel they must win it by getting scholastic, athletic or social good marks beyond their powers.

"Home is the place where, when you
have to go there,
They have to take you in."
"I should have said
It is somehow something you haven't
to deserve."

(Robert Frost, *The Death of the Hired Man**)

Blowing off steam is often preferable to bottling up emotions. Usually it is followed by a clearing of the air that offers a good time to work out problems in discussion. Trying to settle issues while they are hot generally aggravates them. Emotional storms are usually of short duration during the teens. (Few teenagers get stomach ulcers because of nursing emotional tensions.) But strong emotions such as a new love or a deep worry can appear as an eating problem. Stuttering is another sign of emotional upsets.

Teenagers cover up their feelings. A boy feeling pride or pleasure may wear an embarrassed expression. Girls sometimes giggle to conceal pleasure or dismay. Girls are more outgoing; boys tend to clam up in emotional situations. But when a teenager is being difficult it is generally useless to try to reason with him. Some concealed feelings can be brought into the open and reasoned away. Others, a sensitive parent will realize, had best be left alone for the teenager to work out. The thorniest emotional problems may require the help of a wise outsider —the family doctor, church, school or a trained psychologist.

Intellectually, teenagers have reached the age when they can deal with abstract concepts. They are idealistic, feeling concern about humanity at large—even while being inconsiderate about those around them! Everything is grist for the mill of their growing curiosity about the world.

Personality has its origins in heredity and in childhood influences. Its outlines are formed by the time the teens are reached, though tendencies to be outgoing or introspective, optimistic or pessimistic, dominating or pliable, may be intensified or moderated by influences during adolescence.

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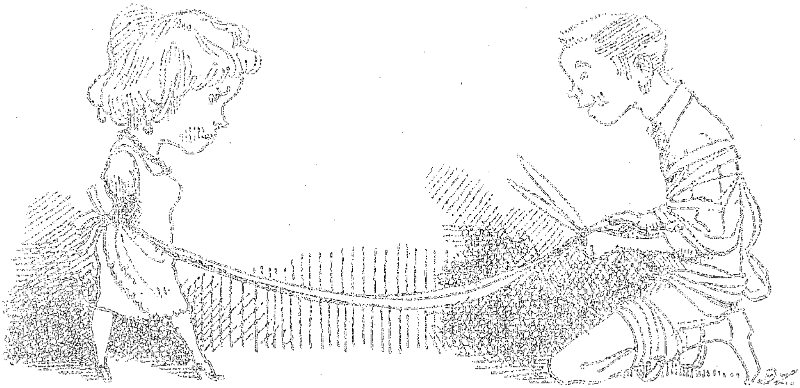
*From "The Collected Poems of Robert Frost," Holt Rinehart & Winston Inc.

The best inheritance a parent can give his children is a few minutes of his time each day. (O. A. Battista)

The process of emotional growth in the early teens is a sequence of extremes of behavior followed by periods of relative calm. Arnold Gesell of the Gesell Institute of Child Development states: "Thirteen pulls inward . . . 14 thrusts out . . . 15 specifies and organizes. . . . This is the basic method of growing and outgrowing."



FAMILY ADJUSTMENTS

Adolescence thrusts boys and girls into new relationships at home, in school and in everyday contact with all age levels. Adjustments to these new ways are as important in forming a mature individual as are physical and emotional development. Parents must allow the youngsters as much independence as they can handle.

The basic social drive of youth is to establish an independent identity and find a place in the world. It is essential that adolescents feel and express this drive toward the independence they will soon have as adults. And it is equally important that parents not only recognize it as normal, desirable behavior, but also prepare themselves and their teenagers for their predestined separation.

If youth knew; if age could. (French)

For parents, it is a period of anguish. Their children draw away, ignore advice and wilfully bungle into the pitfalls of growing up. Some parents vainly try to defeat nature by forcing their young to continue as dependent children. Others, hurt or angered by the situation, withdraw and let the kids run wild.

For young teenagers it is a period of rebellion. But they still want and badly need parental support. The young person must do his own growing up, but parents must be always there, always ready to give guidance when it can be accepted, to take confidences when offered, and, on occasion, to come out with a flat "no." To say no "takes a great deal of courage these days," says Dr. Marynia F. Farnham in *The Adolescent,* but the risk of alienating a child will not be great "where the 'no' comes from real love for the youngster and the determination not to let him damage himself by tackling more than he can handle."

THERE WILL BE CONFLICT EVEN IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES

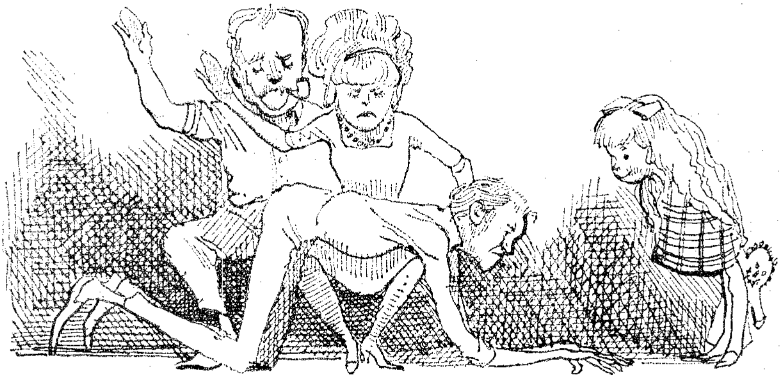
If not, the child is probably excessively dominated, or the parent is too weak in authority. But these outbursts should never allow the child to doubt that he has the love and support of his parents.

Discipline is best handled in an over-all framework of controls that allow as much freedom as the child can safely use. The greatest struggle between parents and children is over the amount of this freedom. Each individual is different. Impulsive types, and those easily led by others, clearly need closer controls than thoughtful, responsible types. But most children are more capable than they get credit for being.

The days of "Do as I say, and never mind why" must not be prolonged into the teens. Parental controls must steadily be relaxed, and authority be based on success as parents, rather than on power. When restrictions are necessary, they should be introduced in discussion where the child's opinions can be heard, and agreement reached. And once a decision is reached, it should be consistently upheld.

LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

If a teenager repeatedly misses the school bus, let him walk—don't dock his allowance or make him go to bed earlier. Teenagers resent punishments that put them on the same basis with younger kids. They are too old for spanking. They are particularly sensitive to being punished publicly or forced to humiliate themselves before parents or friends. A teenager shouldn't be made to feel he is bad or unloved—just that his behavior is wrong. Punishment should be short and sweet: "No TV tonight" (*not* no more TV for the rest of the month, by which time the point will be submerged in bitterness). Punishments should be a checkrein on the normal excesses of immature behavior. Parents mustn't take out their exasperation or the unhappy emotional experiences of their own upbringing on their children. Teenagers will respect discipline handled in this manner (even when they grumble), for most respond better to firmness



than to permissiveness or too severe strictness.

Hero worship is a part of breaking free of home dependence. So is transference of some respect to *"substitute parents,"* such as teachers, coaches, other parents or admired adults. This is part of the growth process—the branching out from home base and the exploring of other ideas and attitudes. These enthusiasms may temporarily take the child far from the ideals of the family, but they are instructive, and the bad ones are dropped in time. Unless the influence is downright harmful, the parent had best let the child find out for himself.

Relations with brothers and sisters hit a low during the early teens. Fights within the family are one of the problems most often mentioned when teenagers gripe. But there is a kernel of value even here. Young people learn to defend themselves emotionally and intellectually—even physically—by competing with brothers and sisters. Squabbles are training for getting on with others. An only child misses this experience.

Favoritism that would aggravate conflicts, and placing an excessive burden of responsibility for younger children on the teenager, must both be avoided by parents.

Grandparents and other older relatives clash with the boisterous adolescent too. Like parents, they should learn to encourage the teenager's independence, and not try to "buy" his attention by catering to his whim, undermining family discipline.

Mothers and fathers must learn to tolerate sharp criticism as teenagers adopt new, transitory standards picked up outside the family. ("Mother! You're not going out dressed like *that*!" a 14-year-old girl will exclaim.) The house, the aging family car, younger brother's manners get scathing comment. But parents can take heart, remembering the story (paraphrasing Mark Twain) of the 19-year-old who remarked how much his mother and father seem to have learned since he was 13! Studies show most teenagers return to the fundamental moral standards of their parents in adulthood. Much of the antifamily outbursts is just talk. Inside, the teenager may feel guilty about the way he is behaving toward his parents.

Mothers bear the brunt of teenage rebelliousness, but in the early teens are closer to children than fathers, whose intervention is often to "lay down the law." As teens grow older, relations with father improve.

TOO MUCH TOGETHERNESS

Family picnics and games that were so much fun when the children were younger can be overdone in the teens. The adolescent's withdrawal process makes him resist activities he connects with his childhood. Teenagers should not be dragooned into projects that will cut them off from their friends. Don't force them to go through with activities simply because they've been done in the past. Letting the teenager help plan family fun, and perhaps bring a friend along, can improve matters.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD PARENT?

Eric W. Johnson asked his students at Germantown Friends Junior High School, in Philadelphia, what they considered the most important qualities of a good parent. Here, from his *How To Live Through Junior High School*, are some of the unedited replies:

"*Understand a situation before making a judgment about it.*"

"*Try to understand troubles that to you may be unimportant but to the child very important.*"

"*Try to advise your children according to standards of behavior of the present time, not how things were when they were kids.*"

"*Loving, but firm.*"

"*When your child asks for help, help him. Don't say you should know that.*"

"*Help the child to get started, but let them do the rest on their own.*"

"*Don't be angry if your child tried and got a bad report.*"

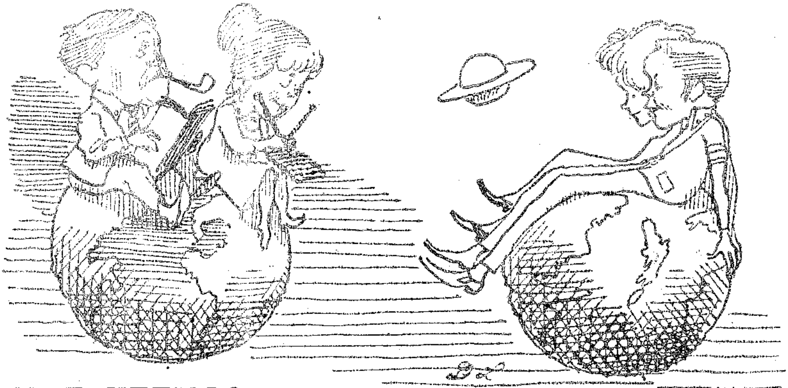
"*Keep your temper and be nice.*"

"*Be good to your children's friends, whether you like them or don't like them.*"

Other things the teenagers mentioned were *having a sense of humor, fairness, patience, kindness, can admit mistakes, easy to talk to, respects child.*

WHAT DO TEENS DISLIKE IN PARENTS?

Johnson lists these chief gripes: Nagging (about manners and eating, tidiness and chores); lack of understanding of teenage problems, motives and customs; too quick to accuse; demand too much in grades; saying "I told you so"; being uncommunicative about family plans and problems; taking out their own troubles on children; not practicing what they preach; too strict about bedtime; selection of clothes; and they think parents are old-fashioned. The early teens are the time boys call their father "the old man."



THE TEENAGER LIVES IN ANOTHER WORLD

Conformity is the paradoxical counterpart of teenage rebelliousness. Above all, the adolescent wants to be liked by his own age group. His greatest fear is not being accepted as part of "the crowd." To win this acceptance teenagers conform carefully to the dress, speech and behavior currently in fashion. Eventually loyalties and interests outside the home outweigh the old ties.

Boys tend to continue the gangs or clubs of pre-adolescence, but begin to concentrate on a few close pals. Choice of friends in both boys and girls now is based on mutual interests, rather than on neighborhood groupings. The best pals and girl friends may live across town, one reason for the endless telephonings. *Phoning and letter writing* are ways an adolescent strengthens the secure feeling he gets from his friendships.

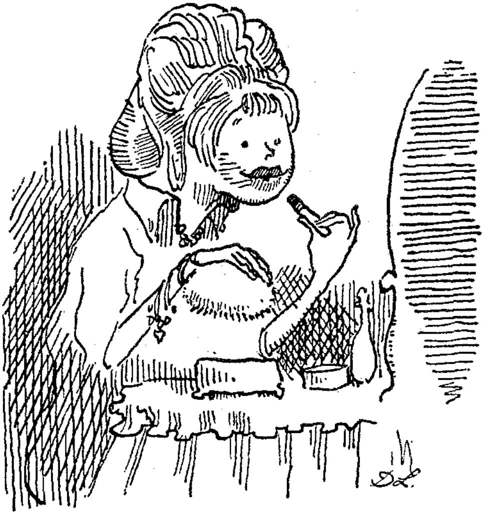
Girls in the early teens go around in groups of twos and threes. They are interested in boys, but the boys aren't biting as yet. By 14, boys and girls are coming closer together, working on school committees, meeting at parties. There isn't much pairing off, unless involving an older boy. By late 14 and 15, large boy-girl groups congregate at "Coke joints" and friends' houses, and the boys are actively interested in girls.

Two young boys were observing a pretty girl classmate. One whistled, then commented, "Boy, if I ever stop hating girls, she's the one I'm going to stop hating first."

Socializing is healthy. It is a part of growing into an adult. Even the urge to conform has a virtue. It makes the self-centered child adjust to the realities of getting along in the world. The well-adjusted teenager, however, still wants to be recognized as an individual, not just part of the herd. Rebellion against adult conventions is one way that he strives for this recognition.

THEY BEGIN TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN GROOMING

Girls spend hours in the bathroom, fussing with make-up, trying out facial expressions, comparing each of their features with their ideal image of beauty. Some are embarrassed about their budding bosoms. They protest dresses are "too tight" and choose baggy sweaters to hide the curves older teenagers accentuate. This sensitivity may go as far as inducing bad posture, as girls stoop to de-emphasize the bust. Boys experiment with hair styles and pomades. Both are super-conscious of complexion, body odors, fingernails. Speech effects —manly in boys, affected in girls— are tried out. Boys may even become ungrammatical or adopt an accent different from their parents, to conform to the crowd leadership. Now is the time of "Mom, I need a new sports jacket (or skirt)" and jewelry is in vogue. So are the sloppy effects—baggy sweaters, shorts ripped to make fringed cuffs, hair over one eye and club leather jackets—that's how a teenager is "in."



Diary keeping is another hallmark of the 12-14 age group. Girls in particular enjoy the locked book of "secrets"—though the entries are more often a log of the day's activities ("maple-nut ice cream for lunch today") rather than an expression of deep feeling.

THEY MUST PICK THEIR OWN FRIENDS

Some unwise friendships are inevitable. These are dropped in time and are an education in character judgment. Too much parental praise of a "suitable" child can undermine a friendship. Too much criticism of an "undesirable" may tend to reinforce the tie. Sometimes parents' inviting the "bad influence" home, where his flaws may unobtrusively be made apparent, convinces the teenager of his mistake. But loyalty to the crowd and to special friends is characteristic of this age.

My salad days, when I was green in judgment. (Shakespeare)

Their friends should be made welcome. Make room for them in a special part of the house, if possible. A Ping-pong table in the attic, a record player and space to dance in, or a basketball hoop over the garage door can become attractions for the gang. Parents should be prepared with snacks and soft drinks. Knowing that he can bring pals home unannounced gives a child social confidence. Many teenagers are unsure of the impression their home will make on the gang (too modest, or even too grand) and need *encouragement*.

It will mean letting in the teenage world of rock 'n' roll records, strange talk, noisiness, giggling and a certain amount of boisterous horseplay. Unless parents want to make home only a place for son or daughter to eat, dress and sleep, they'd best resign themselves to the invasion. These teenage interests, barbarous though they may seem, are only the current model of fads each generation adopts as its trade-mark. Such fads satisfy the teenager's need to be independent of adult-dominated culture.

A man was vigorously shaking two boys who had walked over his freshly laid cement sidewalk. His wife protested: "But dear, you *love* children." "In the abstract, yes," the husband retorted, "but not in the concrete."

HOW TO GIVE A PARTY

Parents should be in the house, but out of sight most of the time. Be present to greet the guests, then retire to another room. Above all, don't hover. (The best way to avoid having the lights turned off is to have them dim in the first place.) Food is extremely important: let the teenage host decide what is needed, and have plenty of it. Have a number of games or activities in readiness, but remember that by the eighth and ninth grades many teenagers think such things are babyish.

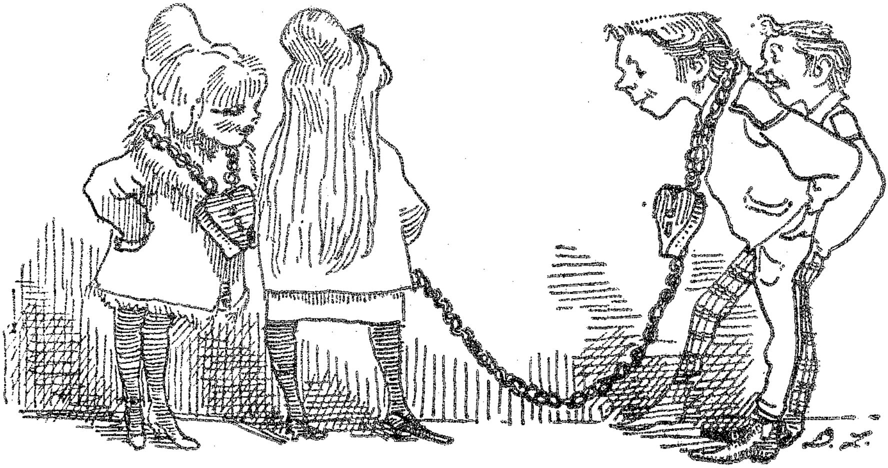
WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

Most children have tried smoking by their mid-teens, but according to a number of surveys, the majority feel the early teens are too soon to start. A parent has a perfect right to make it clear that no smoking be allowed at a party. Having alcoholic beverages available is extremely unwise. Rowdy behavior can wreck a party—and a house. It should be dealt with firmly, preferably by the adolescent host, as soon as it breaks out, with some such statement as "That sort of stuff doesn't go around here, Jack." The majority of hosts and guests will welcome control, but being anxious for popularity, may hesitate to interfere. Then it's up to the parent.

On dates, the girl is responsible for setting the time to be home and boys are generally pleased to have it made clear what is expected of them. Teenagers should tell their parents where they are going, with whom, what the program is and when it starts and ends, and how they plan to get there and back. Curfew time should be worked out with other parents to avoid setting too early an hour and embarrassing a child.

THEY CALL IT "MAKING OUT"

Parties usually involve sitting around, dancing, listening to records and perhaps some mild "making out" (necking). A party that



is given over to necking is poorly planned. Most parents don't get upset if a girl sits out a dance on a boy's lap, or allows him to kiss her.

"Going steady," used to be confined to older boys and girls. Now the young teens are doing it too. The "steadiness" of these arrangements may not last out a week, but it's a mark of status among the 13- to 15-year-old girls to exhibit a "steady," however briefly.

The advantages are in getting to know another person well and in having security for the all-important dates. *Disadvantages* are in restricting the wide experience of meeting all different kinds of persons and in becoming too intense sexually. Less than a quarter of the young teenagers go steady, it is estimated, though more would like to. The best thing for parents to do when the situation comes up is to be tolerant, unless the situation gets out of hand.

Teenage parties and dating bring the sexes together for experiences that are a necessary prelude to courtship and marriage. By the time they reach 13, most teenagers have acquired a good deal of knowledge about sex, but surveys show that curiosity, doubts and fears about sex are a main preoccupation of the age.

The old believe everything; the middle-aged suspect everything; the young know everything. (Wilde)

More than half learn the facts of life from parents—girls mostly from their mothers, boys equally from their mothers and fathers—though many find out from friends or books. Yet such information is usually incomplete. Parents should be available for sex discussion. There will be embarrassment on both sides, of course. Often a book can be a great help.

THE FACTS OF LIFE

Many children are reluctant to go to their parents with sex questions because "they get moral, and that doesn't help me." Too many warnings make sex seem something dirty and dangerous. Says Eric Johnson: "Sex education is not just an anatomy lesson . . . not just a series of warnings . . . not something having primarily to do with animals. Children should be helped to understand that sex is a good part of life, an intimate, personal experience not generally talked about in public, but closely connected with all other aspects of a person's life."

Parents ask, "If children know all this, won't they try it?" Wide experience seems to show that ignorance or misinformation is more likely to lead to trouble than is true knowledge. Promiscuity very often is the result of loneliness, frustration, starvation for affection or revenge against too strict authority—seldom merely from knowledge of sex.

A fourth-grade boy, preparing a theme, asked his mother where he came from, got the standard "The stork brought you, dear." The same reply answered his questions about the origins of both mother and grandmother. With a sigh, the boy sat down and wrote: "For three generations there have been no natural births in our family."

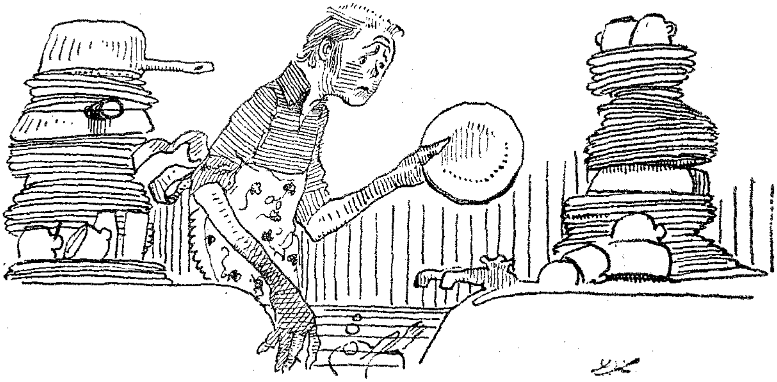
Religion, family attitudes and a child's development should regulate what a parent's attitude toward necking and petting will be. If religious and family disapproval is strong, boys and girls may suffer damaging guilt and isolation if they deviate from what they have been taught. Even in permissive families children must learn the dangers of "going too far." They should be helped to understand that intellect, humor and abilities, rather than physical attraction, are qualities that lead to a happy sexual relationship in marriage.

THE GIRL MUST KEEP NECKING WITHIN BOUNDS

If she feels secure—in her own self-confidence, in the affection and respect of her parents and friends—it will be easier. Too much suspicion and control can lead to revolt; too little affection and too much disparagement may drive her to seek compensation from intense romancing and sex.

Tolerance is a virtue, but parents must also know when to step in to keep a romance from becoming an obsession and to prevent the mistake of an early marriage. Usually young people themselves are worried when things get out of their undeveloped control, and are secretly glad to be "rescued."

***A teenage girl finally exploded to* her mother: "You're not supposed to kiss a boy at school; you're not supposed to kiss him when you're on a date; you're not supposed to kiss him at a party; when are you supposed to kiss a boy?"**



WORK AND MONEY

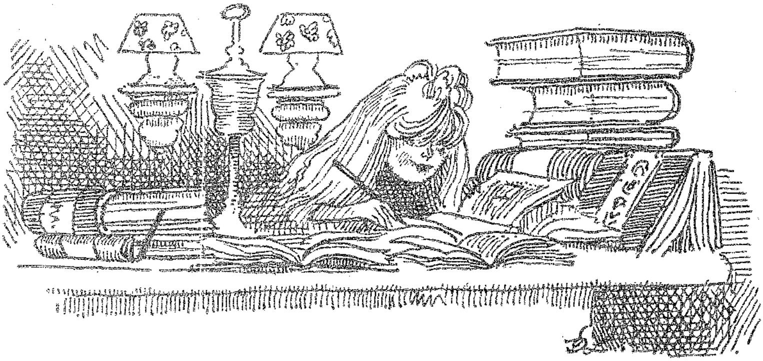
It's an American tradition that young persons do a share of the household chores. Psychologically, this establishes a sense of sharing with the family, a healthy respect for manual work and the satisfactions of a job well done. And it provides instruction in the arts of homemaking that will be useful in later life.

Widely accepted chores are: keeping room tidy, making own bed, washing dishes, emptying garbage, lawn and garden work, pet care, house-cleaning, setting and clearing the table, helping prepare and serve meals, care for younger children, marketing and errands, laundry and ironing, getting breakfast, car washing and mending.

Payment for chores done around the house is expected by some children. One mother countered this argument by presenting her son with a bill for the services she performed for him each week, at $1 an hour. The total: $25. But the majority of children accept chores as being fair, and only expect pay for the kind of job, such as painting a room, that would have to be hired out otherwise.

Allowances should not be offered or withheld as a bribe or punishment, but given as a necessity. The best way to learn to handle money is to have some. The amount is less important than the training it can give. But spending should, within the limits agreed upon by parents and children, be completely controlled by the children. Spending money for football games, after-school snacks with the crowd, hobby supplies (including records), membership in clubs, and saving for gifts and special purchases is as essential to a teenager's life as are comparable adult expenses.

At the start of each school year, work out an allowance based on



needs: so much for fun, so much for school supplies and lunches, transportation, charity and savings. Some parents give older children a lump sum quarterly for clothes. Naturally, there will be frivolities and mistakes. But such is the way of learning. Children should be encouraged to save much of the money they earn for eventual needs, such as a car or as a contribution toward their college expenses.

Youth is drunkenness without wine. (Goethe)

Untidiness, laziness and general disorder are fixtures of a home with teenagers. Parents must resign themselves to a certain degree of all three. Continual nagging rarely does any good. Parents should think back about their own adolescence, and be tolerant. In compensation, there are the wonderful times when a teenager goes out of his way to be helpful and considerate.

PARENTS AND THE SCHOOL

A fairly rigid homework schedule with no distractions should be enforced. Homework is training in independent work; parents shouldn't help too much. It is more valuable to Johnny to let him look up his own words in the dictionary than to have them delivered on a platter by his Dad.

Regular contacts with the school, teachers and parents organizations are helpful in letting parents know what to expect from a child in terms of ability and intelligence, as well as how other families are meeting common problems. Often agreements on such matters as party curfews, dating and school dress can be reached through parent-teacher get-togethers at school. This can help answer the teenager's favorite argument: "All the other kids are doing it." On the other hand, if the teener says so, the others probably are, and this is worth knowing, too.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR PARENTS

Adolescence is a difficult time for the whole family. But remember: it's toughest on the teenager. Even the most trying teenage behavior can become tolerable when recognized as part of normal growth toward independence. Keep up your courage, your sense of humor and your sympathetic support. Here are some guide lines:

1. **Accept the fact** that each child will be different from you and from your other children—and that they are preparing to live in a different time with different standards. Don't expect them to be perfect.

2. **Keep the lines of communication open.** Don't laugh off the teenager's troubles. Be ready to listen. After a blowup, let the air clear and then talk out problems calmly. Don't force your will or advice, but let the teenager know he can come to you for help when he wants it.

3. **Spend more time** encouraging the *good* in your children than in punishing the *bad*.

4. **Never let your love** be doubted, or put conditions on giving affection.

5. **Look at your own conduct and motives.** Do you set a good example? Are you jealous of your children? Do you take out on them the unfinished business of your childhood? Do they serve you as compensation for the lacks in your own life—regardless of their best interest? Are you helping or holding back their drive for independence?

6. **Recognize the trouble spots**—such as mealtimes, week ends and bedtime—and wherever possible steer away from discussing problems at those times. Take up areas of conflict when the mood is favorable.

7. **Respect a teenager's wish for privacy**—as well as his wish to be kept informed about important family matters.

8. **Be friendly to his chums** and make them welcome in the home. Never humiliate him by dressings down in public. Avoid sarcasm, belittling and jokes at the sensitive teenager's expense.

9. **Be firm and consistent** in enforcing discipline, but flexible within the broad framework of basic rules.

10. **And finally, take heart** in the knowledge that most teenage problems will straighten out in a few years!

SOME HELPFUL BOOKS ON TEENAGERS

How To Live Through Junior High School, by Eric W. Johnson. An easy-to-read and practical explanation of teenage behavior and problems by a junior high school principal. It advises parents on such matters as study habits, teenage parties, sex education, household chores, allowances, etc.

Youth: The Years From Ten To Sixteen, by Drs. Arnold Gesell, Frances Ilg and Louise Bates Ames. Taking each year as a step in development, the authors give profiles of typical behavior and attitudes.

Adolescent Development And Adjustment, by Lester D. and Alice V. Crow. A very thorough examination of the physiological, psychological and behavior developments in adolescence. It's a textbook written with a certain amount of technical language, but useful for parents too.

Sex And The Adolescent, by Maxine Davis. A complete guide for boys and girls and their parents that does not "talk down" to teenagers.

The Adolescent, by Dr. Marynia F. Farnham, is a psychiatrist's survey of all the aspects of adolescence, with emphasis on what makes a teenager tick.

Your Adolescent At Home And In School, by Lawrence and Mary Frank, is an all-around guide by teachers and writers in the field of child development who have six children of their own.

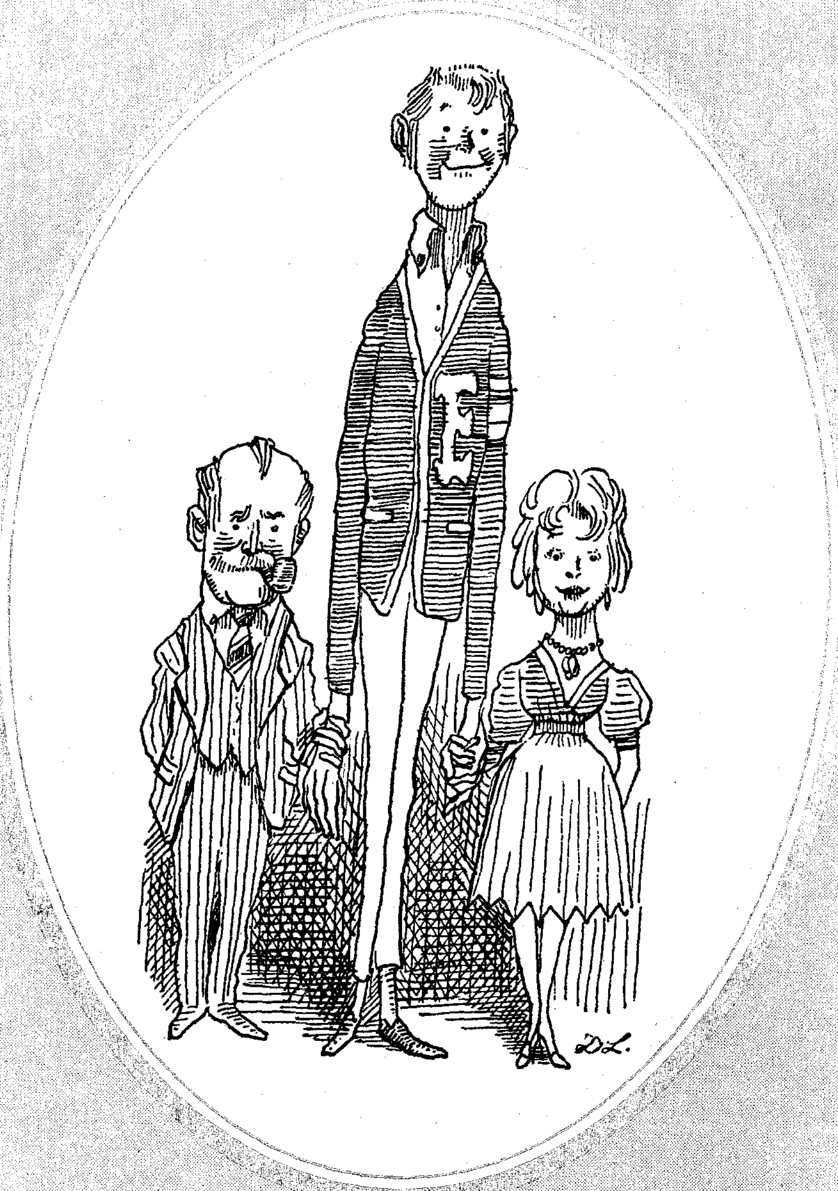
Understanding Teenagers, by Paul H. Landis, is aimed at helping parents guide their children through the difficult emotional and social problems of youth.

The Encyclopedia Of Child Care, edited by Sidonie M. Gruenberg, is a standard work, with sections by pediatricians, child psychologists, teachers and other experts in child care, including material on the problems of teenagers.

A Girl Grows Up, by Ruth Fedder, and **A Boy Grows Up,** by Harry C. McKown, are two books written for teenagers of junior high school age. They give simple advice on getting along with people, family relations, and how to act in social situations. Authors encourage teenagers to solve their own problems and do not "preach."

How to Live With Your Teenager, by Dorothy W. Baruch, is a thorough discussion of common family situations, and how to deal with them. Such books help parents realize they share the same problems.

Family Service Agencies are located in most cities, and are equipped to advise parents. Instructive literature may be obtained from The Child Study Association of America, 9 East 89th Street, New York City, and from The Children's Bureau, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Washington, D.C.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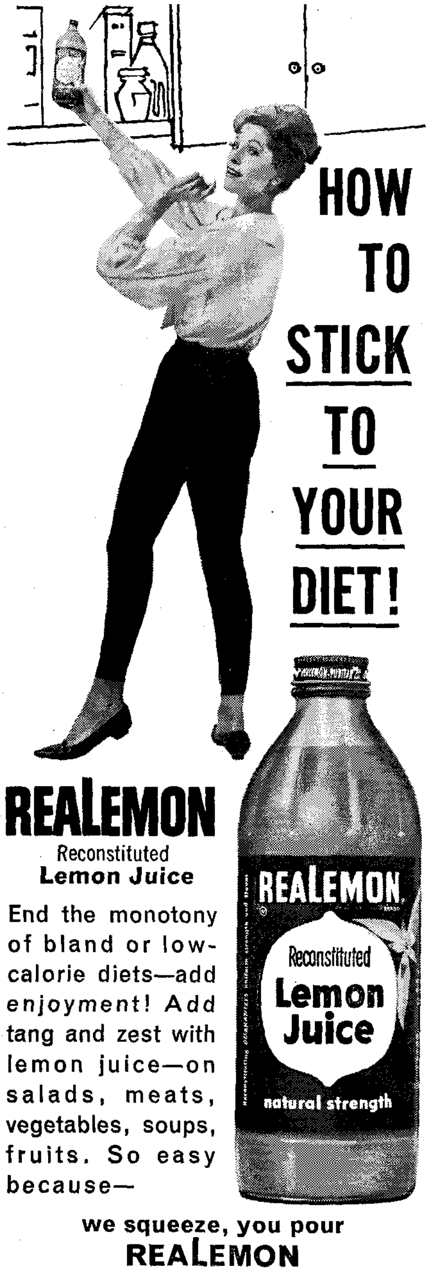
Still available: GETTING INTO COLLEGE

Convicts
also
have hearts

BY MIKE KELLETT

Men serving time
also serve humanity—often
by risking their
lives to help combat disaster
and disease

THE STORM-LASHED TOWNSPEOPLE of Cedar City, Missouri, shivered apprehensively as the Missouri River, swollen by two weeks of torrential rain, rampaged over the top of a sandbagged levee, presumably the last defense of the flood-threatened community. It seemed that Cedar City had lost its valiant struggle against the river. Refusing to give up hope, however, the town sent out one last plea for help—and it was quickly answered. Col. James D. Carter, Missouri's penal director, and E. V. Nash, warden of the big state penitentiary at Jefferson City, issued a call for prisoner-volunteers willing to aid besieged Cedar City. More than 700 convicts stepped forward, and 400 were rushed to the scene of the disaster. Seizing picks, shovels and sandbags,



HOW TO STICK TO YOUR DIET!

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End the monotony of bland or low-calorie diets—add enjoyment! Add tang and zest with lemon juice—on salads, meats, vegetables, soups, fruits. So easy because—

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the prisoners—many without strict supervision for the first time in years—fought to control the flood waters. Citizen and convict toiled side by side, fear and distrust forgotten for the moment. Thirty-six hours later, the river was safely contained in its normal channel; Cedar City was pronounced out of danger and a total loss of spring crops had been averted.

Grateful for the prisoners' help, in saving their homes and businesses, the townsfolk expressed their feelings with simple handshakes. Exhausted but satisfied, the prisoners were returned to the penitentiary. Once again they had demonstrated their willingness to hurdle the age-old barrier of suspicion and rancor existing between citizen and convict. Commented Warden Nash: "I hope the general public recognizes that men in our penitentiaries retain the characteristics of any man, if given the opportunity to prove their worth."

A number of commendable activities involving inmates of our penal institutions lend further credence to the warden's statement. By contributing their blood, their health—and sometimes their lives—in dangerous scientific experiments, many convicts are proving to be anything but "enemies of society."

Incongruously, perhaps, Red Cross records show that prison inmates are among America's most faithful blood donors. In 1959, for example, inmates of more than 100 American prisons donated in excess of 69,000 pints of blood to the Red Cross Blood Program, above and beyond the thousands of pints contributed yearly to hospitals, medical centers and emergency cases.

In a 12-month period, according to the Jackson, Michigan, *Citizen-Patriot,* the 108,000 residents of Jackson County contributed 3,576 pints of blood. Statistics reveal that, by comparison, the 5,400 inmates of Southern Michigan Prison at Jackson donated 7,922 pints during the same 12-month period!

And blood donors among the 3,110 inmates of the Missouri state prison at Jefferson City also have been instrumental in the success of an "open heart" surgery program at the University of Missouri Medical School. Performed on children born with serious heart malfunctions, these delicate operations require large quantities of blood—and the Jefferson City prisoners have been eager to supply it.

The motivations of a prisoner who donates his blood are varied and complex. But one prison inmate, a Missouri "lifer" who is the proud holder of a "Nine Gallon Club" donor card, seems certain of his reasons. He says simply: "Twenty-six years ago I took a human life. By giving my blood at every opportunity, I feel that perhaps I am making up, in a very small way, for the life I took."

Backed by prison administrators, who recognize the tremendous emotional rewards convicts derive from such activities, many inmates are directing their efforts into other worthwhile work.

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Georgia, and Joliet, Illinois, penitentiaries for their help in the fight against malaria. More than 1,000 Atlanta inmates permitted themselves to be bitten by malaria-bearing mosquitoes; and some have even been infected; but through their cooperation with research scientists, drugs that help combat malaria have been perfected.

Volunteers at the Missouri and Atlanta penal institutions have temporarily gone "crazy" helping medical science investigate schizophrenia, one of the most common mental illnesses. A serum called Taraxien—processed from the blood of mental patients—is injected into the veins of the Missouri volunteers by researchers at St. Louis' Washington University School of Medicine. Volunteer Atlanta prisoners, under the direction of Emory University Medical School researchers, are given doses of lysergic acid, diethylamide and related compounds.

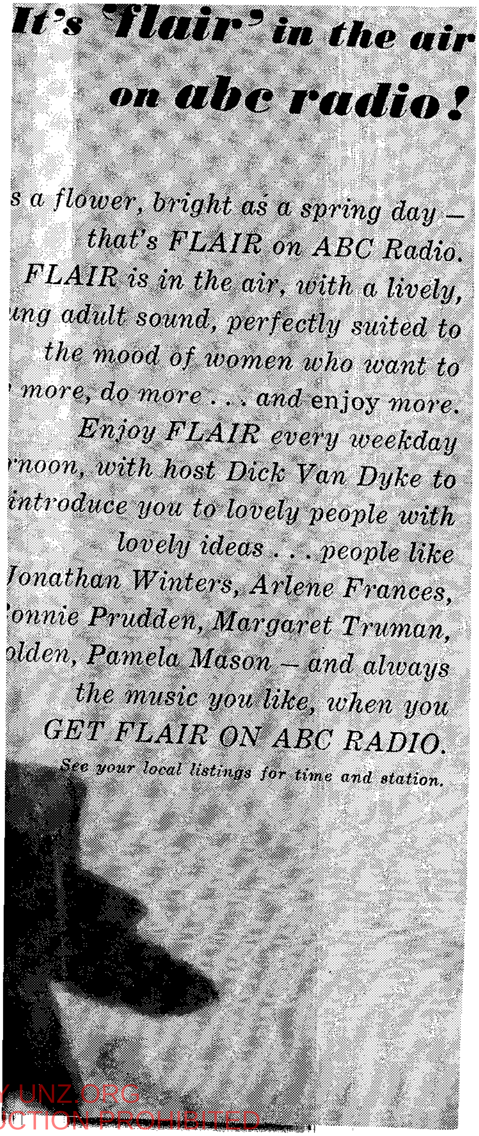
Both experiments cause the volunteers to develop some of the symptoms of schizophrenia. They see visions, hear voices or have irrational thoughts, feelings and sensations. The action of the drug wears off after several hours, and causes no lasting after-effects.

Another medical research project vital to millions of Americans involved convicts at the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. Under the direction of Dr. Chester M. Southam of New York City's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, live cancer cells were injected into the bodies of heroic inmates of the Ohio prison. The experiment, now in its fourth year, has provided valuable clues to man's defenses against implanted cancer.

Convicts participate in many other important research projects. One hundred and fifty prisoners of the California State Prison at Folsom are undergoing a series of tests probing the cause of stomach ulcers and lung cancer; inmates of the Marquette, Michigan, prison served as guinea pigs for hay fever and asthma research; Atlanta prisoners are near completion of a five-year experiment to determine the possible harmful effects of the insect repellent DDT; inmates at Stillwater, Minnesota, volunteered for cancer and ulcer research; and St. Cloud, Minnesota, inmates are aiding in a research project aimed at perfecting a new, oral polio vaccine.

Many of these tests are dangerous. The Chapel of St. John at the Federal Prison in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, was built in memory of 23-year-old inmate John F. Gavin, who died after participating in a hepatitis test. Two other Federal prison inmates at McNeil Island, Washington—Richard H. Higgins and Walter H. H. Wood—also gave their lives in advancing medical knowledge of hepatitis. And there's no way of estimating the number of prison inmates who suffer permanent disabilities from volunteering for such experiments.

Deeply sentimental about children, prisoners invariably flock to aid a child who has been injured or needs a helping hand. A good example is the case of five-year-old Linda Cleckley of Meiga, Georgia,



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who was critically burned over 75 percent of her body. Doctors announced they would need 400 square inches of human skin to perform a vital grafting operation on the child's pitifully seared body and issued a plea over the Atlanta prison public-address system for skin donors. Within 30 minutes 256 men volunteered. Happily, the skin graft "took," a factor instrumental in keeping Linda alive until she could grow her own skin. Today Linda walks with a slight limp but is nevertheless enjoying a normal childhood.

With surprising generosity, convicts even share their meager funds with the unfortunate and needy. In 1958, prisoner donations to the Red Cross, March of Dimes, Community Chest and Salvation Army totaled $193,000—a new high. And at the end of 1958 there were five prisons in the U.S. sponsoring children in foreign countries and Indian reservations—in cooperation with the Save the Children Federation, Inc., of New York City. Minnesota prisoners topped the list by increasing the number of orphanage children they sponsored each year.

Inmates of 27 American prisons also sponsor a "Toys for Tots" project which has brought Christmas cheer to thousands of needy children. Each year before Christmas, huge loads of broken and discarded toys are brought to these institutions for repairs and renovations. Then the toys are sent to welfare agencies for distribution.

On several occasions, the heroism of prison inmates has saved the lives of persons "on the outside." On

Riker's Island, New York, for instance, prisoners rescued 85 persons trapped in the wreckage of a flaming airliner. Jackson, Michigan, inmates rushed into a collapsed building to rescue workmen trapped under tons of fallen debris. In California, Washington and Oregon, convicts perform yeoman service fighting forest fires.

California Governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown recently took note of the 140,000 man-hours expended by prison inmates in fighting his state's wave of forest fires. "The fires, tragic as they were, would have been even more destructive had not these inmate volunteers undertaken their rugged and hazardous assignment in so exemplary a manner," Governor Brown said.

The humanitarian activities of many prisoners are helping to dispel the notion that convicts are beyond redemption. Typical of the letters received by Warden Harold Cox of the Penitentiary of New Mexico at Santa Fe is one from a 14-year-old Fort Wayne, Indiana, girl. Suffering from aplastic anemia, which prevents bone marrow from producing blood, she writes:

"You must be very proud of your men for donating blood. . . . No one really knows how much a pint of blood can do. . . . Ever since I was six I have been living off blood other people have been kind enough to give. I pray God to bless you and your men . . ."

She had learned a simple truth that is becoming apparent to more and more Americans:

Convicts also have hearts.

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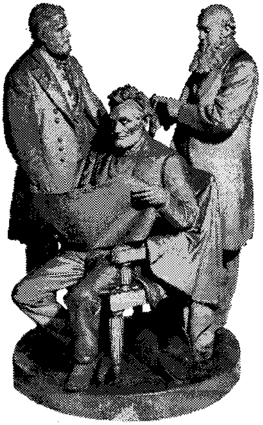

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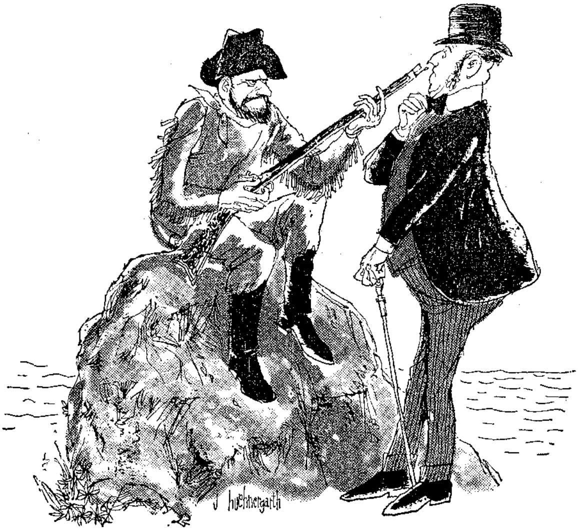
The great copper boulder

BY HAL HIGDON

Half-buried for
centuries, it promised
riches for the man
who first dug
it out of the riverbed



IN THE MIDDLE of the 19th century, two men—one a frontiersman, the other a Detroit merchant—clashed with the U.S. Government over the possession of a rock. Solid copper, it had lain for centuries half-buried in the mud of the Ontonagon River on Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

In 1667, French missionaries had brought souvenir pieces of the nearly three-ton copper boulder to King Louis XIV, and reports made by subsequent explorers excited the imagination of Americans. By 1840 it had become a national curiosity, and adventurers began to dream of the wealth that would be gained by the first man to bring the boulder out of the wilderness to civilization.

One of these adventurers was James Kirk Paul, a former Mississippi boatman and cattle herder. In the summer of 1842 Paul was working in Wisconsin when he heard of the copper rock. He bought a team of mules and set off in the direction of Lake Superior. Soon he swapped the mules for a birchbark canoe, and some Chippewa Indians led him up the Ontonagon River.

By the time Paul reached the boulder, he realized why previous explorers had failed to bring it out. The massive copper rock was 26 miles from the river mouth, and the last five miles appeared unnavigable even by canoe; high cliffs and thick woods made recovery over land practically impossible. So he decided to build a cabin, wait out the winter, then float his prize downstream when melting snows swelled the river in the spring.

But Paul was unaware that others were interested in the great copper boulder—among them, Julius Eldred, a wealthy Detroit hardwareman. Two years before, after visiting the Upper Peninsula, Eldred had decided that he would need both men and equipment to recover the rock; so, back in Detroit, he built several sections of portable track and a railroad wagon large enough for transporting the boulder.

In the spring of 1843, Eldred returned to the Ontonagon River with all his equipment to find Jim Paul, musket in hand, sitting on top of the copper rock. "First one touches my boulder gets his head blown off," threatened Paul.

Eldred struck a bargain with him. The hardwareman agreed to pay Paul for "his" boulder provided he would help transport it to the Lake. Paul agreed. For two months they hacked a path through four-and-a-half miles of dense forest. At last they reached a point in the river deep enough to float the rock on a raft downstream to Lake Superior.

There a surprise awaited them: a Federal gunboat. The War Department, also interested in the rock, had dispatched a mineral agent, Maj. Walter Cunningham, to confiscate what it considered a national treasure. Cunningham waved his Government order in Jim Paul's face. Paul retaliated by waving his musket in Cunningham's face.

Cunningham had his gunboat to back him up, but with Chippewa Indians eyeing the proceedings suspiciously from the opposite bank, he was afraid to start something he might not be able to finish. Eldred solved the Major's dilemma. He offered to buy the boulder and transport it to Detroit, where he would try to convince the Government it was rightfully his. He paid Paul $1,765—three times the market value for what later was estimated to be nearly three tons of copper.

Six weeks later, Eldred's schooner reached Detroit. A crowd of thousands heard him announce that the rock would go on exhibit the following day—at 25 cents a head! For a month people flocked to behold this wonder of the American frontier. Eldred laid plans to embark on a triumphal tour of the U.S. with it. One day, however, U.S. District Attorney for Michigan George C. Bates sent through a Government order to confiscate the boulder.

For the next year, the outraged Eldred harangued Congress for possession of the great rock. Finally, realizing that its publicity value had worn off, he settled for $5,664.98 for his labors. But his hardware business, long neglected, went bankrupt, and he died seven years later.

As for Jim Paul, he used Eldred's $1,765 to open a grogshop in Ontonagon. By the time he died 40 years later, he had everyone believing that he had moved the great copper rock singlehandedly to the shores of Lake Superior, where he stood off a company of soldiers.

The rock itself lay neglected in a corner of the War Department yard in Washington, D. C. for 17 years until it was moved to the Smithsonian Institution, where it resides to this day.

GRIN AND SHARE IT

A LITTLE GIRL came into my toy shop last Christmas and announced she wanted a doll. I showed her one and said, "Now this doll walks, talks, cries and drinks." Thereupon the child said: "Oh, but I have a baby sister who does that. I just want a doll." —*New York Daily News*

ON AN ESPECIALLY rough crossing of the Atlantic, an English lord visited the ship's bar with an alarming frequency. Finally he became so bold he told the captain he wanted to buy the *Queen Elizabeth* for his collection. The captain replied with a straight face, "I'm sorry, sir, the Cunard people refuse to break up a set." —MRS. JAMES ALBERS

AN HOUR AFTER he purchased a car for $79.80, a London motorist was fined $22.40 for driving an uninsured and unroadworthy automobile. An hour after that he sold the car for junk for $14. —EVELYN LIGUORI

A YOUNG LADY sat in her stalled auto, awaiting help, when two young men walked up and volunteered their aid. "I'm out of gas," she explained. "Could you push me to a gas station?"

They readily put their muscles to the rear of the car and rolled it several blocks. After a while, one fellow looked up, exhausted, to see that they had just passed a filling station. "How come you didn't turn in at that one?" he called.

"I never go to that station," the girl shouted back. "They don't give trading stamps." —THEODORE THOMAS

THE TRIAL OF a Florida man was recently side-tracked when the defendant could not be found in the court room. His attorney scanned the room searching for his client. Suddenly he spied the familiar face in the jury box. It seemed that his client was not only on trial that morning, but had also been called to appear for jury duty. —ARLENE JONES

WHEN MY three-year-old granddaughter was scolded for disobeying, she ran into the bathroom and locked the door. Her father's frantic efforts to lure her out were unsuccessful for quite some time. Finally she responded to his appeals, turned the key as he instructed, and emerged smiling coyly.

"Why did you lock yourself in, Jeannie?" her relieved parent asked, gathering her into his arms.

"I didn't lock *me* in, Daddy," was her patient explanation, "I locked *you* out!" —MRS. I. STRULSON

THOROUGHLY STEEPED in ethics, a physician always insisted on the presence of a third party in the room whenever he examined a female patient.

Near the close of a busy afternoon, he wearily motioned a couple into the examining room. The woman complained of pains in her lower abdomen, and submitted to examination reluctantly. The man looked on with unfeigned interest.

When he had finished, the doctor prescribed some medicine, and the woman jumped up from the table, dressed hurriedly and ran out of the room.

"Your wife's certainly lively," commented the doctor. "She'll be all right in a few days."

"My wife?" said the man. "I never saw her before, Doc. I was wondering why you called me in here with you." —T. & J. GOOTEE *(Quote)*

A POLICEMAN SAW a woman lying in the gutter on Main Street. Frantically he asked her, "Are you hurt badly, madam?"

"Oh no, I'm not hurt at all," replied the woman. "I'm just saving a parking space for my husband."

—MRS. JAMES ALBERS

A PRODUCER WAS once interested in buying the movie rights to one of James Thurber's books. He sent an agent to see the humorist.

"Our producer can't afford to pay much," began the agent. "He doesn't expect to make any money from this picture. He wants to do it for its artistic value. But then, he rarely makes money from his movies. As a matter of fact, except for a picture here and there, he has lost money on his films."

"I understand," said Thurber dryly. "However, if you came here to borrow money, I must tell you it's out of the question." —E. E. EDGAR

THE SMALL DAUGHTER of a famous surgeon always introduced herself when asked her identity as "Doctor Baker's daughter." Her mother decided to correct her firmly about it on the grounds that it sounded too snobbish. "After this," said her mother, "just refer to yourself as Mary Baker."

Several days later a colleague of the physician leaned over and asked, "Aren't you Doctor Baker's little girl?"

"I always thought I was," answered the little girl, "but Mother says not." —RON BUTLER

AN OLD FELLOW came upon a crony at the crossroads filling station. "Don't ever advise anybody else that a balky mule can be moved by building a fire under him," he said. "I tried it and what happened was pitiful to see."

"You mean to tell me," exclaimed the crony, "that this dumb critter just stood there and let the fire burn him?"

"Nope," replied the oldster, "he just moved up six feet an' let my wagon do the burning."

—*Wall Street Journal*

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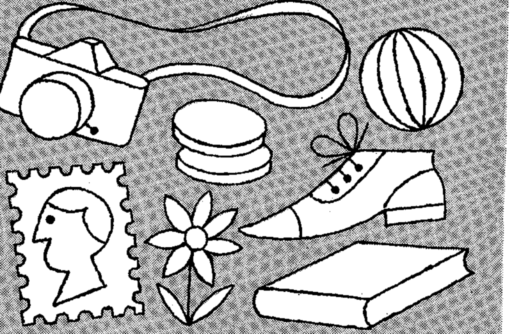

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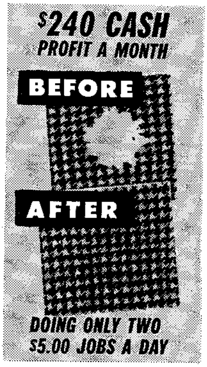

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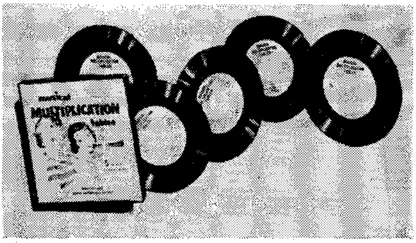

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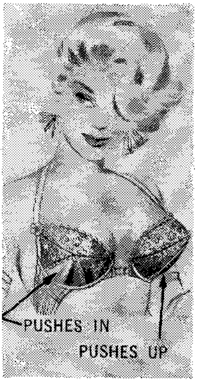

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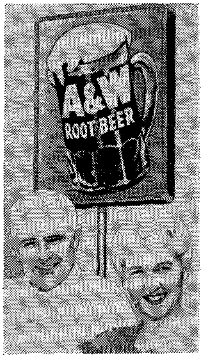

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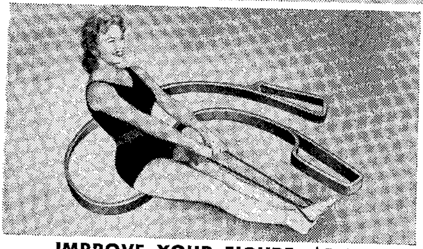

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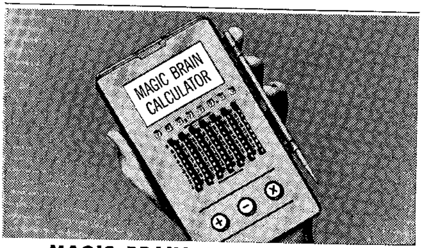

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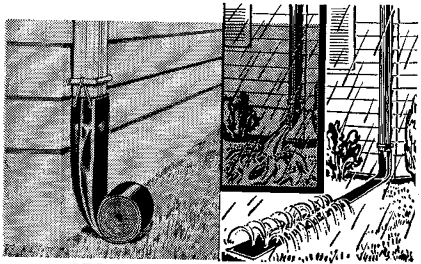

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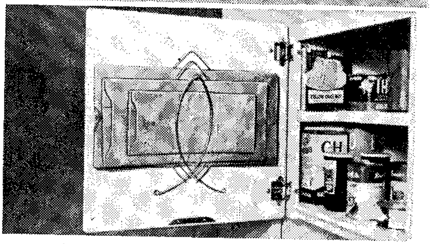

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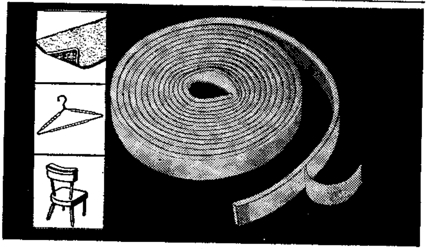

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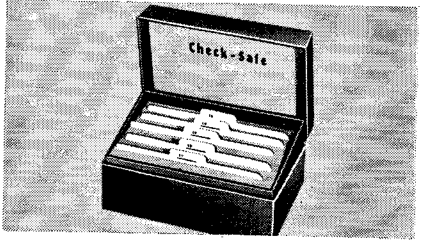

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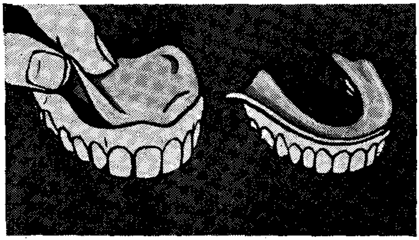
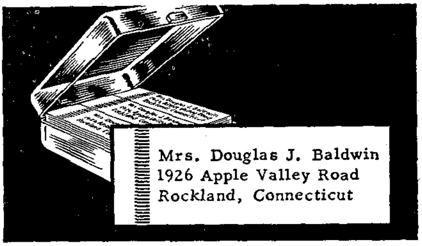
Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet a comparable, selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27—tax inc.! Brilliantly beautiful hand-cut, hand-polished Capra Gems are priced within easy reach of all. These gems are truly a miracle of modern science. Learn all about how you can enjoy the magnificence of a dazzling Capra Gem. Write today for our beautifully illustrated Free catalog. See . . . in actual size . . . the wide selection of men's and women's styles, settings, prices. Read about our easy payment plans to suit every budget. Send no money. You are under no obligation and no salesman will call. Capra Gem Company, Dept. CT-31, Box 5145, Philadelphia 41, Pennsylvania.



DENTURES HELD TIGHTLY WITH COMFORT

Dentur Cushions hold dental plates snugly in place all day long . . . keep breath sweet. No messy paste or powders needed. Sanitary, wafer thin cushions stop false teeth troubles. Eat, speak, laugh, bite, chew with confidence. Featherweight Dentur Cushions are the safe, sweet way to prevent sore gums and improve suction. Recommended by many dentists. *Box of 36 uppers $1.00. Box of 36 lowers $1.00. Please specify.* Money back guarantee. Order now from Dentur Cushion Co., Box 86, E. Boston 28, Mass.



500 NAME-ADDRESS LABELS—25¢

500 gummed Economy labels printed in black with *any name and address or any wording you want,* just 25¢ per set. 1½" long. With two-tone plastic gift box, 35¢ per set. 5-day service. For superior quality, order Gold-Stripe labels. De luxe gummed paper with rich gold trim, 2" long. Set of 500, 50¢! With *two-tone plastic gift box, 60¢. 48-hour service.* Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Postpaid. Walter Drake & Sons, 2903 Drake Building, Colorado Springs 12, Colorado.

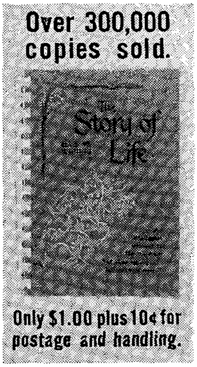
INTRODUCTORY NO-RISK VITAMIN OFFER

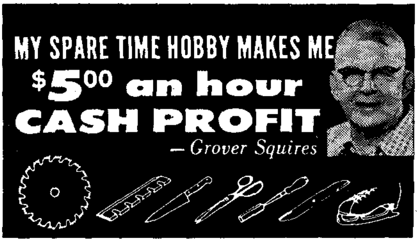
Unavits
Unavits

New direct, factory-to-you *outlet gives you maximum* factory discounts on all types of vitamins. Guaranteed formulas meet U. S. Gov't regulation, compara*ble to the expensive kinds!* Free catalog of all types of vitamins tells all. To get started, send just $1.35 for 100 Unavits, daily multi-vitamin supplements, comparable to those selling at $3.11 per 100 (taken one per day) . . . plus bonus supply of 10 in separate bottle. Use the bonus bottle (show them to your doctor). If you are not satisfied, return the larger bottle for full refund. One *offer per family.* Rush $1.35 plus this ad to Barclay Vitamin Products, Dept. CO, 1819 Callowhill St., Philadelphia 30, Pa.

MOTHER! WHERE DO BABIES COME FROM?

Can You answer that question? With "The Story of *Life*" by *Ellis Whiting* your answer will instill in your child a deep respect for parenthood and reverence for God's beautiful plan of life. No groping for words—Exact Words provided. Read your child's name into the blank spaces. Gives child right start. You get there first and avoid wrong impressions. In the book you'll see high praise by educators—Priests, Ministers, Rabbi, but You are sole judge of its value under our Money-Back-Guarantee. Order today—wrap a dollar bill & dime in paper on which Print name & address. Mail in nearest mail box. Story of Life Publn. Co., 912 W. Lorain St., Dept. CR-3, Appleton, Wisc.


Over 300,000 copies sold.
The Story of Life
Only $1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling.



START YOUR OWN SPARE TIME BUSINESS

You can turn your spare time into Big Cash Profits with your own Complete Sharpening Shop . . . *Grind saws, knives, scissors,* skates, *lawn mower* blades . . . all cutting edges. Your own Cash Business with no inventory right at home . . . no experience needed. Free Book tells how you can start your own spare time business while you are still working at your regular job. Low Cost—time payments only $15.00 a month. Send postcard today. Belsaw Sharp-All Co., 7631 Field Bldg., Kansas City 11, Mo.

WORLD'S MOST AMAZING ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORM

GUARANTEES CUSTOM-FITTING CLOTHES . . . OR NO COST!

A Newly Patented Single Form That Adjusts Easily to Regular Sizes, half Sizes and Many Figure Variations from 8 to 20 Inclusive (Special Model for Sizes 20½-50). New . . . Easy-to-Use . . . Low Cost!

So Easy To Use A Beginner Can Make Custom-Fitting Clothes. Distinguished Italian-American Designer Creates Brand New Dress Form Called PERFECT FIT ADJUST-O-MATIC. So Strong It Won't Crack, Chip or Break—Stores Away Easily!

If you are one of the many women who "struggle along" on guesswork without a dress form—if you've hesitated to invest in a dress form that is useless once you gain or lose weight—if you feel that an adjustable form has too many complications without accuracy—here's exciting news for you!

TAKES GUESSWORK OUT OF SEWING

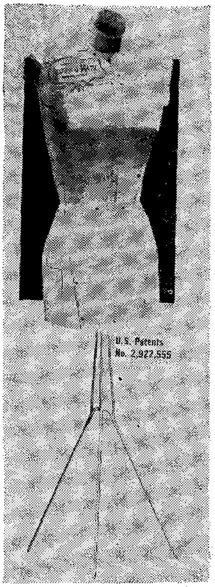
The Magic Secret, found only in ADJUST-O-MATIC, is a unique precision-accurate method of "dialing" your dimensions. Fit the 15 slide-together sections into each other . . . gently apply pressure with your fingers until your printed number shows through the magic windows in every measurement area—and ADJUST-O-MATIC virtually reconstructs your figure.

With your ADJUST-O-MATIC dress form you see in advance just how attractive and becoming your dress, skirt, coat or blouse will look. Now you can fit, pin, baste, alter perfectly. Your made-at-home clothes will have the custom-fitted look you desire.

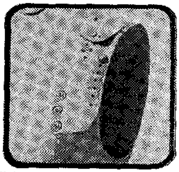
Now whether you make your clothes or buy them, you can be fashionable, stylish, comfortable and custom-fitted at all times. ADJUST-O-MATIC helps you expertly remodel last year's clothes into 1961 fashions more quickly, easily and expertly.

WHY PERFECT FIT ADJUST-O-MATIC GIVES YOU CUSTOM TAILORING EVERY TIME

- Easy Size Selection; Adjusts To Figure Measurements
- Form Assembles To Your Own Figure
- Readjusts To Fit Other Women In Family
- Scientific Guide Lines Insure Perfectly Centered Seams
- Conforms To Standard Patterns
- Can Be Used In Sections Or Full Figure
- Lightweight! Easy To Use Even When Sitting
- Imagine! 15 Take-Apart Sections Store Flat On Shelf Or In Drawer



HERE'S THE AMAZING SECRET



This photo of shoulder section shows you how MAGIC WINDOWS in every measurement area give custom fit at all times.

GROWS and LOSES right along with you. Use in sections or full figure.

SCIENTIFIC GUIDE LINES Insure perfectly centered seams; make child's play out of the most complicated patterns.

IMAGINE! This rugged adjustable steel stand that folds away in seconds for a collapsible form. Stand recommended for best results with dresses, coats, other full figure clothes. Only $1.98.

AMAZING TRIAL OFFER

We're so convinced PERFECT FIT ADJUST-O-MATIC will aid you to make beautifully tailored, professional clothes the first time you use it that we make this AMAZING NO RISK OFFER. Try revolutionary ADJUST-O-MATIC in your own home for 30 days. See for yourself how beautifully constructed it is . . . how you turn "old dresses into new" . . . make too small or too large alterable clothes fit you perfectly again . . . helps you make your own suits and dresses in as little as half the regular time . . . slashes your clothing costs . . . and helps you in so many other ways—marking hems, adjusting waist lines, changing necklines, and making all your clothes fit you as if they were made to order. If you are not 100% delighted, return it for full refund!

EMPIRE MDSG. CO., DEPT. CO361
140 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Please rush ADJUST-O-MATIC at $4.95 ea. for 30-day NO RISK TRIAL. If I am not delighted in every way, I will return it for full refund.

CHECK ☐ Reg. Size (8 to 20) Recommended if bust is 30"-40".
HERE ☐ Large Size (20½-50) Recommended if bust is 41"-52".

NAME....................................
ADDRESS....................................
CITY....................ZONE....STATE.....

☐ **DRESS STAND:** Also send handy steel collapsible ADJUST-O-MATIC Dress Stand, only $1.98 additional.

OVER 5000 STYLES
$50 TO $100,000.
1 CARAT BRILLIANT
WHITE DIAMOND
$395.

BUY REAL DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY

One of America's well known Diamond Cutters dares to make you this amazing offer! Order the diamond you want. We will mail it direct to your home without payment, if reference is given, for Free 10 Day Inspection! Wear it, examine it, have it appraised. If it isn't appraised for at least 50% more than the purchase price, we refund double your cost of appraisal. You only pay when convinced. Our 25 years as diamond cutters and importers is behind this offer. This is your sure way to buy diamonds. Order now or send for catalog illustrating over 5000 styles from $50 to $100,000.

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Send FREE catalog C
Name ....
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City .... State..............

Now! Life Insurance

Birth to Age 80

$1000 First 30 Days Only 25¢ Per Policy

CASH FOR YOUR FINAL EXPENSES.
AVOID BEING A BURDEN TO YOUR FAMILY

Introductory Offer. Answer these 9 questions on a plain piece of paper and mail with only 25c for 30 days protection. Regular rate shown on policy.

Amounts usually issued without doctor examination.

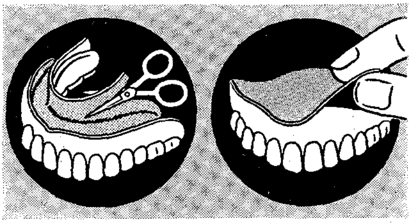
Ages	Amount	Ages	Amount
0 to 15	$1,000	45 to 65	$1,000
15 to 45	2,500	65 to 80	500

1. **Print full name and address.**
2. **Date of birth?**
3. **Height? 3a. Weight?**
4. **Occupation and duties?**
5. **Race?**
6. **Beneficiary and relationship to you?**
7. **To your knowledge have you had heart, lung, diabetes, cancer, or chronic disease? Are you deformed, lost a hand, foot, eye?**
8. **State condition of health. What illness in past 5 years or rejection for insurance?**
9. **Amount desired? Sign your name.**

NO AGENT WILL CALL

Actual policy will be mailed you direct from Home Office. **You be the judge.**

Mail to: **S. B. Hunt, President**
AMERICAN LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
307 American Life Building, St. Louis 8, Mo.

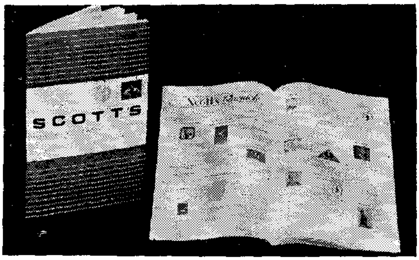


TEETH STAY TIGHT

For months with amazing new soft pink liner. Eases sore gums giving you lasting comfort—eat anything. Ends daily bother with stickums you swallow. Easy to use—pure—harmless—smooth—gentle—brushable—clean—removable. Fills out shrunken mouth making you look and feel younger. Holds dentures *tighter longer or your money back.* Save money and time—send only $1.10 for big sheet or ask for information. Plasti-Cushion 85 (C-31), Elyria, Ohio.

STATION WAGON CLASSIC NOW IN TICKING!

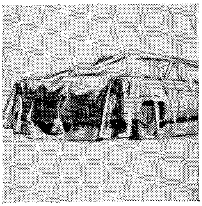
You will Live in and Love this smartly tailored dress to take you thru a busy day from lunch thru shopping or golf. Action back, has easy-to-get-into snap front and self-belt. Fashionable Ticking stripes of Black, Gold or Red on White. Also in Willow Green, Cadet Blue or Charcoal Grey Chambray, Navy or Faded Blue Denim. All Drip-Dry for easy laundering convenience. Available in all sizes 10-44, 12½-24½. Sizes up to 20 . . . $10.95. Sizes over 20 . . . $12.95. Order by mail today. Add 50¢ postage Satisfaction Guaranteed. Western Classics, Box 4035, Dept. CTR, Tucson, Arizona.



STAMP COLLECTOR'S JOURNAL

Get more fun out of stamp collecting with Scott's Monthly Stamp Journal. Learn the stories behind the stamps. Get latest stamp news. Keep up with stamp world events. Each copy carries latest prices, new issue information, catalogue changes, articles, illustrations, facts of interest to help you buy and collect wisely and get the most enjoyment out of the stamps you now own. By subscription only. $4 a year. Canada $4.50. Foreign $5. Payment with order, please. SCOTT Dept. MC, Box 402 Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.

TAKE YOUR GARAGE WITH YOU!



Goes on in seconds—protects car from snow, sleet, rain, dust, dirt, salt air, grease, insects, etc. Made of heavy gauge, extra durable, see-thru plastic—stays pliable even at 60° below. Huge 13½' cover folds up compactly, stores easily. One size fits any make or model car, station wagon or panel truck. $5.98 ppd. Damar's, 56C DamarBldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

FREE! MISS UNIVERSE STAMP

COLOMBIA
10

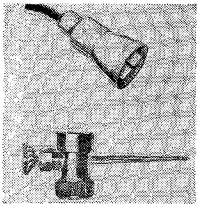
Picturing the lovely Miss Luz Marina Zuluaga in full multicolored beauty. This giant pictorial is yours for the asking! Also Free, a subscription to the bulletin "Philatelic Phootnotes," to introduce our low-priced foreign stamps on 30-day approval. Drop us a line right now! Say: "Send your special offers." Philatelics, Z-2, P. O. Box 566, New Paltz, New York.

14,000 FASCINATING SUMMER JOBS

for college students, teachers (some for high schoolers) in all States Overseas. Same directory used by over 1500 colleges since 1952. Jobs are filled early. Don't miss out. Also for teen-agers 99 ways to earn money during the summer. 50¢ or Free with a $3.00 Directory—only $2.50 for both. 50¢ for 1st class, 25¢ for Reg. Mail. Summer Directory, 173 N. 9th St., Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

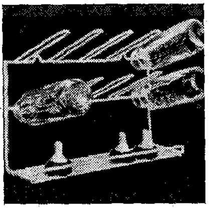
SUMMER JOBS

NYLON SPRINKLER & SHOWER HEAD

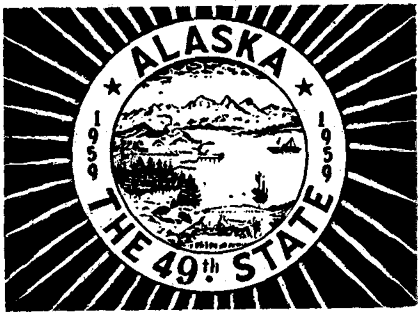


Sensational new Whirl-A-Jet lawn sprinkler $1—6 for $5. Use singly or in series. Won't clog or rust. Waters 1500 sq. ft. Nylon-Maid lifetime shower head. Never corrodes! Adjustable—trouble free. $3.95—3 for $10. Both items prepaid and unconditionally guaranteed. None better at any price. Gen. Catalog 50¢ Kirby Sales Co., Vero Beach, Fla.

BOTTLE TREE FOR THE BABY



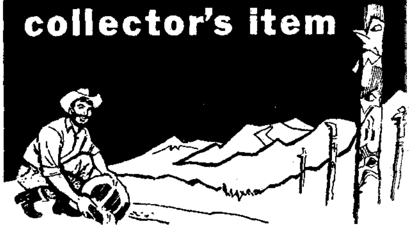
Keep bottles out of the way, clean, safe, ready-to-use. Holds 10 wide-mouth bottles, caps and nipples in any convenient spot. Welded steel coated with soft, white plastic. 12½" x 9" x 5½". Only $2.98 ppd. Send check, cash or M. O. C.O.D.'s plus charges and postage. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Rutward, Inc., 402 Bryant Rd., Columbia Station, Ohio.



Own a "GOLDEN DOLLAR" from ALASKA

Last chance to join Alaska's "gold rush".. send for your Alaska Statehood "pan-washed" souvenir "GOLDEN DOLLAR" today. You'll possess a collector's item of the future. You'll receive this beautiful commemorative coin celebrating Alaska's historic entry into the Union by airmail direct from the rim of the Arctic Circle.

Send $1 for this collector's item



Clip and airmail to **CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, FAIRBANKS, ALASKA**

Dept. 72

I enclose $1. Please send my Alaska "GOLDEN DOLLAR" souvenir by return airmail.

Name..........

Address..........

City..........Zone..........State..........

(A stamped, self-addressed envelope will speed order

(Continued on next page)

IT'S GREAT TO
BE TALLER

Why be average? Enjoy the thrill of being tall! It's so easy to add all-important inches to your height! Just step into a pair of these smart, comfortable "ELEVATORS"; instantly—you are almost 2 inches **taller.** You're a BIG MAN with new poise and confidence—*the kind of man she (and everyone else) is* sure to look up to! "Big" men wear "ELEVATORS" with no one the wiser! "ELEVATORS" look just like other fine shoes—comfortable from the minute you put them on——34 new styles. MAIL COUPON TODAY for FREE booklet which tells what "ELEVATORS" can do for you.

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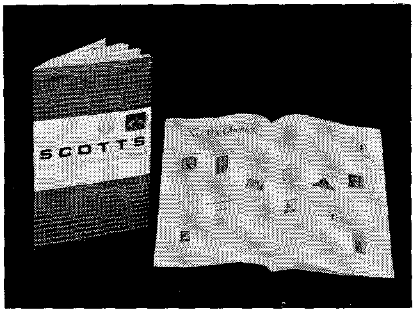
Dept. 203B, Brockton 68, Mass.
Please send *Illustrated Booklet* and name of nearest dealer. I understand no salesman will call.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State..................
(Please Print)



SCOTT'S MONTHLY STAMP JOURNAL

There's more to stamp collecting than pasting stamps into albums. There's the fun of learning the stories behind the stamps; the pleasures of meeting famous people who, like you, are also collectors. Scott's Monthly Stamp Journal will help add some of these ingredients to your own collecting activities. The Journal is chock full of articles, new-issue information, price-change news, book news and reviews, stamp sidelights, etc. There's a Chronicle of New Issues each month, too, to help keep your Scott Catalogues current and up to date. The Journal is available by subscription only from SCOTT'S MONTHLY STAMP JOURNAL—Boulder, Colorado—Dept. R. Please send payment with order: $4; $4.50 Canada; $5 Foreign.

IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

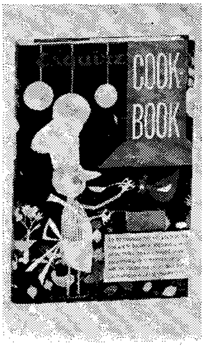
See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show that children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write today for your free illustrated folder and low price on The Sound Way to Easy Reading. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Department G-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

1001 DIFFERENT USES!

Now you can print anything you wish quickly and easily with this completely new printing outfit. Sensational "Sta-Tite" *sets have complete* alphabet of rubber letters and numerals which set flat and tight in rubber tongue and groove holder to give clean, sharp impressions every time. *Introductory set contains* all the following: More than 250 letters and numbers; Type tweezers; Stamp pad; 3-line holder and Free, one extra holder. Used by leading firms all over the *country. Now for the first* time available to you at this moderate price of $4.95, postpaid. (No C.O.D.'s) Order today from Paterson Stamp Works, P.O. Box 1621C1, Paterson, N. J.

PRINT
ANYTHING
YOU WANT
IN SECONDS!

10 DAYS FREE—ESQUIRE COOKBOOK



Have fun mixing, sipping, tasting, savoring for 10 glorious days. Then, if you don't want to keep this Cookbook to live with, to live by, return it and we'll cancel your bill or refund your money. You'll find the Esquire Cookbook packed with recipes galore, *of course. But it's as different from a mere recipe* book as pizza from pate de foie gras. It includes loads of deft illustrations, sparkling commentary on foods, cooking, carving, and eating. Its 300-plus pages with more than 750 recipes *make it a breeze to go from* tid-bits to game-fests. Write: Esquire Cookbook —Box 402 Radio City, New York 19, New York. Pay now and we pay postage.

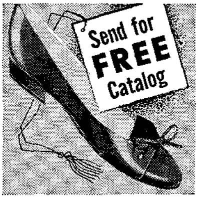
ODOR PROBLEM? MAKE THIS FREE TEST

Now you can control all body odors internally! We send one week's supply of Nullo—Free! See how harmless vegetable extract neutralizes the most stubborn body odors internally—before they start. Foot, underarm, breath odors—all body odors vanish with Nullo. Test it Free. Write for 7-day supply—mailed Free. The De Pree Co., Dept. 2173, Holland, Mich.

NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN!

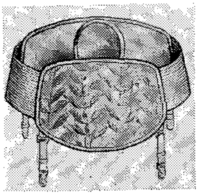
Now!—a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price, $170. Write for Booklet V, "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17.

SIZE-FAMOUS 1 TO 13, AAAAAA TO EEEEE



Be good to your feet! Buy choice quality shoes from our world-famous catalog. Vast range of styles and sizes insures perfect fit. Flat shown in black, blue, red, tan, bone or white calfskin—AAAAAA to D for sizes 2 to 10 $14.95 sizes 10½ to 12 . . . $15.95 sizes 12½ or 13 . . . $16.95 Add 50¢ per pair postage. Solby Bayes, 45 Winter St., Dept. T, Boston 8, Mass.

SLIM YOUR APPEARANCE . . .

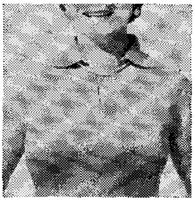


relieve backstrain with new, non-slip Princess Beauty Belt. Makes you appear inches slimmer. Foam rubber back pad supports and comforts tired back muscles. Weighs just 4 ozs. $4.98 ppd. Give hip measure. Removable garter attachments — 50¢ for set of 4. 30-day money back guar. Hip sizes 46-50, $1.00 extra. Royal-T Co., Dept. CX-31L, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 5, Mo.

BUILD YOUR OWN ELECTRONIC ORGAN

Build a concert quality electronic organ with the Artisan kit at half the cost of a ready-built organ. Charts so simple anyone can follow. 14 models, single manual to giant 4 manuals. Purchase a few parts at a time. Progress as fast as budget and time allow. Write for brochure. Electronic Organ Arts, 4949-C York Blvd., Los Angeles 42, Calif.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY



Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form, Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT!

Now you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your home, with famous Mahler Epilator! Acclaimed by thousands who, after reading our instructions carefully, learned to use the Mahler safely and efficiently. Send 10¢ today (pstg. & hdlg.) for "New Radiant Beauty." Mahler's Inc., Dept. 321C, Providence 15, R. I.

OLD FUR REMODELED INTO NEW—$22.95

Let Morton's restyle your old, worn fur coat, jacket, or cape into a glamorous new fashion cape, stole or jacket, only $22.95. Includes restyling, new lining, monogram, cleaning, glazing. Praised by Harper's Bazaar, Glamour, others. Choice of 40 styles. Mail old fur, state dress size, height. Pay when new style arrives. Or write for new style book. Morton's, Dept. 150-C, Wash. 4, D.C.

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ONE DROP HOLDS...
STEEL
BRONZE
LEATHER
IRON
PLASTICS
GRANITE
LEAD
GLASS
...4000 POUNDS
JUST-A-DROP
MENDS LIKE NEW!

Now fix anything with just-a-drop of the scientific miracle Epoxy Glue you've read about. One drop and it's glued for good. Mends china, toys, broken furniture, fills chipped areas on appliances, replaces nails, bolts, etc. Won't shrink ever; won't discolor. Waterproof. For wood, metals, leather, plastics. 98¢ from Damar's, 56-C, Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

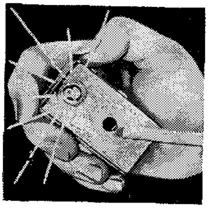
Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving year of birth, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L325M, 4900 Oak., Kansas City, Missouri.

(Continued on next page)

SHIRTS FOR TALL MEN ONLY!

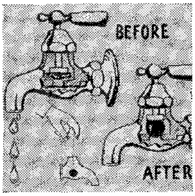
Now! Perfect fit for tall or big men, in specially designed shirts! Sleeve lengths 35 to 38. Bodies cut 4 inches longer than ordinary shirts! Dress and sport shirts in wide variety of styles, fabrics, colors. Also dress, sport, work and athletic shoes in sizes 10AAA to 16EEE! Not sold in stores, by mail only! Get free catalog. King-Size, 3291 Forest Street, Brockton 64, Mass.

ELECTRIC CIGARETTE LIGHTER—79¢



No wick, no fuel needed! Flick the switch and secret panel opens with an instant light for your cigarette, regardless of wind or weather. Engraved metal case, with built-in flashlight bulb. For him or her. Uses 2 pen light batteries, obtainable anywhere. 79¢ ea., 2 for $1.50 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Spencer Gifts, Z-25 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

BALL SEALERS STOP LEAKY FAUCETS



Stops drips and leaks where others fail. Easy to install—just drop in—no screws or tools needed. Made of sturdy neoprene to resist hot water, grease, *oil, etc. Lasts 10 times* longer than old-fashioned flat washers. Never wears out inner seat. Kit of 12 Ball Sealers to fit any *faucet. Only $1. ppd.* Guar. Damar's, 56-C, Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

508 FOREIGN STAMPS—ONLY 35¢!

Now you can get 508 foreign stamps—all different—catalog value guaranteed at least $15, for only 35¢! Indonesia, Free China, United Arab Republic (shown here), Morocco, Pakistan, etc. To get your 508 stamps plus interesting offers on approval (adults only) send name and address with 35¢ to: Littleton Stamp Co., Dept. COR-3, Littleton, N. H.

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Clean upholstery in homes, hotels, clubs, automobiles with highly efficient electric machine which is making Big Money for others and giving them financial independence—free from lay-offs, bosses, etc. No special skill or experience required. Write for complete information—no obligation. Von Schrader Mfg. Co., 361 "D" Pl., Racine, Wisc.

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8-exp. Kodacolor film developed, enlarged $2.00; 12-exp. roll $2.50—and you get free Kodacolor film. Black & White 8 or 12 exp. film developed, enlarged plus free Kodak film 60¢. Trial offer from sizes 620-120-127. Return this ad with order or send card for film mailers, price list. Sun Color Labs, General P.O. Box 11-B, New York 1, N. Y.

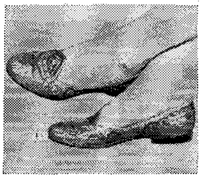
REMOVES UGLY HAIR FOR GOOD!

Now you can painlessly, safely, privately remove unwanted hairs one by one—for good—by destroying hair roots. Pencil-like Pellatron works by electrolytic method used by professionals. No wires or plug-ins needed. Save many dollars. Our guarantee: must work for you, or money back. $12.50 ppd.; COD, $1 deposit. Mitchum Co., Dept. 45-CX, Paris, Tenn.

SCARCE U.S. INDIAN CENT

included with 25 Coins from 25 Countries all for $2. Brand new, genuine coins plus exciting 20 page all-hobby catalog included. (*Jr. kit of 10 coins—$1*). An exciting introduction to this interesting and profitable hobby. Send for your kit today. Centre Coin Company, 5 Centre Street, Hempstead 9, New York.

SIMPLY ELEGANT FLATS

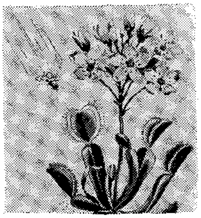


A delightful flat heel pump dressy enough to wear *to town, yet still* "at home" with your casual clothes. Foam cushioned, leather lined. Sizes 4 to 10 (half sizes too). *Handtooled tan leather,* $9.95 Ppd. $3.00 deposit on COD's. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for free catalog of shoes, bags & belts. *Americana Shop, 314 E.* Todd Ave., Reed City, Mich.

YOU CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., CN-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

VENUS FLYTRAP EATS LIVE FLIES



Lovely house plants catch and eat live insects! 12" stems, white flowers. Leaf tipped with pink trap, holding nectar, lures insect. Trap snaps shut, absorbs him, reopens. Also eats raw beef, feeds thru roots. Easy-to-grow bulbs develop in 3-4 weeks. 3 Bulbs $1.00; 18 Bulbs $5.00 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Spencer Gifts, Z-26 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

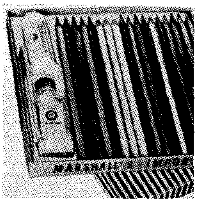
DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE

Draw any person, still life, map, photo, landscape without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 492, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

TRY A NEW BEAUTY IN GLADS!

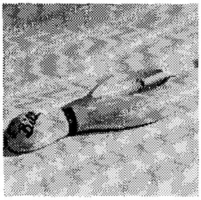
Let the exciting "Blue Haze" glad create a sensation in your garden! Smoky red interlaced with blue veining, all cloaked in a veil of misty blue—you must see it! Tall spikes open 6 to 8 gorgeous, large flowers at a time. Get 2 big bulbs, only 25¢ in coin. Sorry, limit $1. Henry Field's, 7619 Oak St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

NOW! A NEW WAY TO EARN MONEY



At home, full or part-time with new Photo Painting Pencils. Earn money now by coloring photos, snapshots, and Polaroid prints. Studios and friends will pay to have photos colored. Rush $4.98 for complete coloring Kit (includes 18 pencils) or send for Free instructions. Marshall's, 171 N. 9th St., Bklyn. 11, N.Y. At photo, art & hobby stores everywhere.

PERSONALIZED BOWLING PIN ASHTRAY



Just right for that Bowler—or a good way to remember all the Team! Perfect for League banquets or prizes. Non-smokers will use it as a paperweight. 7½" long, it is yellow ceramic with red trim and name. League inquiries invited. Immediate shipment. Only $1+ 20¢ mailing (5¢ pp. ea. add'l.) Stratton Snow, Dept. 2C, Delray Beach, Fla.

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Name the book—we'll find it for you! Skilled staff locates any book wanted—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction or non-fiction. All authors, all subjects, publishers. We find books successfully even when you recall only the title. Free search—courteous service—and no obligation to buy. Write Books-On-File, Dept. RA, Union City, New Jersey.

NOW!
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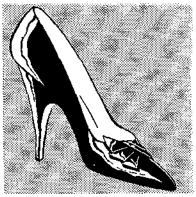
IF YOU ARE UNDER 80 . . .

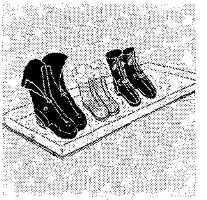
. . . and over 50 years a $1,000 life insurance policy can help pay last expenses without burdening family or friends. Low rates . . . money-back guarantee . . . non-assessable . . . handled entirely by mail. Men or women in good health send name, address and age to Security Life Insurance Co. of America, 137-C East Grant St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

FREE CATALOG—LADIES' WIDE SHOES



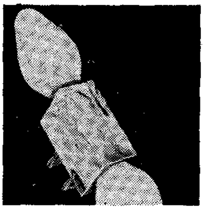
A prevue for Spring—new styles and colors in all heel heights in ladies' wide shoes. Shown, our new "Trudy" in black patent; beige or pale olive green kid. With pointed-toe, 3" heels in widths C-D-E, all sizes 5 to 12. $8.95 ppd., money-back guar. Order now or get free catalog showing all styles to EEE. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-3, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

KEEP WET BOOTS OFF FLOORS & RUGS!



Our multi-purpose flexible plastic tray had a tall lip to hold drippings from rain-drenched or snow covered rubbers and galoshes off expensive rugs and floors. It's a handy 27" x 15" to store footgear neat and tidy. Cleans with damp cloth. Order several for front and back doors. Only $1 ppd. Damar's, 56C Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

NEW NITE LITE LASTS 100 YEARS!



Only 2¢ worth of electricity a week, in continuous use! 2 regular 7W, 110V bulbs operate in series, or, 55V each. Thus bulbs use only 2W each—won't burn out. Soft, pleasing light. Just plug it in and forget it! Marbled plastic, with 2 bulbs. Complete $1.00, 3 for $2.79 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Spencer Gifts, Z-27 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

(Continued on next page)

PERSONALIZED DENTURE BATH

Den-Shur-Cup meets all denture care needs. Grand gift idea! Safe, smart container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists—over 1,000,000 in use for plates & bridgework. Specify white, pink, blue & name to be imprinted. $1.25 ppd. 2 for $2.00. Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092H, Steinway St., Long Island City 3, N. Y.

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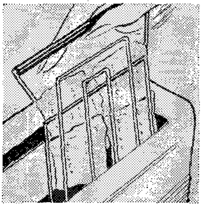
ENJOY a LOW cost winter vacation in Miami Beach. *Stay at first class ocean front luxurious* hotels: Private Beach, swimming pools, fine food, entertainment, special facilities for children. For full information WRITE NOW . . . YOUR HOSTS: Robert Richter, Algiers, Belmar, Aztec Motel, Sunny Isles Motel.

MIAMI BEACH INFORMATION SERVICE,
P.O. BOX 579, NORTH MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
Date of Vacation ....

TOAST TIDBITS IN ELECTRIC TOASTER



They said it couldn't be done, but now you enjoy crispy English muffins, crackers, coffee cake, bagel—fresh from your *toaster. No need to use* oven! Special metal insert holds anything that's usually too small to fit in toaster—pop in and out of any model. Prevents burning, curling, sticking, etc. 2 for $1 ppd. Damar's, 56-C Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BOOKS

Learn how to identify character & personality traits *from ordinary handwriting.* Grapho Analysis helps you understand people, yourself. Gain prestige, more success, greater *satisfaction. Exciting,* uncrowded field. Give lectures, write articles, do private consultation. Write for free trial lesson & catalogs. I.G.A.S., Inc., Dept. CN-58, Springfield 4, Mo.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

MOTEL · RESORT and MOTEL MANAGEMENT

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds of fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts Coast-to-Coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-15, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

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We specialize in large sizes only! Sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, jackets. Also *dress and sport shirts with* bodies cut full 4" longer than usual. Sold by mail only. Satisfaction fully guaranteed! Write for *your free style book today!* King-Size, 1731 Forest Street, Brockton, Mass.

FREE SHOE CATALOG just for LITTLE FEET

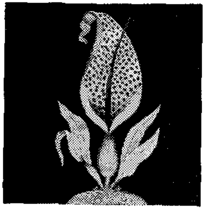
SIZES 1 to 5 ONLY

Exclusive specialists in lovely shoes designed to flatter your little feet. For *best fit in your* size, send for catalog showing enormous variety of styles for all occasions—spikes, midways, casuals, formals, flats—even bed slippers! Pump shown in natural or black straw—on high or illusion heel, just $12.98. Cinderella of Boston, 85T South St., Boston 11, Mass.

SHORTHAND DICTATION RECORDS

Using inexpensive phonograph records, you can in*crease your shorthand* speed and accuracy to 120 wpm. With Dictation records, you get 8 different radio announcers person*ally dictating specially* selected, expertly-timed business letters to you at your convenience. Send for free literature to Dictation Disc Co., Dept. CT-3, 170 B'way., New York 38, N. Y.

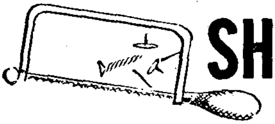
VOODOO BULBS LIVE ON AIR!



Grow & bloom without water, soil, or a pot! Open package—they grow! Lily-like flowers, purple pistils, purple-splashed petals, green leaves. Himalayan Voodoo Bulbs (Arum *Cornutum)* add color indoors now, outdoors later. Need no care! 2 for 89¢, 6 for $2.49, ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Spencer Gifts, Z-28 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

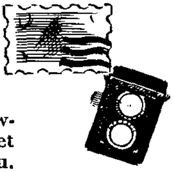
ZIP OPEN STUCK WINDOWS EASILY!

Even windows stuck for years zip free with ease. Specially designed saw teeth in 9" long tool get into smallest opening neatly to free windows stuck by swelling, warping, settling or sealed by paint. Ends tugging and struggling. It's a cinch—windows raise with ease. Has sturdy comfy-grip wooden handle. Only $1 ppd. Damar's, 56C Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $5.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 32-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

FREE—New 44 page Broadloom Bargain Book with Model Rooms, in full color. Tells how you can Save About Half on beautiful, extra thick, extra heavy, double wearing, Reversable Rugs and Carpets—by sending your old rugs, clothing to Olson factory. No risk. Easy terms. For Free Book write: Olson Rug Co., Dept. A-72, Chicago 41, Illinois.

FREE! Maternity Apparel Catalog and Free list of Baby names! Hundreds of advanced styles for every occasion. $2.95 to $29.95. Also sportswear; mix match separates; corsets, bras, lingerie. Crawford's, Dept. 62, 1015 Walnut St., Kansas City 6, Mo.

KILL the hair root! With the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator, you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your own home. Send 10¢ for "New Radiant Beauty" booklet to Mahler's, Inc., Dept. 341C, Providence 15, Rhode Island.

HEAVY Legs! Try new home method to reduce ankles, calves, knees, thighs, hips. Leg authority offers tested proven scientific course, only 15 minutes a day. Write for free book in plain wrapper. Modern Methods, Dept. FL 715, 296 Broadway, N. Y. C. 7.

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SEW Aprons at home for stores. No charge for material to fill orders. Quality, service and reliability are the backbone of our business. In our fifth successful year. Write: Adco Mfg. Co., Bastrop 40, Louisiana.

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EARN $240.00 A Month at home, spare time doing only two $5.00 Invisible Mending jobs a day. Big money paid for service that makes cuts, tears, disappear from fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabricon, 6229 Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill.

AAAAAA (6A's!) in fashion shoes to fit the narrow heel; sizes to 12 at no extra charge. Free catalog C3 shows dozens of Spring-Summer styles from $8.95. Perfect fit or money back. Mooney & Gilbert, Inc., 17 W. 57 St., NYC.

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WE'LL pay $9,000.00 to $18,000.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel. Certain Dates—Half Cents $3,750.00; Large Cents—$5,500.00; Indian Cents—$1,750.00; Flying Eagle Cents—$650.00; Dimes Before 1943—$5,250.00; Quarters Before 1934—$5,250.00; Half Dollars Before 1940—$7,500.00. Certain Silver Dollars—$15,000.00. We paid $6,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Thousands of others worth $10.00 to $3,000.00 each. Such as, Certain Dates—Lincoln Cents before 1956, 2¢ pieces, 3¢ pieces, Half Dimes, Shield Nickels, Liberty Head Nickels, Buffalo Nickels, 20¢ pieces, Commemorative coins, Paper Money, Foreign Coins, etc. Certain Gold Coins worth $40,000.00. Whether your coin is worth $10.00 or $40,000.00 we'll pay the highest price of any dealer advertising a Buying Catalogue. We have been leaders of Numismatic Quotations for over Twenty Years and have purchased over $250,000.00 worth of Rare Coins. Thousands of persons have sold us coins. For complete Allcoin Information, before sending coins, send $1.00 for finest large Illustrated Complete Guaranteed Buying-Selling Catalogue. Catalogue Dollar Refundable. Worthycoin Corp. (K-343-C), Boston 8, Mass.

$5,000.00 FOR certain rare coins; Indianheads $500.00; Lincoln Pennies $100.00; Dimes $3,000.00. We buy all rare coins. Beautiful catalog containing 325 pictures, pricing all American Coins, only $1.00. Catalog cost refunded with your first $1.00 sale to us. Lincoln Coin Co., D-873, Glendale, Arizona.

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TALL Men-Big Men! Send for free 32-page illustrated catalog. Tremendous values in extra-sized nationally-famous apparel! Sizes 38-54 and 44-66 in dress and leisure wear. Money-back guar.! B. R. Page, Dept. 208, 272 Center St., Newton 58, Mass.

CIGARS. Big Savings on America's foremost prestige 100% clear Havana. 5⅜ inch Palma Chicas. Mild, smooth-smoking longfillers. Over ½ million sold as seconds because some slight off-color wrappers. Regulars retail at 3/50¢. Absolute guarantee. Only $9.84 per 100, or $5.00 for 50. Free, complete "Guide to Unusual Cigar Values" sent with order. Havana Florida Co., C-94 River St., Hoboken, N. J.

WIDE Shoes for Men! E to EEEEE Only—Sizes 5 to 13. We can fit you in the styles you like but can't find in wide widths. Top quality. Not sold in stores. Money Back Guar. Write for Free Catalog today. Hitchcock Shoes, Hingham 121-B, Mass.

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"8 MISTAKES Parents Make." Every parent should have this new book about child training. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Parents Association, Dept. 1353, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

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DANCING Shoes-Costumes, Tap, Ballet, Toe and Acrobatic, Leotards, Tu Tus, Opera Hose, Tights, Fabrics, Skating Skirts, Baton Twirling Supplies, Boots, Plumes, Baton Uniforms, Uniform Supplies. Catalog 25¢. Quincon, Box 422T, Quincy, Mass.

(Continued on next page)

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FREE brochure for writers tells how to publish your book in 5 months (fiction, non-fiction, poetry); reveals inside facts about plan which enables new writers to win recognition, publicity, sales. Write: Dept. X-3, Exposition Press, 386 Park Ave. S., N. Y. 16.

PUBLISH your book! Join our successful authors: Publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and our detailed booklet. Carlton Press Books, Dept. CO-3, 84 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. 11.

AUTHORS: Submit your manuscripts for free editorial evaluation. We publish work by new authors on all subjects: poetry, fiction, non-fiction, juveniles, religious studies. Greenwich Book Publishers, Atten. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

LOOKING for a Publisher? Learn about our unusual plan for getting your book published, promoted, distributed in 4 to 6 months. Mail manuscript for free report, and ask for free booklet, No. 52. Vantage, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1, N. Y.

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WRITE Songpoems for profit or hobby. Start without experience. We set music to your poems, make phonograph records. All subjects welcome. Send poems for prompt Free examination & details. Crown Music Co., 49 W. 32nd St., Studio 978, New York 1.

POEMS Needed Immediately For New Songs and Records. Any subjects. Send Your best poems today for prompt Free examination and appraisal. Songcrafters, Studio CT, Acklen Station, Nashville 12, Tenn.

SONGWRITERS! Best songs recorded Free with 7-piece Orchestra & Vocalist. Our specialty is helping new writers get started in songwriting. We write music. Send poems—Free examination. Songmakers, Dept. CT, 1472 Broadway, N. Y. 36, N. Y.

FOR INVENTORS

PATENT Searches, including copies of nearest patents, $6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 200 registered patent attorneys have used my service. Free Invention protection forms. Miss Ann Hastings, P. O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.

INVENTIONS Wanted—Patented or Unpatented! If you want to market or sell invention for cash or royalties, write for Free Booklet! Send no drawings! We have tremendous mfrs. list! Global Marketing Service, 2420-C 77th, Oakland 5, California.

INVENTIONS and ideas wanted for immediate promotion on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. All types considered. Send for free "Invention Protection Form" & copyrighted booklet, Casco, Dept. N, Mills Building, Wash. 6, D. C.

PROFESSIONAL searches of the Patent Office Records. Dependable. Reliable. $6.00—For free protective forms write Trans-World Patent Service, 500 Walker Bldg., Washington 5, D. C.

IF your invention is adaptable to promoting we will contract for selling on cash or royalty. Free booklet outlines royalty rates, requirements. Kessler Corporation, C-263, Fremont, Ohio.

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"HOW To Train Horses"—A book everyone who likes horses or ponies should have. Free. No obligation. Simply address Beery School of Horsemanship, Dept. 1453, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

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WORLD'S largest selection of 8mm silent and sound films at discount prices. Features & shorts—Castle, Official, AAP, NTA, etc., including "Old Time Movies," "Collectors' Items." Free Bargain Bulletin. Peerless Camera, 415 Lexington Ave., NYC, Dept. C18.

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NOW stop toilet leaks forever! Try this new miracle vinyl tank ball that really works. Reseats itself in new position each time. Install yourself, no tools required. Guaranteed 5 years. Send $1.00 to Rol-O-Valve, Box 197, Americus, Ga.

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CONTINENT-travel? On 45 min. tape, 10 yr. Europe resident says what brochures omit: $$-saving tips, bargains, tourist-traps, tipping, language aids, "hints." Send prtd. address & $3.95 in Cashier's Check: Tip-Tapes; Ebersteinburg/Ra. Germany.

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FOR 60 years customers young and old praise, reorder Rival Herb Tablets gentle family laxative medicine. Helps cleanse, tone, regulate system to better health. Box 100—$1 ppd. Free Lit. Est. 1900. Rival Herb Co., Box 1272, Dept. T, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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NEW Liquid casting plastic, clear, colors. Embed real flowers, butterflies, photos, coins. Send 25¢ for two handbooks "How to Cast Liquid Plastics" and "How to Make Extra Money at Home." Castolite, Dept. C-120, Woodstock, Illinois.

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PROFESSIONAL comedy books! 31 titles. 25,000 gags, one-liners, stories, dialogs, bits of business, routines! Largest and best-selling laugh library in show business. Ideal for speakers, emcees. Fun just to read! Catalog 10¢. Orben Publications, Hewlett, N. Y.

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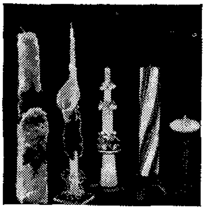

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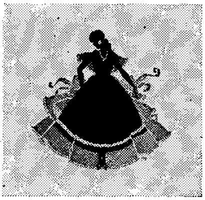

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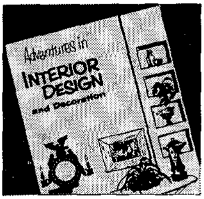

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BY WILL BERNARD

IN NORTH DAKOTA, a man accused of impersonating a Federal agent got out of trouble by explaining that the "F.B.I." after his name stood for "Full Blooded Indian."

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., a man beat a drunk charge by telling the judge that he had been walking on the bias merely because "the wind was blowing awfully hard and I only weigh 119 pounds."

IN MASSACHUSETTS, a man accused of contributing to the delinquency of a minor pointed out that the state law applied only to children between seven and 17. The court thereupon dismissed a charge that he had fed whisky to his three-year-old son.

IN WASHINGTON, D.C., a motorist arrested for driving past eight stop signs got the charges dropped by explaining that he couldn't see the signs—because he was driving the wrong way on a one-way street.

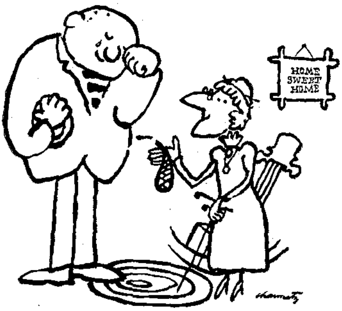
IN HAWAII, a tattoo artist won suspension of his sentence by putting a hula skirt on the nude girl he had tattooed on the arm of a minor.

IN MISSOURI, a woman driver, caught speeding, humored the court into an acquittal by explaining she had just bought a $40 hat and wanted to get it home before it went out of style.

IN INDIANA, a farmer was haled into court after dumping a load of garbage in front of the town hall. But the case was dismissed when he said he was simply getting even with townspeople who threw beer bottles and tin cans into his fields.

IN ENGLAND, an accused felon went free when his doctor testified that he was suffering from "phalacrosis," defined as "a sort of chronic disease of an inflammatory nature which affects certain cranial tissues." The doctor went on to say that he had known some phalacrosis victims who were raving maniacs, others who were belligerent, others who were fools, and still others who suffered for years but showed no mental abnormalities. Not until after the jury's verdict was in did the prosecutor look up "phalacrosis" in the dictionary and discover that it meant "baldness."

IN NEW YORK, a man arrested for possession of a dangerous weapon was acquitted after testifying that the blackjack he owned was a sentimental gift from his mother.



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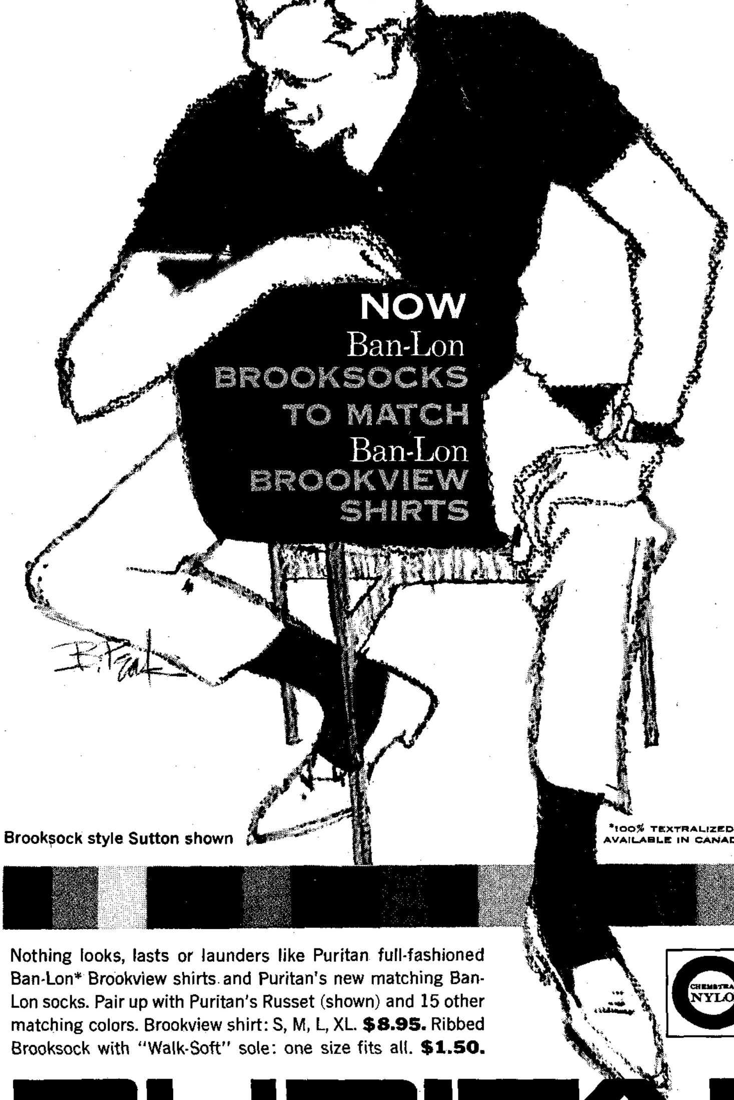
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